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Summer, 1974

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OLD WEST

NO FICTION

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

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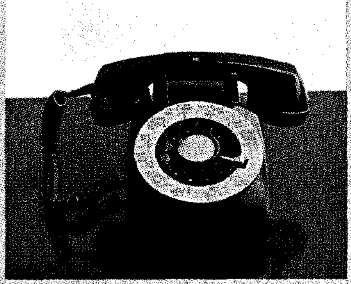

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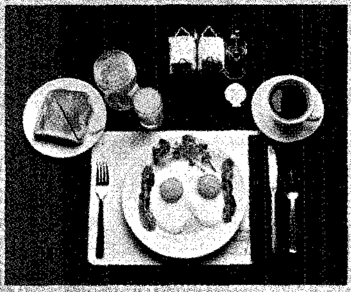

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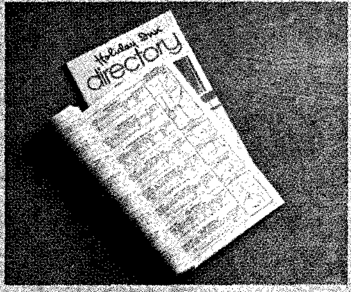

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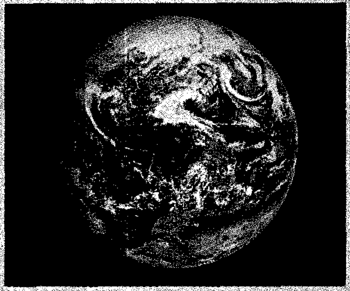

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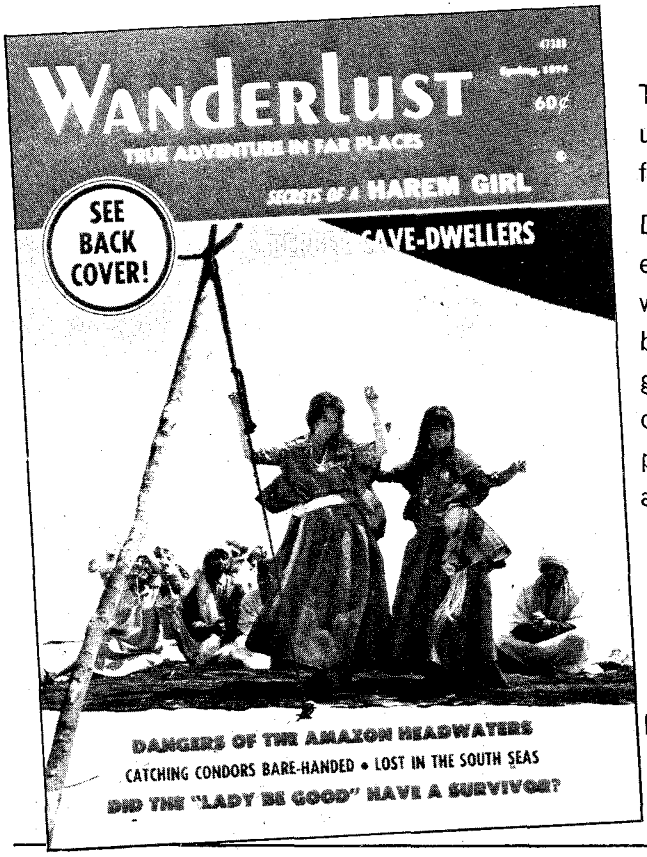
Wanderlust
Spring, 1974
60¢
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SEE BACK COVER!
BERBER CAVE-DWELLERS
DANGERS OF THE AMAZON HEADWATERS
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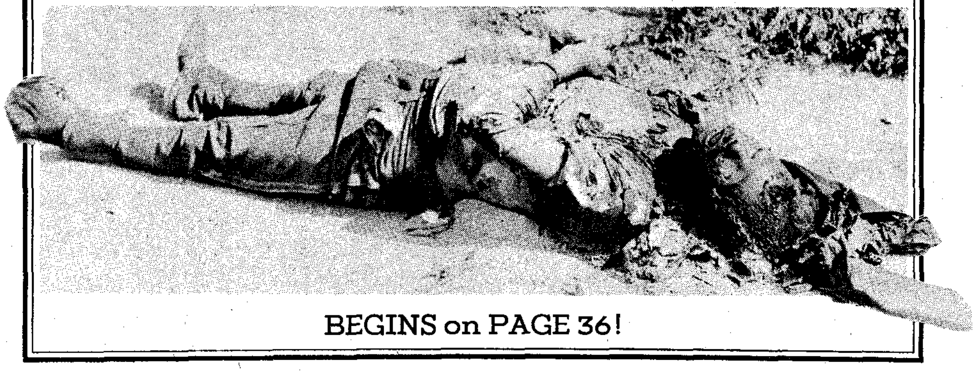
OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

Read about the bloody raid on Columbus, New Mexico . . .

NIGHT OF TERROR

By Dr. Roy E. Stivison



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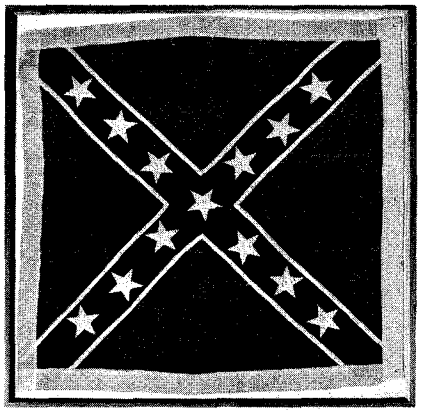

Read about a little-known Civil War "battle."
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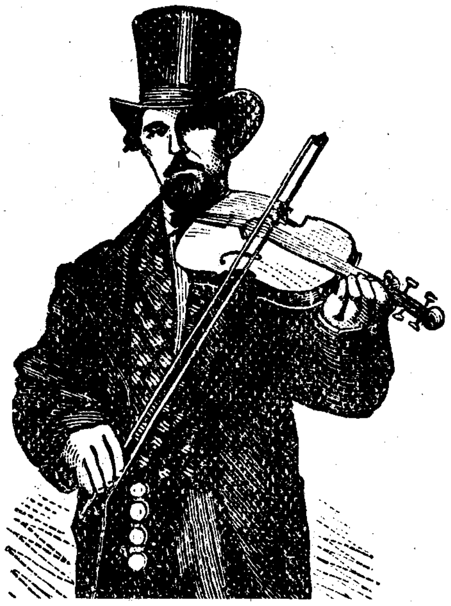

Who is this man? Find out inside!
Turn to page 30!

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LETTER RIP!
Beitz

Can Our Readers Help?

In your recent edition of OLD WEST (Winter 1973) you ran a story "Murder or an Act of War?" by Gregory Flakus. In an accompanying photo were nineteen men. One of them (No. 10) was my grandfather, Tom Flood. Although he was in the photo, his name was not mentioned in the story and I would like to know what part he played. I would like to know anything you can possibly tell me about him or his family. Although I know he is my grandfather, I do not know anything else about him. My father (Daniel) died when I was a small child and did not tell me much family history. Is there any way possible to obtain a photo or family history on my grandfather, Tom Flood? Thank you very much.—Danise J. (Flood) Eicke, P. O. Box #93, Rosebud, South Dakota 57570

Letter Edged in Black

I have received your magazines for several years now, and notice you occasionally have requests by different parties for missing words to songs or poems. Would you enter this request for me? A song or poem entitled "The Letter Edged In Black"—I am in hopes that someone might have the words.—Mrs. Vera Barker, 521 South Michigan Avenue, Big Rapids, Michigan 49307

Cowboys Under Attack

I thought you might enjoy this story. I have the newspaper clipping this was copied from.

INDIANS IN LOVING VALLEY

Loving's Ranch, Jack Co., Tex., May 21, 1874.

Editor of the *Times:*

I am called upon to inform you that the Indians have again visited my ranch, and with results more depressing to relate than heretofore. Yesterday morning, May 20, I started three men around the Valley, for the purpose of "rounding in" the scattering cattle from my herd (an every day duty), one of the men going to the East side, and the other two on the North and West of the range.

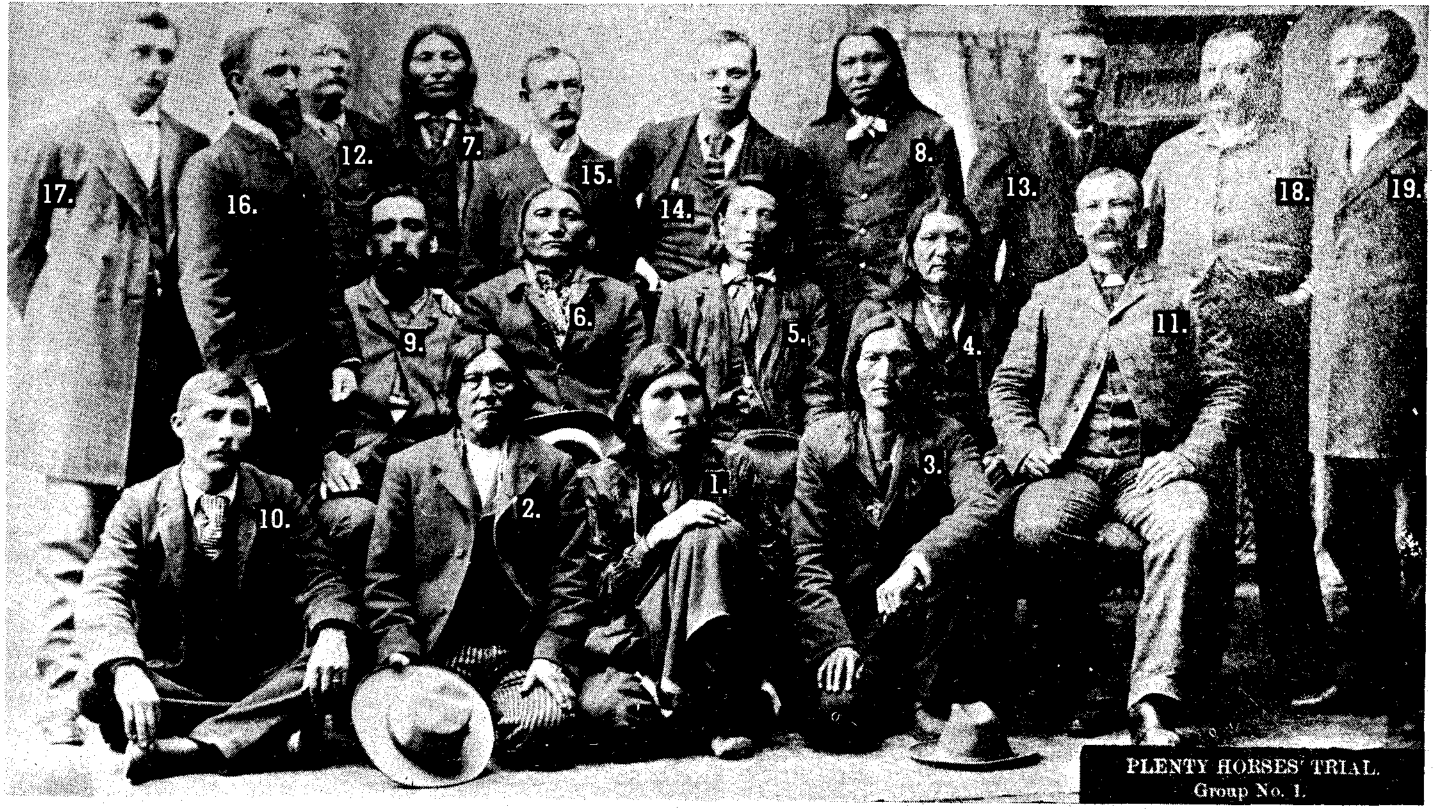
One of these men was a worthy Mexican and the other a young man by the name of James K. P. Wright, whose people live in the State of Arkansas, except one brother who resides in Palo Pinto County of this state, as I have been informed. When about four miles from the ranch, he and the Mexican separated, Wright going farther on where he saw some cows grazing, saying he would drive them back and meet the other men at a designated place. The Mexican went on as directed, and after arriving at the place, waited some considerable time for Wright, but he did not make his appearance, and the Mexican being tired of waiting, went on around the cattle, and returned to the ranch shortly after 12 o'clock M., and then stated he had left Mr. Wright, as above.

(Continued on page 68)

Tom Flood is No. 10 in photo below.

Courtesy Pettigrew Museum, Sioux Falls, S. Dakota

1. Plenty Horses
2. Living Bear
3. Bear-That-Lays-Down
4. He Dog
5. Jack Red Cloud
6. Broken Arm
7. White Moon
8. Rock Road
9. Pete Richard
10. Tom Flood
11. Phillip H. Wells
12. William Rowland
13. — Thompson
14. Cris Mathison
15. F. C. Fry
16. Capt. J. G. Ballance, U.S.A.
17. W. B Sterling
18. George P. Nock
19. D. E. Powers



FOR THIS, MEN HAVE

Crossed continents—and double-crossed friends—

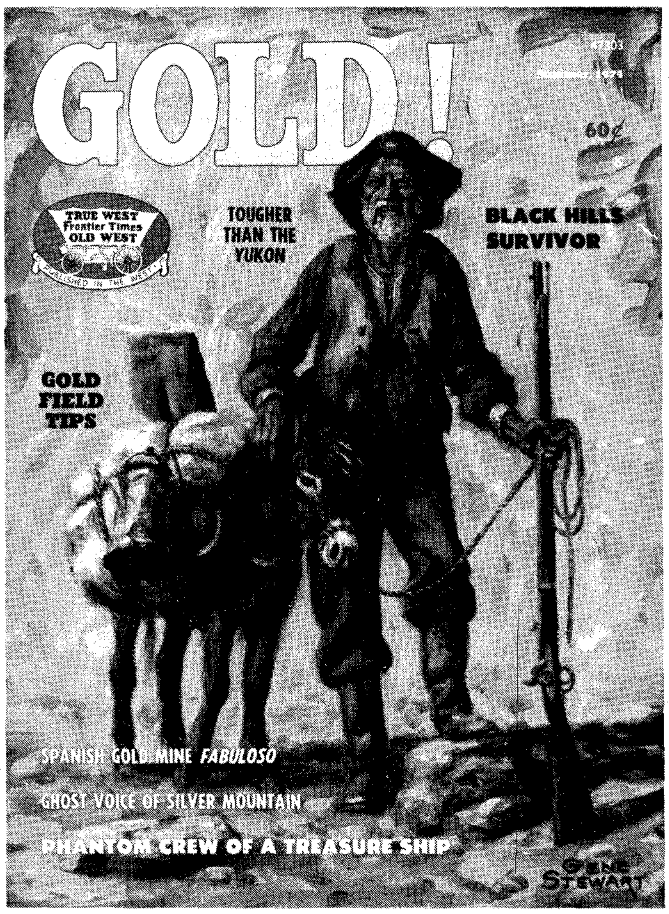
Conquered nations—and surrendered their souls—

Settled states—and unsettled hearts and minds—

Been cursed and cured—known power and pain—

Sacrificed, squandered it, lusted for it, lived for it—and many, many have died for it.

But the lure and the lore live on—the desire for it never diminishes—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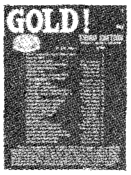
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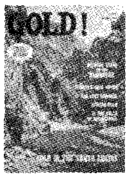
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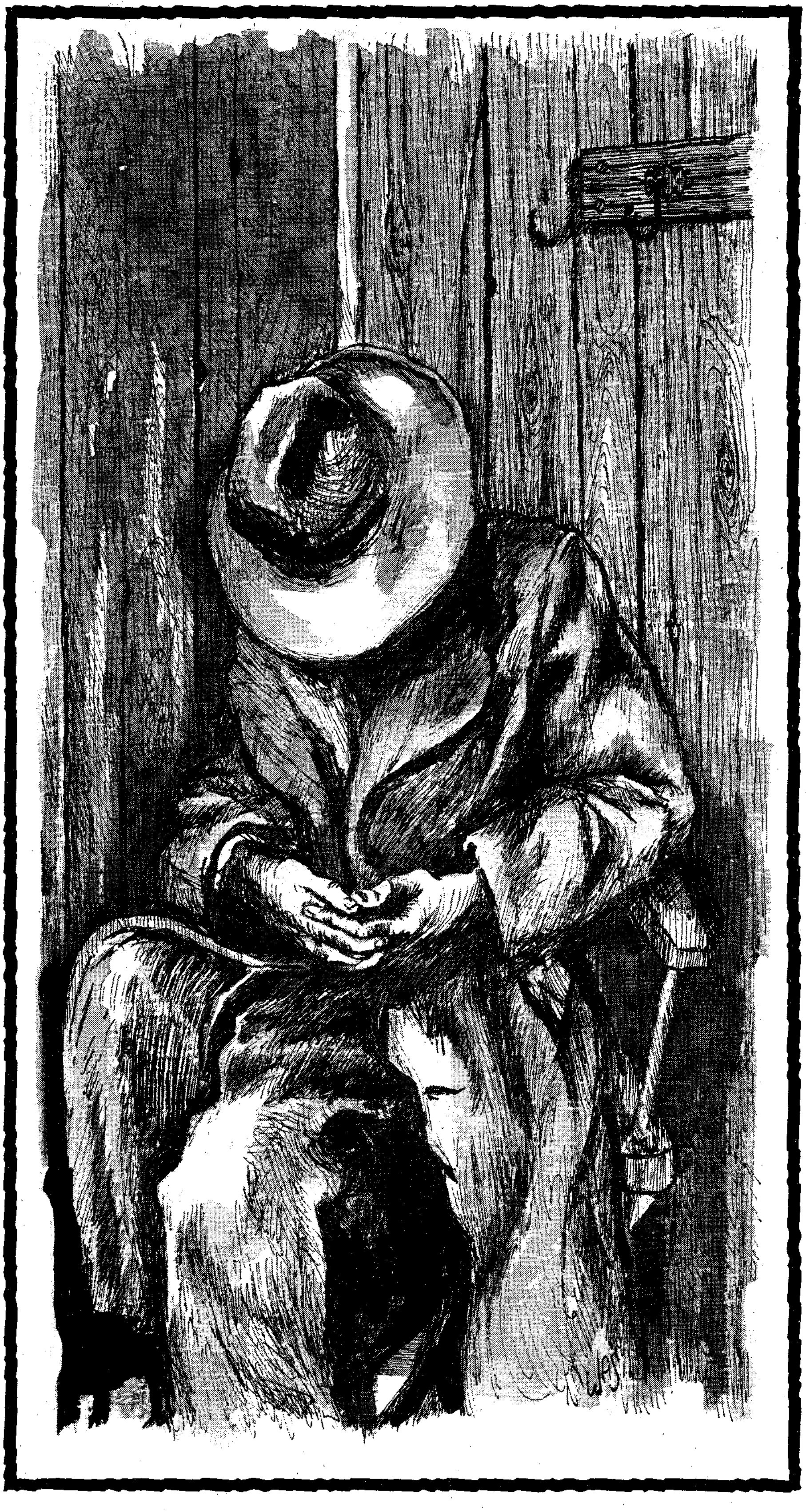


By DON BUCHAN

Illustration by Bill Seymour

Author's note: Following the War Between the States there sprang up a group of itinerants who roamed the country, stealing rides on the railroad. They camped in what were known as hobo jungles where they cooked, washed their clothing, and shaved.

Some of these men had knowledge of gunpowder because of their experiences in the war, and a few of them turned to blowing open safes with black powder which they called "puff."

Readers will remember when tramps knocked at back doors and begged food or offered to chop wood in exchange for something to eat. Others sold small sachets of lavender; some sharpened scissors and knives; some mended umbrellas and were known to the fraternity as "mushfakers." Mush from the mushroom-like shape of the umbrellas and faker from the fact that some of them spotted likely places for their associates to rob.

No other country had a criminal group exactly like the American "yeggs" as they came to be called. They were indigenous to the South and Midwest part of the U. S.

Detectives agreed they were the most difficult of all criminal types to apprehend because they left no record of their passing. They didn't vote, never married, never owned real estate, and never were counted in a census. On the rare occasions they used a name, it was fictitious. Many simply had monograms. Some left a symbol on a box car or other surface, showing they had passed by. Of course, many innocent wanderers also used monogram-aliases. Readers may recall seeing "K.T." (King of Tramps) or "A. No. 1" on box cars. These monograms became known to other knights of the road and one can well imagine a crusty "What's chur monoggrr?" This was the birth of the word "monoger" which fiction writers have corrupted to "monicker."

Yeggs knew each other by monogers such as High Trestle Red, Davenport Whitey, St. Louis Phil, Philly Dave, Up-and-Down Johnny, The Badger (from digging into bank vaults), The Moose (who had a prominent nose), and Chi Billy the Monk, because of his ability to climb.

With the advent of World War I, the old yeggs reaped a bonanza with the first (unregistered) Liberty Bonds. La-

NE'ER-DO-WELLS

Their country was the South and West; their livelihood, the scraps from a woman's back door, the safe and shelves of a small store or bank, or variations thereof. No other nation has duplicated the strange group of men we called "yeggs"...

ter those who were not in prison turned to daylight stick-ups; and later, because of Prohibition, to hauling, selling, making, or hijacking liquor.

What follows was put on tape by one of the last of the yeggs, and reveals a bit of Americana that lasted half a century and is now gone forever. It is true and, as much as possible, told in his own words. The man who related his experiences, with candor and without apology, is no longer living. That was part of the agreement—that the tape would be sealed until after his death.

YOU'D better give me a phony name in your story. When you hear this and write about it, I'll be gone. But I have relatives and I don't do anything to embarrass them.

We called ourselves bums, but the law called us yeggs or yeggmen. That started as a joke in San Francisco. Bums used to ding the Chinese for food and the Chinese called them "yekmen"—beggarmen. Once when an old bum got in jail, a big shot detective asked him who was tearing up the country and digging into the bank vaults. The old fellow told him that it was the yekmen. The detective thought he had made a great discovery and the newspaper got a-hold of it and the name was born.

We hung around towns that had good railroad connections. One was Sheldon, Iowa. Old-timers there swear that Jim Daly was the leader, but he wasn't at all. When we got ready to go out and cut a caper, we picked the fellows that were available and trustworthy. Old Jim strutted around and acted tough and confided in the local people that he was the High Mogul, but we laughed about it behind his back. He was a capable thief, all right, and could fight like a wildcat, too.

Things were simple in the old days. Stores had locks we called hog-eyes because they were crosswise. Every one of us had a set of screws—picklocks—and we'd turn off the lock, go inside, lock it up in case the door-puller came along, then weed the store. Just like weeding a garden, we'd pick out a pair of shoes over here and a shirt here and snip off part of a bolt of expensive cloth. We had telescopic keisters—suitcases. When we had all we dared take without the owner waking up that he'd been robbed, we'd lock up tight and leave. Sometimes we had a swift—that's a horse—hitched down by the cemetery, but more than likely we'd walk and lug our plunder to where we could hook onto a train.

Each of us had half a dozen or more places to weed and we'd go back every time we got short of money. The danger was if some other bum was weeding the same place and too much stuff was missing. Then the next guy that snuck in was likely to face a shotgun because an owner had hired someone to sleep inside and protect his stuff.

The old weeders were a sly, crafty lot and shunned stick-ups or anyone who would actually pull a daylight stick-up. I weeded and kept to night-time bank burglary for years before I went in for the rougher stuff. The night-time burglars didn't like any stick-up guys to come around them. They'd try to move 'em along because they knew if there was any kind of a wrangle with the natives, the heisters wouldn't hesitate to kill somebody and that would foul up the nest.

There was a nice young fellow who hung around with the yeggs. He never stole nothing, but just liked to hear their funny old stories and the big windies they'd tell.

The bums got used to him and they'd talk in front of him about some of the capers they'd cut. That was unusual because the yeggs was awful close-mouthed except around their own kind of cattle.

Well, this young fellow had been friendly with the bums for years and they offered to let him come along on some capers, but he always refused. Then, when some were getting ready to rob the bank at Cylinder, they asked him if he wanted to fill in with them.

When they asked him it was just as a joke, but he agreed. He was planning to get married, it turned out, and the lure of some extra money was what decided him.

The old yeggs tried to back out on the invitation, but he pleaded and finally they agreed to let him go although he made them five-handed and was one more than they really needed. This was plenty unusual because in those days a fellow served a long apprenticeship before he could fill in on a bank robbery.

Anyway, they blew the bank in Cylinder, Iowa. They used so much grease—the explosive oil that writers call "soup" but no yegg ever did—that they wrecked the inside of the bank. But they got away with about $1500 and split up. Two of them got ketched near Emmetsburg. They picked up a couple more in Sheldon, but they couldn't prove anything on them and had to let them go.

The two ketched in Emmetsburg gave the names Frank Collins and James Gleason. I knew Collins well and he had just got out of stir in Wisconsin and Gleason was the young fellow on his first caper.

Word got to us the next day and then an old bum who had been in the can—that's the jail—in Emmetsburg told me Gleason wanted to see me right away. I beat my way over and when it got dark I crept up to the jail window and whistled. Out came a long paper tube—a newspaper rolled up. I thought he had something—money or jewelry he wanted to get rid of—so I stood there with my hands cupped, waiting to catch whatever it was.

"No, no," he said, "Put your ear to it." He was using it like an ear trumpet so's I could hear and he would talk real low without anybody else hearing.

"We're sunk," he said. "We're gonna cop a plea and take ten years." Then he told me a lot of the paper money had got charred in the blast and he had hid his share down by the river. He had $300 of his own money in his pocket and the law thought it was what he got from the bank, but it wasn't. Anyway, they took it away from him.

Whenever paper money got scorched in blowing a safe we always got rid of it right away and that's what the old yeggs had made him do. He gave me the name of his gal and the town she was in and told me where the money was stashed.

I went down and dug it up. Some was burned too bad and I got rid of it, but I sent the rest to his girl.

The two of them got ten years and I always wondered what happened to the young fellow who went on a bank robbery as his first caper—and got ketched.

Author's note: I talked with Jed McNally of Emmetsburg who may have a sequel to the old yegg's tale. His uncle was a deputy sheriff at the time of the Cylinder robbery and helped search for the burglars. "Jay Letson gave the alarm," McNally said. "I. L. Soper was going home and saw two strangers in

his yard. Inside the house he learned they had taken some food. Pat Hearety found his home had been entered, too, and some food taken. Evidently the robbers had stolen food rather than go into town or to a railroad. Years later, when they paved the streets here, a man working on the job said he had been one of the robbers. He claimed that one of those who had got caught was paroled after a few years and later read law—as they did in those days—under the very judge who had sentenced him. Claimed he passed the bar examination and practiced right here in Iowa."

I USED to weed a place in Wells, Minnesota. It had double doors and I could spring one door, then wedge a stick between them and reach inside and pull up the bolt and get inside. I had robbed it a dozen times, always careful not to disturb anything so the storekeeper wouldn't know he was losing stuff. Then one day I was drinking a little and was mad, so I didn't care. I took too much stuff. A whole bolt of yard goods and about all the shoes he had in stock. I knew I could never go back because if I did I might walk into some yap with a double-barreled shotgun.

A couple of weeks later I was back in Sheldon. An old boxman—that's one who blows safes—that we called Lop Ear because his ears hung down like a water spaniel dog's, was celebrating with Jim Daly because he had just got out of stir in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Old Jim had a house rented and they had a big mulligan stew with chicken, and beef short ribs, and vegetables. And they had whiskey and a pony keg of beer, too. I was young and always hungry, so I tied right into it, including the whiskey.

"I ain't never goin' back to another of them stinkin' stirs," Lop Ear said, pounding the table until the dishes shook. "I ain't never gonna do nothin' that will let them yaps put me inside with some red-muzzled yap tellin' me whut to do. I'm off it for good. I'm gunna git me a simple-minded old woman and a horse and rig and some campin' stuff. Then I'll roam the country with the woman beggin'. I'll never git in one of them jails agin."

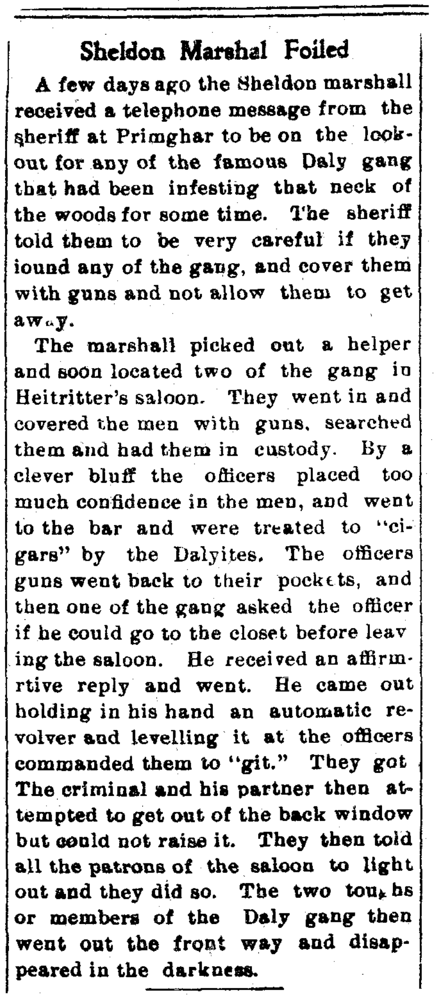
Well, we got to cuttin' up old touches and tellin' a lot of funny stuff that had happened to us, and I told them about this place in Wells. I warned them not to try to weed it because I was sure I had ranked it by taking too much plunder.

Both of them swore they'd never go near it—and they didn't until they had drunk up their bankrolls. Then them two idiots teamed up and went to the town. They got inside as slick as a school ma'am's leg and started to weed and pack the swag in keisters. But the town door-puller had evidently been told to keep his eye on it because it wasn't long until they had a red hot rank. Natives came pourin' out of everywhere with revolvers, rifles and clubs. Jim and Lop Ear had to run for it.

It had commenced to snow and they got away and out into the country to a field of shocked corn. They used to shock it in those days, you know. Each of them picked out a shock and burrowed right into it and pulled the cornstalks tight around them.

The posse wasn't far behind them and a farmer huntin' for stray pigs came along a few minutes later. The posse asked him if he had seen the two fellows on the run and of course he hadn't.

The posse had started back to town when all of a sudden the farmer called them back. All of them shocks of corn were covered white with snow except two—the two that Lop Ear and Jim was hidden inside of!



Sheldon Marshal Foiled

A few days ago the Sheldon marshall received a telephone message from the sheriff at Primghar to be on the lookout for any of the famous Daly gang that had been infesting that neck of the woods for some time. The sheriff told them to be very careful if they found any of the gang, and cover them with guns and not allow them to get away.

The marshall picked out a helper and soon located two of the gang in Heitritter's saloon. They went in and covered the men with guns, searched them and had them in custody. By a clever bluff the officers placed too much confidence in the men, and went to the bar and were treated to "cigars" by the Dalyites. The officers guns went back to their pockets, and then one of the gang asked the officer if he could go to the closet before leaving the saloon. He received an affirmative reply and went. He came out holding in his hand an automatic revolver and levelling it at the officers commanded them to "git." They got. **The criminal and his partner then attempted to get out of the back window but could not raise it. They then told all the patrons of the saloon to light out and they did so. The two toughs or members of the Daly gang then went out the front way and disappeared in the darkness.**

Old newspaper article pointing out some of the yegg gang's activities.

I disremember whether they got two or three or five years, but that ended Lop Ear's good resolution not to get in any more stirs.

ONE of the guys that was always rootin' into things was a kid about my age and we did a lot of stuff together. He wasn't very big but had a troublesome nature. Him and me got into a lot of fist fights over nothing. Anyway, he turned out to be a hell of a bank robber. The yeggs claimed he was in on twenty-two bank robberies in about ten years, some of them daylight stick-ups. They said that once he took a fellow with him and drove up in front of a bank and when they went inside to rob it, all the work force just put up their hands as soon as they got inside the door.

They got the money and made a clean getaway and the other fellow asked him, "How come they put their hands up as soon as they saw you?"

"Oh, hell," my friend said. "I took this same bank off just a couple of weeks ago."

He was in on the robbery of two banks at the same time—something the Daltons tried, you know. Only these were in the night-time.

They went to Fenton, Iowa, a little town in the north part of the state, after dark. They were down near the pig yards, waiting for after midnight, when they saw three other fellows hanging around. All of them got their guns out, thinking it was the law—and so did the other three.

Finally they got close enough to speak and after a few words they knew the other bunch was burglars, too! They didn't know each other but as they got to gabbin' they found out that they all knew the same people. So, as there was two banks in the little town, they decided that each bunch would take one bank and they'd split the loot. That way if one bunch didn't score, they'd be cut in on what the others got.

Well, the grease men—the ones that carried the explosive oil and loaded the safes—wanted to be sure and do a good job. But both of them used a bit too much and about ruined the inside of both banks. Still, the six of them cut up more than $16,000, which was a good score back in 1924.

Lots of yeggs would beg when they got broke or were in some part of the country that was real tough. I mean tough to steal in. One old bum had a simple-minded woman and he would put a pillow inside of her dress to make her look like she was in a family way, and work on the sympathy of anyone they met. He had a horse and buggy and he'd drive up to a house and pretend he was having a terrible time gettin' her out of the buggy with his crippled legs and crutches that was as phony as the pillows under her dress. Soon everybody in the whole neighborhood was watching them and saying how pitiful it was and how crippled the poor man was and how it tore their hearts out to see that good woman in a family way.

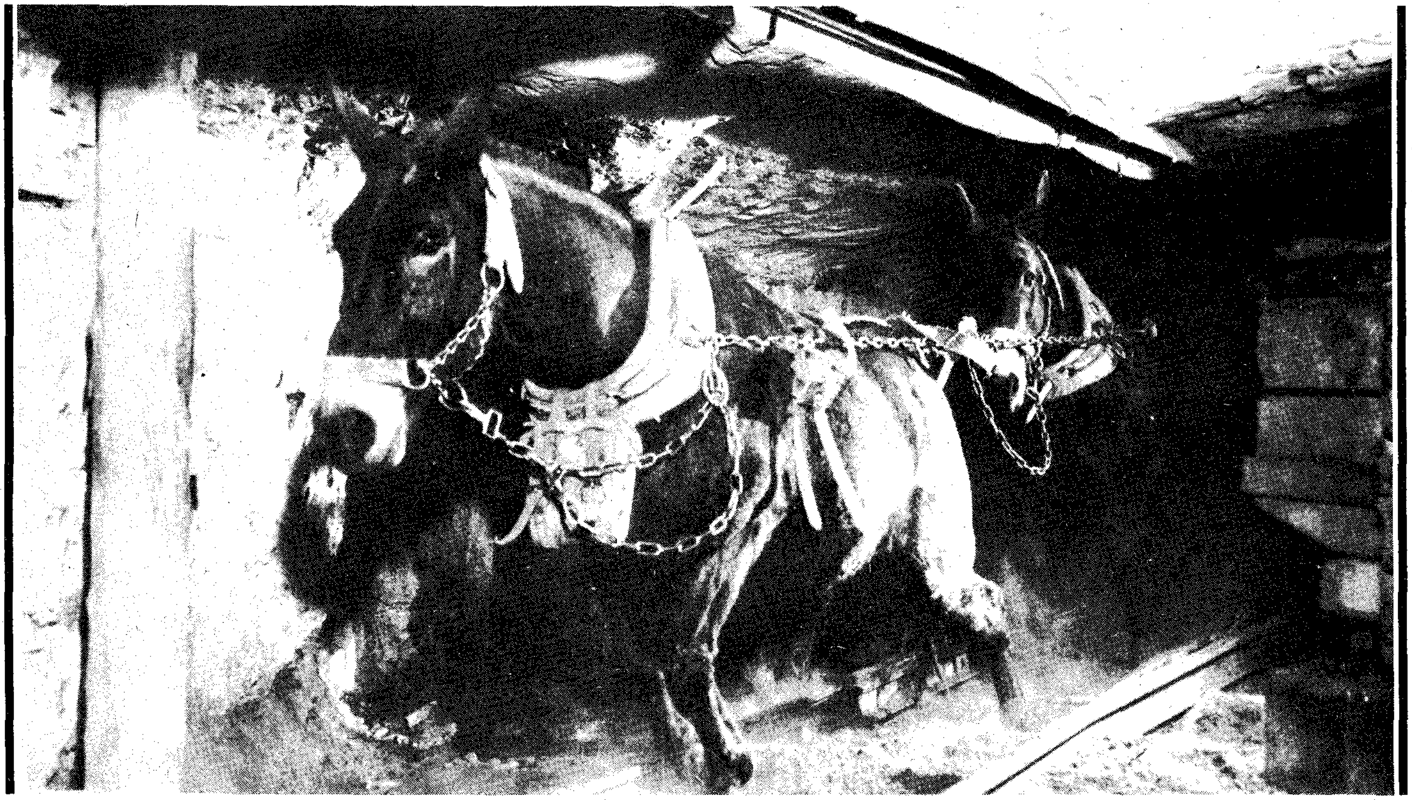
He'd groan and take the woman by the arm and hobble to the nearest house and tell a pitiful tale of how they was trying to get to a certain town where her sister lived—out in Washington or Oregon or Texas or someplace where they could get help.

The lady of the house usually took them in for a hot meal, and neighbors would drop in out of curiosity, wondering if the couple were related to whoever lived there. He'd tell a sad story and they'd get their bellies full and a handful of change.

Well, he had that beggin' woman for a year or so and then he didn't have to use the pillow no more. She had a kid

(Continued on page 46)

Underground is not man's natural habitat—or a four-footed critter's either. When tempers grew short in the mines, a lot of cussin' and kickin' took place—and sometimes a little pleadin', too . . .



Courtesy R. A. Ronzio Collection

Mules pulling loaded coal cars in the C. F. & I. Coal Mine at Morley, Colorado. Note that no reins were used.

GET UP, MULE . . . PLEASE!

By J. S. SAMPSON

Photo Courtesy Author

IT'S the darkest kind of dark in the world, the blackness of a coal mine tunnel deep underground. Long ago this strange underworld terrain was composed of tunnels and rails, rooms of solid coal, and toiling miners, sweating and straining in the gloom as they brought out the coal. Here they labored side by side with the mine mules, for in the early years all hauling was so accomplished. In his specialized kind of work, a miner's added bit of know-how with working stock came in mighty handy when confronted with sharing one's days with those mules.

The mules were broken in the mines. They were harnessed and hitched to coal cars that had the wheels blocked so they couldn't run away and, as you might expect, a mule was often talked about or talked to in some rather unusual and unscientific terms!

Working conditions in the mines were miserable and dangerous, brutal for both men and animals. Testimony given by a miner at a union convention in Trinidad, Colorado in 1913 eloquently proves as much:

> **I worked at Starkville 3 months ago. We had to pay our own driver and had to load cars for him in order to get a square turn. Sometimes a mule pulls and sometimes he balks and won't pull at all, which makes it very hard for the driver. One man was kicked by a mule and thrown against a steel pipe which ran through his head. He was compelled to remain at the bottom of the mine for 3 or 4 hours before being brought to the top. He was put in the blacksmith shop, and there was nothing to help him with, and they put greasy waste on his head and then the grease came out of his mouth. He died after 5 hours. The superintendent came by and asked if the mule got hurt. No damages were paid for the miner.**

It is hardly surprising that one of the most bitter accusations made by the workers against mine owners was, "A mine mule is worth lots more than a miner!" And, indeed, there might have been some truth to those words; however, life for the mule was no paradise either.

NOT every man could make mules work, and not every man could take care of them properly so they could be worked day in and day out. A mule would balk and refuse to pull if the cars were overloaded, and there was one miner in Boulder County who had only one ear, the other one having been bitten off by an angry mule!

High praise that one still hears in the coal districts about a miner is, "He worked for twenty-five years at the

(Continued on page 49)

The Utes had watched the white men all summer long—and had no intention of letting them spread the word about the

GOLD CACHE AT CEDAR HILL

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

A FRENCH-MEXICAN, Pierre Duponte, coming down the Animas Valley in Colorado in early 1881 made a rich discovery purely by accident. On reaching Santa Fe he formed a partnership with Pedro Sanchez (sometimes known as Juan Sanchez). They organized a party of twenty-six young and adventurous men like themselves and went back north to work Duponte's gold-bearing quartz.

At the outset there existed some doubt that Duponte could return to the exact ledge where he had gathered a bag of quartz rotten with gold; yet he did, leading the party there without once straying from a direct line into the area.

Elated over what they found, all turned to work with enthusiasm. While some got out the quartz, heaping it into big piles, others constructed two small arrastres. When they were finished the ore was crushed by mule power and the gold recovered by panning at the mouth of a creek, a tributary of the Animas. Near this site were a number of hot springs under cliffs of red sandstone.

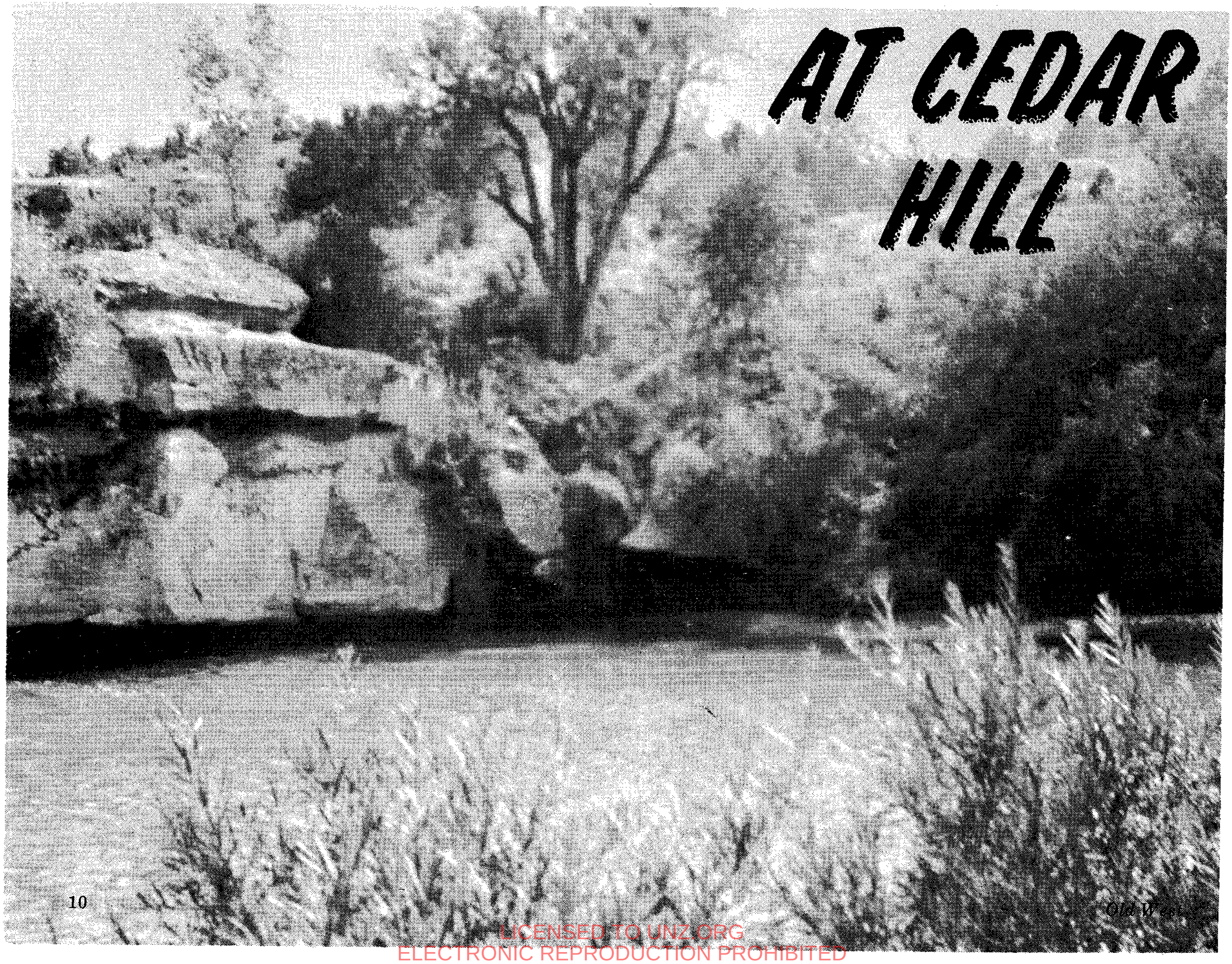
The agreement to which the party had subscribed stipulated that Duponte would receive four shares, Sanchez two, and the rest one each. The morale of the party was extremely high. Duponte's find was so rich that every one of them would be a wealthy man when the gold was packed back to Santa Fe.

By the time the first snow sifted down, it was estimated that each share already amounted to not less than one hundred pounds, though the ledge had hardly been touched. Duponte later described it as being twenty-two inches thick, lying horizontally under a few inches of easily removed overburden.

The winters in that region were bitter; and snow, invariably deep. When the first of only a few inches fell, they knew it was time to get out. Deerskin sacks were filled with the recovered gold. Sacks of small weight were distributed to riders' saddles. Ten big Missouri mules packed the large sacks.

Reluctant to leave so many piles of quartz-filled gold behind that couldn't be crushed, the party nevertheless started south joyfully. Being twenty-eight strong, and young and vigorous, the group entertained no fear of Indian attack. Not even the deadly, tricky and unreliable Utes caused them the least apprehension. In an open engagement or pitched battle they undoubtedly could have driven off any attacking band.

The Animas River below Cedar Hill.



WHAT they didn't know was that the Utes in whose country they robbed the ground of its golden wealth, had watched them working the ledge all summer long. From the rims it was easy for eagle eyes to observe the men in the canyon-like valley through which the clear Animas River coursed. It was not an area in which they were going to clash with white men having all the advantage, but they carefully watched while planning an ambush for later.

Whether it occurred above or below where the Florida River joins the Animas from the northeast was never certain. But somewhere in that neighborhood Utes suddenly fell on the white men from their hiding place in the brush, timber and rocks.

Three of the prospectors were slain in the short initial engagement. As they toppled from saddles the others, grabbing their gold-laden horses, retreated and prepared to make a stand. The Utes were slow in renewing the attack and the white men got well out of the trap; however, a reconnaissance disclosed that there were at least 200 Indians in the war party.

Toward late afternoon and following a long parley, Duponte led his companions west out of the river canyon and valley. This maneuver took them away from immediate contact with the Utes, and thinking they had successfully bypassed the enemy, the prospectors returned to the valley on the upper side of the river. They were then certainly far *below* the mouth of the Florida.

Feeling safer the farther they rode, just at dusk and with stunning suddenness, they were struck again. This time there was no escape. They were forced into making a stand in a bad spot to defend, and were entirely surrounded. Within minutes four more of the Santa Fe party were killed.

Though it soon became certain that none of them would survive without making a wild break for their lives, hope for a miraculous way out died hard. They continued fighting until midnight before they were forced into a final and desperate decision.

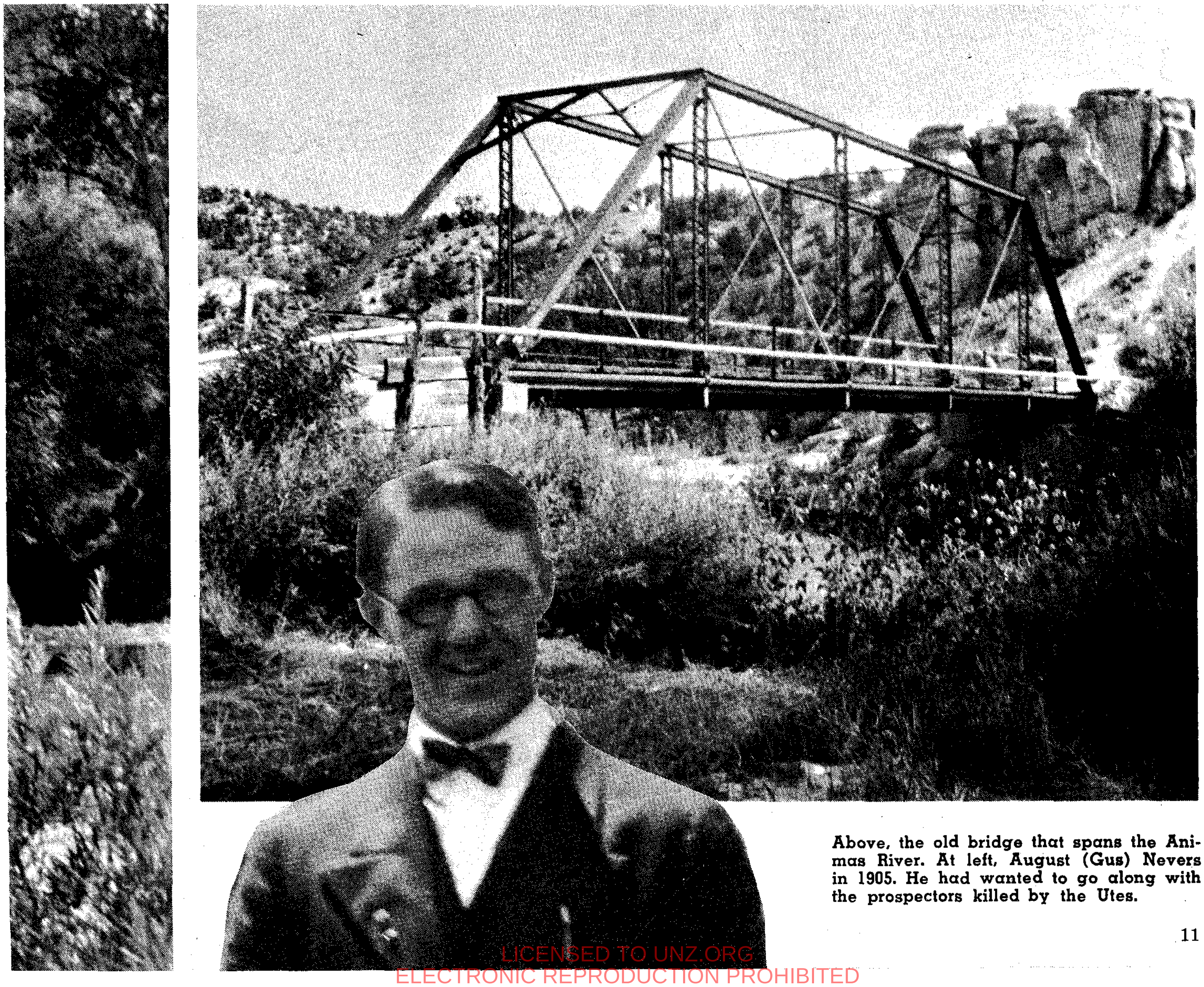
The gold-filled sacks were collected and buried in several holes, probably five. The sites were disguised, stock being moved over them to tramp down the surface. In two cases small fires were kindled on the freshly turned earth.

For some time Indians had been aware of the value of gold, knowing it would buy many of the white man's valuables that they coveted. If a clue were left behind, the whites knew the caches would be opened.

Duponte's scheme was to flee afoot; he selected the time to make the break, and gave the order to carry it out. The wounded, with their comrades helping them along, were sent out first in a courageous effort to get through the Indian lines before the ruse was discovered. This was the critical moment but, as the Utes themselves admitted afterwards, they did get through.

The unwounded departed by crawling on the ground in two and threes. Duponte and Sanchez remained to the last, firing their rifles from different positions as fast as they could to cover the others' escape.

Their ammunition was virtually exhausted when Duponte and Sanchez set about contriving their own flight. Crawling west, they kept moving as fast as possible without creating any sound. The darkness was their only ally. At one time they were within ten feet of some Utes. Once sure of having cleared the ring of Indians, they hunkered over, circled wide to the southeast, and running, reached the Animas. Even after crossing,



Above, the old bridge that spans the Animas River. At left, August (Gus) Nevers in 1905. He had wanted to go along with the prospectors killed by the Utes.

O. J. (Stokes) Carson, 82 years old, ran sheep along the Animas River.

the two men kept going at a breathless pace during the remaining hours of darkness.

Three weeks later, starved and worn out, they staggered into the cluster of adobe huts called Tapicitoes. When only partly recovered they made their way on south to Santa Fe.

None of the others ever showed up in Santa Fe. A year later a friendly Ute informed Duponte that each unit of fleeing men had been tracked down the next day. All were killed. At the end of that day the Utes believed they had wiped out every member of the prospecting party. They did not know that two actually got away.

DUPONTE and Sanchez related with undisguised horror their terrible ordeal. Especially did Duponte consider their escape an act of God in their behalf. Both counted themselves extremely lucky to be alive. Neither man tried to organize an expedition to return for the buried gold or to work the Animas quartz ledge again. Not even in later years when it could have been done in safety did they try, so far as is known. Anyway, Sanchez was killed in an Albuquerque saloon brawl the following year.

Duponte would talk readily, yet when it was suggested that he could now get the gold out safely, he invariably refused to venture into that area again. He still felt the same way when twenty-five-year-old Jim Brackett first heard his account of finding the gold, getting out a fortune, burying it, and barely escaping with his life.

Brackett listened carefully to Duponte describe the country the party passed through going and coming, and made checks on it. Secretly he concluded that the party, when hit last, was somewhere below the Colorado line in the Territory of New Mexico.

Other prospectors hunting for Duponte's cache were prowling the Animas Valley south and north of Durango. Brackett decided the gold was buried somewhere close to Cedar Hill. He was familiar with that area, having prospected all streams entering the San Juan River from the north, and Duponte's description of the white men's last stand fitted one area exactly.

Cedar Hill was low, and had a break in it. On the west side of this gap stood a sandstone natural monument resembling a small volcanic plug butte (which it wasn't). Across the Animas to the east lay a long, flat-topped range of mountains. On the west side of the river were extensive flat rich bottomlands where grass and brush grew luxuriantly. The east side of the river, in most places, flowed against stone cliffs.

Without comment, Brackett hunted up an experienced old-time prospector named Sanger. It was still a bad time to be wandering around in Ute cuntry. Most of the area, south of Ute Mountain, was claimed by Indians who brooked no invasion by white men.

Ole Sanger approaching fifty, was not one to get overly excited or overly optimistic. Not until he himself listened to Duponte did he make up his mind. Duponte had never actually named the place in the river valley where the gold ledge was found; it could be that he didn't know any name for the area. However, the landmarks, hot water springs, a wide, fertile valley and red sandstone cliffs fitted no spot near the New Mexico border. It did meet, however, all the requirements of the Animas farther north, and fitted no other spot in southern Colorado.

Nor at any time did Duponte mention Aztec (New Mexico) where the first settlers arrived in 1880, or a large trading post farther south in Gallegos Canyon. Apparently Duponte's party had bypassed both places to the east. Showing up at the plaza of Tapicitoes indicated that their course north had been through there.

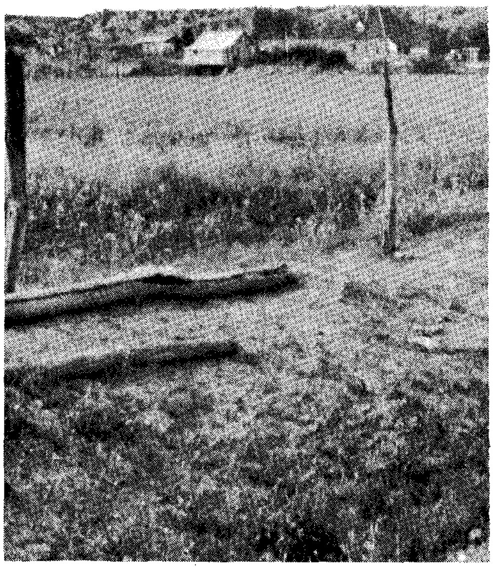
SANGER particularly was interested in the description of the area where the big river (Animas) was joined by a lesser one. Duponte recalled landmarks very clearly. The description convinced Sanger, as it had Brackett, the party's final stand where the gold was cached had to be somewhere between Cedar Hill and the Animas.

One night in camp with Brackett just outside town, Sanger said abruptly, "It's got to be close to Cedar Hill. That's the only place with the landmarks he describes, where to the north the deep canyons and high mountains begin. They sort of close in up there; according to Duponte, they were out of them and could see open country to the south."

Elated, Brackett was most anxious to get started. But another day was spent buying supplies and trading for two extra mules. Then heading north, they crossed the San Juan River and camped at the farm of George Nevers, whom both knew. They had stopped with the big, bluff, good-natured German several times before. He had a sixteen-year-old son, August, who badly wanted to join the gold seekers, but his father refused.

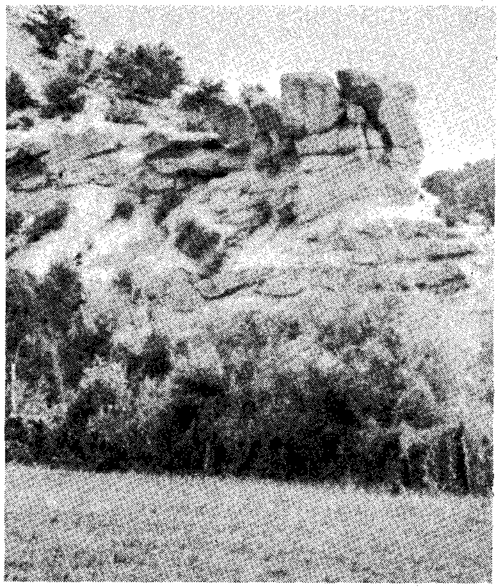
Moving up the west side of the Animas, Brackett and Sanger rode leisurely along the stream, studying the country and looking for any signs that might provide a clue. The flats near Cedar Hill, where a community of that name came into being years later, they gave no attention at all.

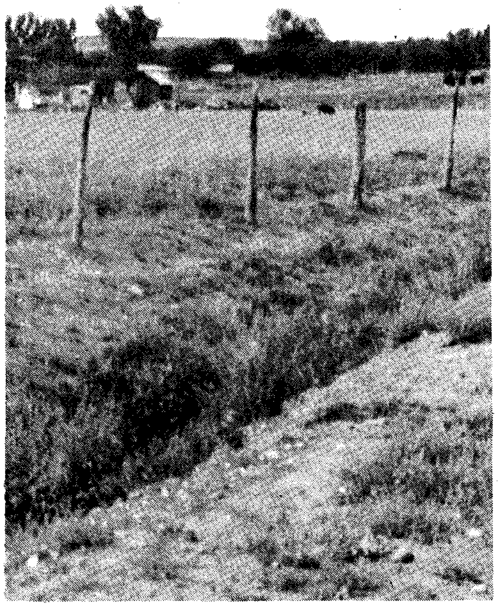
The farming community of Cedar Hill.



Supposedly the caches had been made in the valley, just below where it widened out. This would be opposite Cedar Hill and west of the river across which stood the long flat-rimmed mountain. It was there that they camped, a mile below where the talus of the hill points toward the river.

This area was ridden out in subsequent days. A second camp became necessary, upstream within a few hundred yards of the river side. It was here that they made their first discovery. Weeds had grown high above the grass, but sticking out of the turf were the muzzles and the curved metal butts of several rifles. Scattered around near them were rotted pieces of pack saddles, and two small cast-iron kettles of the type carried by





John Arrington spent all of his life in the area around Cedar Hill.

gold hunters or others in the mountains.

After surveying the site and checking landmarks they concluded that this could have been where the Duponte-Sanchez party had been ambushed. But where had the gold been buried? That was the one fact that Duponte had evaded describing. Had it been planted inside the straggling timber immediately on the site, or farther west? That it had been cached close to the river was beyond possibility. The Utes had been shooting from the timber there. The enclosing west line had been farther out; otherwise the prospectors could not have escaped through the Ute lines to live a few hours longer.

With all these plaguing suppositions Brackett and Sanger had a much larger area to cover than they had counted on. Nevertheless, they set to work industriously. Test holes were dug down in likely places; iron prods were employed to locate ground that, having been dug out once, was not packed down as hard as the surrounding surface.

AT the end of three weeks the situation had grown discouraging. They might as well try a little farther up the river. Accordingly, after breakfast one morning they saddled their horses and started packing the mules. It was then that the Utes caught them completely by surprise. Not once had any evidence of their presence been detected before the furious onslaught that July morning in 1884.

Bullets ricocheted off rocks and whined through the air. Despite the danger of those leaden bees, Sanger aimed his rifle, pulled the trigger, and burst into gleeful laughter.

"I got me 'nother one of them redskins, *Jim!*" he called to his partner a few feet away as bullets ceased coming at them for the moment.

Bearded, gaunt Jim Brackett crouched behind a pile of rocks on the side of Cedar Hill. Sweating in the hot afternoon sun he yelled back, "There's too many of them for us, Ole!"

"Yep, get one with every shot and there's still too many left."

The arroyos, canyons and timber seemed to be full of bloodthirsty Utes, and the partners just had enough time to grab their rifles and mount the saddled horses. Pursuit was quick and they were compelled to seek refuge on the side of Cedar Hill. Putting their horses in the timber, they slithered down to a position facing the river behind outcroppings of rock. They barely made it, for the Utes on their ponies were already at the bottom of the hill.

The abrupt crack of the white men's rifles unhorsed several before a confused halt was followed by disorderly retreat. Riderless ponies sprinted off after the mounted ones. Later two wounded Indians were observed crawling through the sagebrush toward the dismounted Utes who had spread out in a half circle under good cover.

Brackett and Sanger estimated the band consisted of slightly more than a hundred well armed, desperate Utes—who disliked all whites and especially prospectors.

The hot morning wore on with only desultory fire from the Indians. This delaying tactic drew suspicion that some of the band had slipped around to ascend the hill behind them. Brackett and Sanger took turns climbing through the timber to the top to reconnoiter.

They did not once spot any Indians moving toward their rear, and somehow this didn't make sense. It was their customary strategy, and certainly there was no lack of braves to send around behind them. From appearances, Brackett and Sanger could withdraw and flee southwest any time they chose to; but if so, was it a set-up?

At midday the fire from below ended altogether. In fact, the Utes withdrew far enough to walk around in the open. A small fire was kindled and they prepared and ate a meal. Brackett and Sanger were not fooled by their open retreat. Others would have been left behind in hiding to cover them should they try coming off the hill. The only easily negotiated course of fast escape was down the western side of the river valley.

"Them cussed Injuns know we ain't got no water," muttered Brackett.

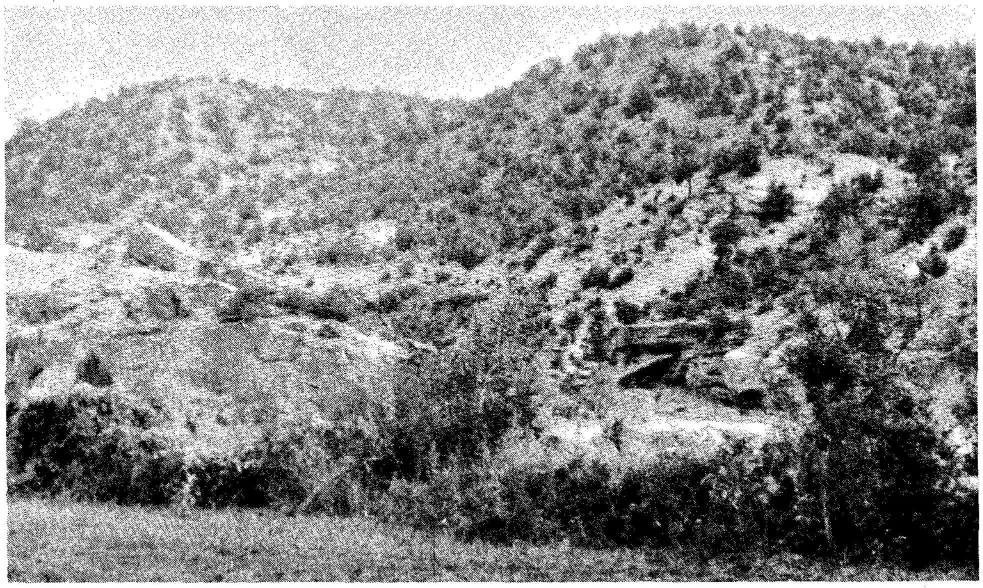
Sanger laughed mirthlessly, "Yeah, and they're eating our grub. They shorely didn't fetch any of their own."

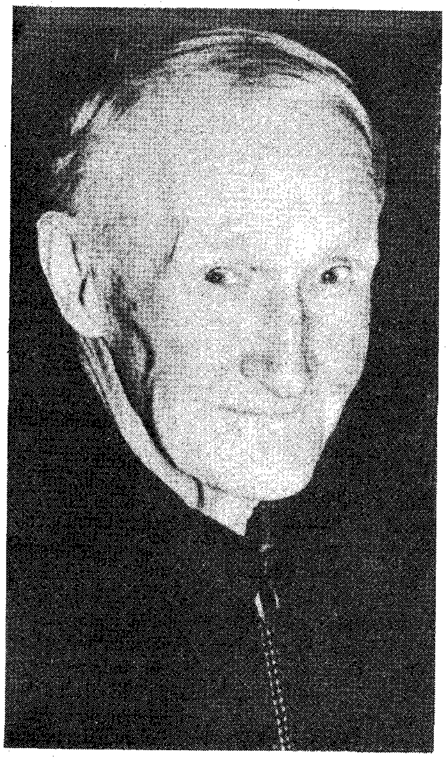
ABOUT two o'clock that afternoon the Utes returned to the battle line, spreading all along the base of the hill. Every time one of the prospectors fired, he slid a few feet into another position —just in time, too, for at least a dozen rifles poured lead into the rocks where his powder smoke drifted skyward.

Then came temporary lulls between bursts of firing. There were more than enough Indians to charge the white men's position and overrun them; but the move would cost at least twenty lives if the Indians tried it. Apparently they didn't want to pay the price. Their first accurate shooting had been enough to convince them that the prospectors were extremely dangerous.

(Continued on page 38)

Cedar Hill and the natural marker monument at left.





Ninety-year-old Charley Snook in 1970.

No one knew much about him. He was just a big powerful man propelled by a brain that relayed only one message — kill!

END OF A MADMAN'S TRAIL

By CHARLEY SNOOK
as told to
ETHEL KIMBALL

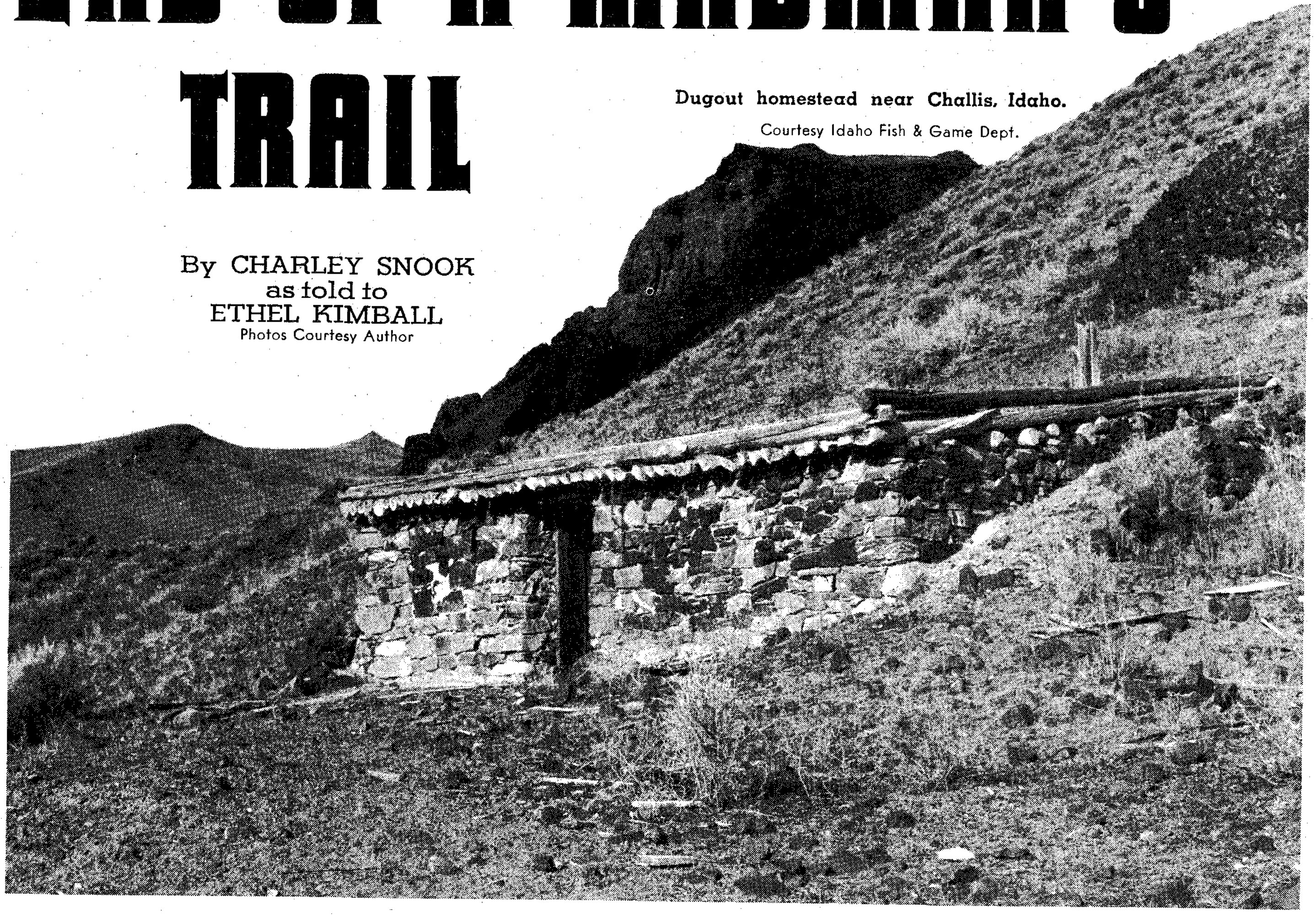
Photos Courtesy Author

SHE WAS a Jewess, a pretty girl somehow left in the care of foster parents who were traveling to Junction, Idaho Territory, in the late 1860s. Heartbreak was waiting for her along the rutted trail at a spot about twenty miles southwest of Armstead, Montana, when the family stopped to camp on the bank of a sparkling creek.

Details are lost in the passing of more than a century, but it is known that, somewhere along the creek, a young man named Livingston raped this girl and escaped retribution. Later on, when the family was settled in Junction and operating a hotel, Livingston made the worst mistake of his life by showing up and demanding to see his victim. He should have known that the law of self-preservation was the strongest one recognized in this raw, young country where a father's love for even a foster daughter gave him the right to protect his family with guns.

Livingston's sudden death was never investigated. He was lucky to get buried.

Armstead, Montana is now covered by a man-made lake. Junction, Idaho doesn't even have the distinction of being a ghost town, because all business moved a few miles away to found the present town of Leadore near the tracks of a new railroad. The railroad is gone now, too, and State Highway 28 runs the full



Dugout homestead near Challis, Idaho.

Courtesy Idaho Fish & Game Dept.

Charley Snook (shown here accompanied by his wife, Willa) made the stage run to and from Red Rock, Montana whenever the regular driver was ill. This photo was taken near Agency Creek, not far from Johnny Beliel's ranch on Warm Springs Creek.

length of the old tracks to Salmon City, fifty miles to the west.

Such are the historic memories of Charley Snook, a ninety-three-year-youngster who has spent his entire life at Salmon City and who was the son of Lemhi County's first deputy sheriff. Born to John and Emily Snook in this famous River of No Return country, Charley was raised with rugged men who were either living or dying on the strength of their own courage. Trouble was an ever-present threat, and quick justice was a fact of life.

He remembers living in his parents' frame house, built along what is now Main Street, shortly after their marriage in 1872, and the hewn-log jail that stood almost directly behind it. A scaffold, measuring eight by eight feet, was built near the jail, and his mother told vivid stories about one of its first customers, a man named Tim Connors who had been convicted of murder. She said she knew approximately the hour it was to be done, so was very careful to stay in the house, postponing as long as possible an inevitable trip out to the woodpile to replenish the fuel for her kitchen stove.

Finally, when she thought it must be over with, she ran out to get the wood, glancing toward the jail as she did so. Of gentle birth, and a bride of only one year, she froze in her tracks at the horrible sight. "That man's feet were right up in the air, just like that," she later told her family, demonstrating with her arms the way they were hanging, "and I never looked that direction ever again for I imagined I could still see his feet in the air."

Tim Connors was one of the first prisoners to be buried in Salmon City's boot hill.

As a lawman, and later a freighter during the time of the Nez Perce war, John Snook saw much of bloodshed, and his stories are an integral part of the country's lore. But one of the most bizarre murders ever to be committed in this section of Idaho waited for his son Charley to grow up and become involved.

It all started about daylight one bright spring morning in 1927 when a big, dark-complexioned stranger showed up at Johnny Beliel's ranch on Warm Springs Creek, a tributary of the Lemhi River and about seventeen miles east of Salmon City. Beliel, a Frenchman and a bachelor, swung his door open wide in typical western style, and invited the fellow in for breakfast.

As the 200-pound man eased his bulk into a chair he introduced himself as Ben Hamilton, and said he had come from Montana, through the Bighole Basin, over the Divide to Kenny Creek, and then crossed over to the ranch. If Beliel wondered why Hamilton hadn't come in on the regular pack trails or wagon routes, he kept his questions to himself. And, as Hamilton said he wanted work, Beliel agreed to give him a job.

The stranger proved to be a good worker, and summer passed with no incident. But in the early fall, Jasper Thayne, a well-known resident, came into Salmon City quite badly shaken up, announcing that Beliel was dead.

"By gum," Jasper said, using his favorite expression, "I was stayin' up there for awhile, and this mornin' that feller Ben Hamilton woke me up and said Johnny Beliel had fell out of bed and broke his neck. But, by gum, I think Hamilton done the neck-breakin'. I got scared, by gum, so I told him I was sick and had to go to town to see a doctor, just to get away from there!"

As there was no way to prove what had really happened, Beliel's death was recorded as accidental, and Hamilton stayed on at the ranch that winter. Then, when spring came again and his living on the place had gone uncontested, he planted crops and took good care of them.

Hamilton kept strictly to himself, a recluse who seemed to neither need nor want any man's friendship. Very few people in the entire area would have recognized him on sight. Charley was one of the few who did, since he lived with his wife and two children on a ranch along Haynes Creek, just across the Lemhi River from the Beliel place. Charley recalls going there on business during the grain threshing that fall, and being invited to stay for dinner.

"Ben had put some chickens on to boil for his crew before they all went to the field that morning," Charley states, "and he was just pulling them out of the pot and tearing them apart with his big hands. He'd plunk a leg or something on each guy's plate, and that was dinner. I turned his invite down!"

Earlier in the summer Hamilton had added a moonshine still to his possessions, but was his only customer for the booze he made. Apparently he could handle limited drinking, especially while his crops kept him busy, but when the harvesting was all done and the boredom of winter set in, his whiskey became too much of a temptation. This fact became very obvious on December 21, a day long to be remembered in Lemhi County, when he burst into Seventeen Mile House (now Tendoy) brandishing a rifle he'd just bought from Wilbur Hayes. He threatened everyone with the gun, then pulled a knife and started hacking at the furniture and stabbing holes in the chimney of the stove.

When he finally left the settlement and crossed the Lemhi, he met Henry Anderson, who was headed home with a load of hay on his wagon. Out of a clear blue sky, Hamilton announced to Anderson, "I'm comin' up to get your girl Margaret. And I don't give a damn if I have to kill you or what, I'm gonna git her!"

Alarmed by the wild look in Hamilton's eyes as well as this threat, Anderson watched him whirl his horse and race away, then hurried home to call Matt Stewart, the sheriff at Salmon City.

"I don't know when he's coming," Anderson finished his story, "but there's no doubt in my mind he'll be here. And that man is crazy, Matt! I think you'd better go get him before somebody gets hurt."

The sheriff agreed, and wasted no time sending his deputy, Lou Bancroft, and a deputized assistant, Lenny Commons, to go after Hamilton. There was only one thing wrong—neither deputy had ever seen the man they were supposed to get! To rectify this, they stopped at Seventeen Mile House and picked up Billy Withington to go with them and identify Hamilton.

MATT STEWART received two calls before dark that night. The first was from Deputy Bancroft who said, "We finally found Hamilton, but he doesn't want to come in with us now. Says he can't leave the ranch this time of day, and wants us to go with him to Herb Spencer's to get Herb to go his bond, and then he'll come to town by himself in the morning."

There was really no choice for the sheriff—he didn't dare leave Hamilton on the loose with darkness coming on. No telling what he'd do. The only answer could be, "No. Bring him in now."

The second call came from Clarence Pyeatt, who lived fairly close to the ranch. "Matt," he said, "I think something might be wrong at the old Johnny Beliel place. I heard a man holler, 'Get in there!' like he was awful mad, and then a little later I heard some rifle shots. Do you think somebody ought to go and look around?"

"Yeah, I sure do," Matt said worriedly, "I'll call Seth Ball and maybe you can get some more men together to go see what's wrong. And, Clarence, for hell's sake be careful! Hamilton has been on the warpath all day and he'll be dangerous."

From a rocky ridge just above the Beliel dooryard, a man and a horse silently watched the road below. Squatted on a boulder, the man balanced a rifle on his knees, instantly ready for a clear shot at any or all of the men converging on his house. It was cold, mighty cold sitting there so quietly, and the man with the gun rolled and smoked endless cigarettes as he waited.

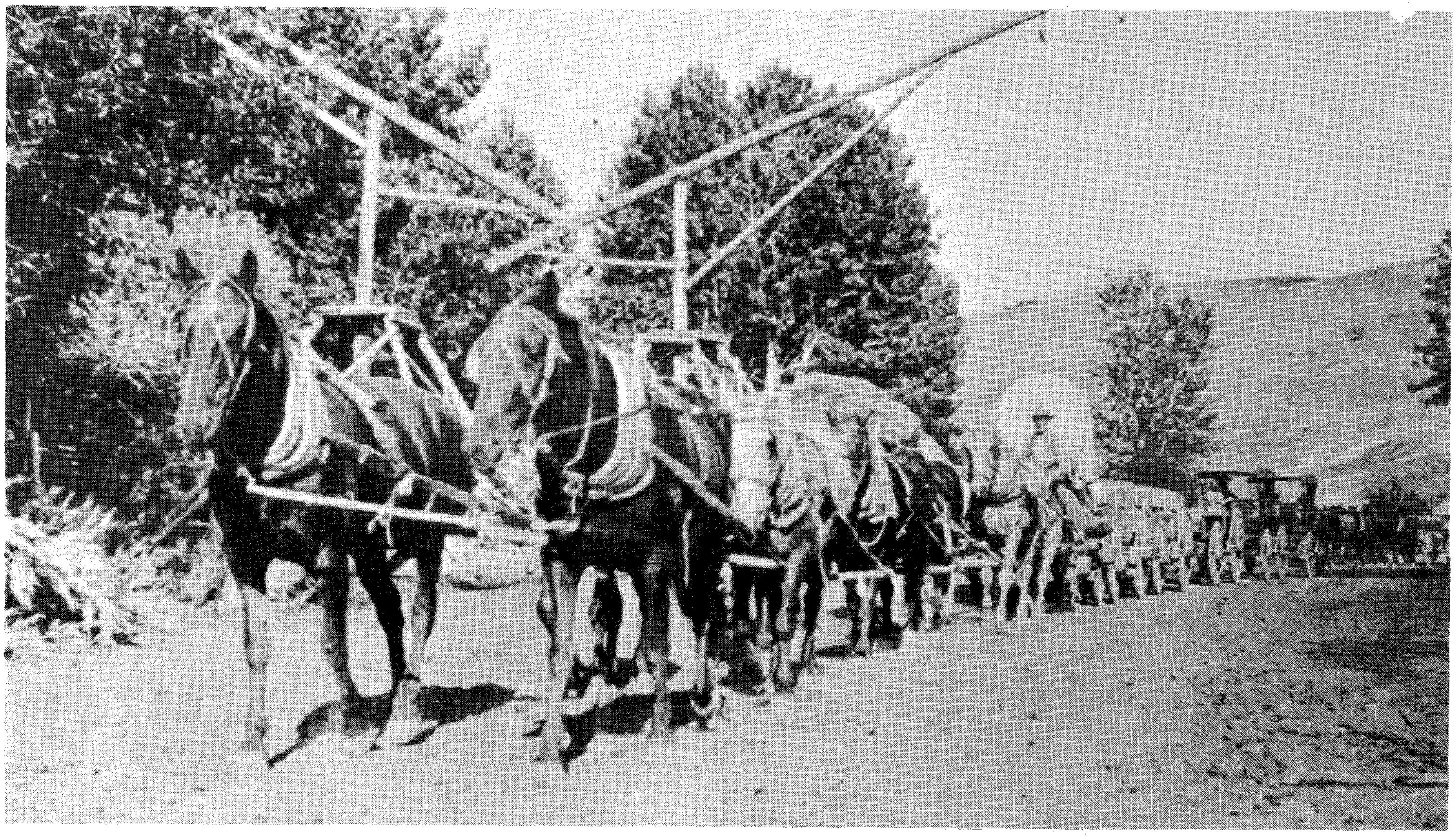
He knew what the men would find. Bancroft would be lying on the floor near the wall where the telephone hung, his head an unrecognizable pulp, his skull shattered by the rifle bullet Hamilton had blasted into the back of it when Bancroft had hung up the phone after calling the sheriff. Commons would be in the next room, sprawled dead behind the barrel of mash where he'd tried to find some protection from Hamilton's rifle.

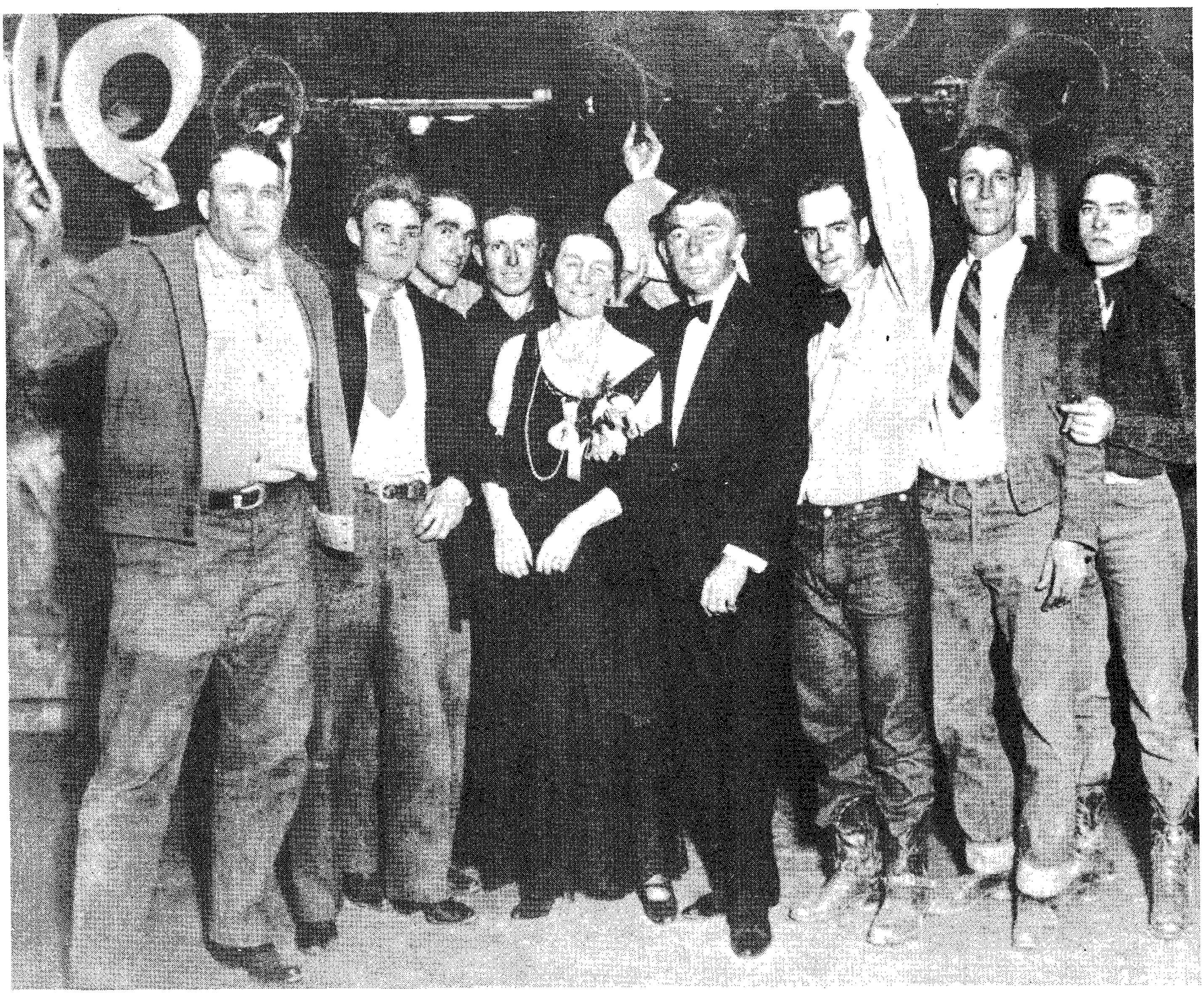
The men would find young Billy Withington dead, too, but they'd also find the cabin a torn-up mess from the struggle he'd put up before Hamilton finally managed to kill him.

It was about ten o'clock the next morning before Charley heard about the brutal slaughter. He was breaking a green horse to work, and had hooked

(Continued on page 44)

Charley Snook mans the whip on a freight wagon train near Seventeen Mile House. Hay derricks above train are similar to the one from which the killer nearly swung.





Left to right: Charlie Fletcher, Grady Wilson, Oral Zumwalt, Elmer Hepler, Mrs. Robertson (Teddy Roosevelt's sister), Mrs. Robertson's son (no name provided), Harry Drackert, No Water Slim, and Joe Welch.

THE $ PRICE $ WAS $ RIGHT

Every cowboy deserves one trip to Kansas City—preferably with a buddy like John R. Joyce!

By EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

JOE WELCH was firmly convinced that school interfered with his getting an education, so he quit in the fourth grade. John R. Joyce shared Joe's ideas but Joyce's parents were more unreasonable than Joe's. They prodded him through high school and sent him to the Sorbonne in Paris for topping off.

From very early childhood the two were close friends. Joe had worked cattle in the Guadalupes of New Mexico on the huge Joyce ranch, and John had helped with roundups for the Welches whose range extended from Rattlesnake Springs, from which Carlsbad Cavern gets its water supply, to the Pecos.

After seven years of drouth, almost every cattleman in the country went broke. Mr. Joyce was fortunate enough to have cash in reserve and he picked up some good range at very low prices. Bill Ward, who had worked for several years for the Robinson spread on top of the Guadalupes before being hired by Joyce said, "It was good cow country but there was little water up there until Joyce got it. He ran water from a big

(Continued on page 55)

TWO SIDES OF THE GREEN BOYS

By OLEVIA E. MYERS
Photos Courtesy Author

They were tough and they were dangerous, but they had a spark of sympathy for people who were having a hard time. A neighbor boy remembers an encouraging hand on the shoulder—even if more frequently that hand was wrapped around the butt of a gun . . .

IN the early 1890s, the Will Rogers country up around Oolagah and Talala, Indian Territory, was the home of a trio known as the Green boys. Old Man Green, the boys' father, had a little spread about six miles out from what is now Collinsville. Due west, the spread was. The Green place was on a long, deep, narrow lake that still bears the name Green. This lake, set deep in the bottoms between the Caney and Verdigris Rivers, was an ideal location for a wide-loop spread which was soon suspected, by neighboring ranchers, of growing too fast for the natural offspring of the few cows the family owned. This was long before the boys grew up.

By the time the brothers were good-sized kids, their mother had died and their father had married a full-blood Indian woman. Though reportedly not the quiet, maternal type, she took these boys to her heart like a mother cat with kittens, and woe to the person who accused her stepchildren of wrong-doing.

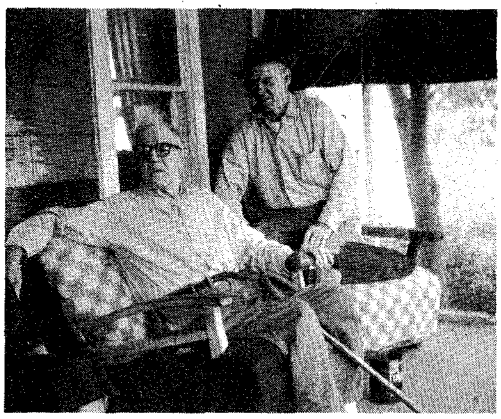
The three boys grew to manhood; all worked on the big Halsell Ranch, which spread pretty much all over the country up there, until in the '90s when the Halsells pulled stakes and moved out to Colorado. The Green boys never had a steady job after the Halsell spread pulled out of the Territory.

When cattle began to disappear—a steer here, two there, a few calves missing from the far-flung ranges—suspicion was directed at the Green Ranch which continued to prosper. Likeable, accommodating boys, the Greens—and ranchers hesitated to openly accuse them, since no proof was available—but rumors persisted and eventually the Green boys were left pretty much alone by neighboring ranchers and cowboys.

It was said that strange men frequented the vicinity of Green Lake. Men with low-slung guns and well-oiled holsters. Most cowboys wore .45s as a matter of dress and all carried saddle guns, but there was an indefinable something about hardcases that could not be misunderstood. The .45s seemed always a little bit lower slung, the holsters more smooth and well oiled. The hardcase was easy to spot by anyone who was range-wise. Nothing was ever pinned on the Green boys, though, until early in '97 when the oldest, Bill, had his first charge filed.

MR. OWEN SMITH, a resident of Collinsville, who at eighty-eight was still living not more than three miles from where he first met the Green boys, told me, "I was just fourteen years old when I first met the three brothers, Bill, Ed and Auther. Bill was the oldest; Auther the youngest. Pa had left Alabama to immigrate to the Indian Territory and we'd traveled all the way in a covered wagon, camping wherever night overtook us and mostly living off the country. All you really needed was salt, sugar and breadstuff. You killed your meat on the trail.

"We camped one night at a big spring that ran out of the hillside on what is now known as Riverside Drive in Tulsa, right near the Eleventh Street bridge. Tulsa was just a wide place in the road.



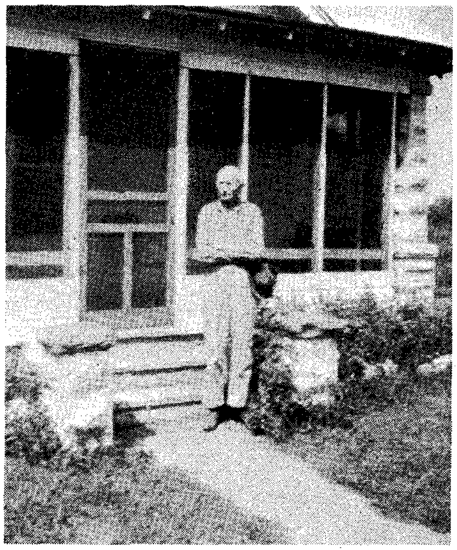
Seated is Owen Smith, 89-year-old Collinsville, Oklahoma resident who grew up with the Green boys.

"We pulled out early next morning and drove to just past Bird Creek, which we had to ford as there was no bridge anywhere. There on the bank of Bird Creek, we made our last camp. We pulled out next morning, just heading across the prairies north.

"There was no Collinsville then; this was wide open rangeland. Just about where we sit right now, we met a cowboy who stopped to visit. When he found Pa was hunting a place to squat, he told him that about three miles straight ahead there was a little squatter's shack that the people had moved out of just a few days before. 'They starved out,' he told Pa. He said there was a spring about half a mile from the little shack and that the people had hauled water for the household in a big barrel by sled. The man had left both sled and barrel, the cowboy said.

"It was just sunset when we pulled up to that shanty. Nothing but the rolling prairie around us. Not a house in sight. No road, except the faint wagon tracks left in the bent-down grass of the prairie. So we were home. Home on the range with the big Halsell spread all around us and no jobs for any of us. Nothing but a few spuds and side meat and what

Charlie Harris of Oolagah, Oklahoma also knew the Green boys.



little household plunder we'd been able to haul from Alabama.

"Next morning my first job was to hitch one of the horses to the sled the squatter had left and go for a barrel of water. It was no trouble to find the spring. I just followed the sled tracks through the grass. It was springtime and the prairie was really something. Birds everywhere! Quail for the taking. Rabbits so thick you scared one up from every milkweed on the prairie.

"But in spite of game being so abundant, we were ragged and half-starved all the time. Pa never made much of a living. There just wasn't much to do but punch cows and Pa was no cowpuncher. Us kids all found something to do — those that were old enough to work; and, believe me, being old enough to work back in those days came mighty young.

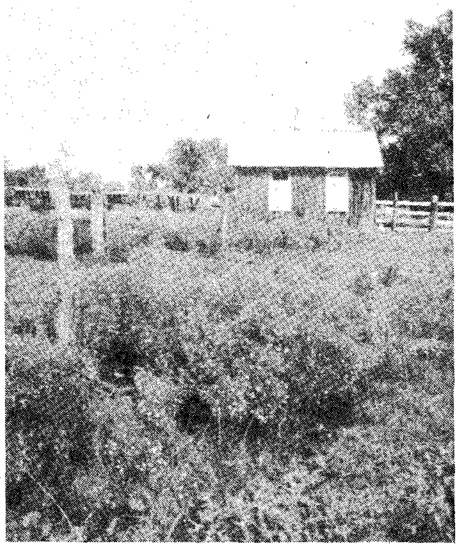
"Here's how I met the Green boys. I'd seen them passing not far from our shanty all spring, but had never met them till just before the haying season. The big Halsell Ranch always put up tons and tons of prairie hay for winter feeding. Well, they rode up to our gate, hipped over in their saddles, rolling Bull Durham smokes while they visited with Pa. Suddenly Bill Green asked me if I'd like to have a job as water boy over at the ranch for the hay crew. Next day I was over there at daylight.

"I'd ride a pony with water jugs hanging all over him and go from one crew to the next all day long. That meant daylight to dark. The Green boys would always tell me I was doing just fine and, a time or two, Bill told me to slow down a little and rest a bit. They were mighty good to a ragged, half-starved kid, I can tell you.

"The second day after I started work, the Green boys came by the shack and they were driving a fresh cow. She had a little bull calf that was fat and sassy following after her. The cow's udder was strutted with milk and Bill Green told Pa to put the little pen sitting behind the house into a little plum thicket, and to milk the cow. 'Those kids need milk.' Bill told Pa. 'I don't like seeing little kids without milk. As long as you keep that calf fat, Smith Halsell will never know you are milking that cow; he wouldn't care if he did know—but you let that calf begin to look like it was knocked in the head with the churn dasher and I'll turn it back on the range with its mother. You raise a good calf and I'll see that you have all the milk and butter you need.'

"Ma was so glad to have the milk she cried; and I will always remember how good that bread and milk and yellow butter tasted. Sometimes, before the Green boys came along, we just had bread. Butter and milk made a heap of difference.

"That fall several of us came down with typhoid fever. Mrs. Green, the boys' stepmother, came over and just stayed with us. She cooked, washed and ironed; and she bathed us in cool water that was hauled from the old waterhole by one of the Green boys after they had already put in a full day on the range. Just try to get someone to be that neighborly now. I'm telling you all this because I want to show you that the Green boys were not all bad. No one ever is. You couldn't find better neighbors than the Green boys.

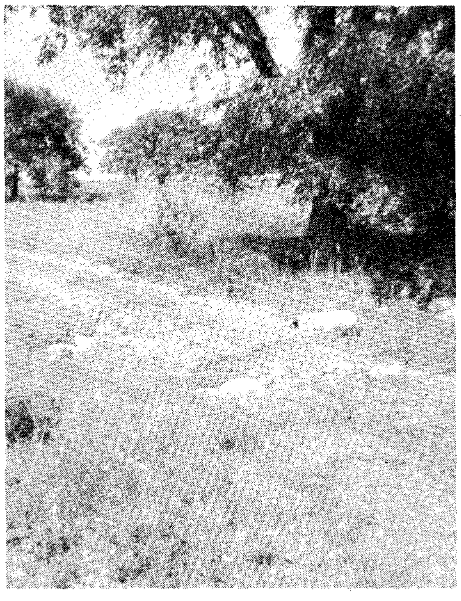


It was behind this old shack that the horses and light wagon used to transport the Green boys to Oolagah was hidden.

"AFTER the big Halsell spread pulled up stakes and moved to Colorado, the Green boys just drifted for two years. Then Bill got arrested. He got out on bond—and before the trial came up, he was dead—but the arrest made a big change in him. He didn't seem to care who thought he was an outlaw. The other two boys followed Bill. Fact is, they started raising hell in general all over the range.

"They still were our friends, though, and helped us in lots of ways. One time we lost a couple of nice, young heifers and we couldn't afford to lose anything, goodness knows. The boys rode by and Pa told them about the heifers. They said they'd keep an eye out for them—that maybe they'd just strayed. Next morning the heifers were in the little calf pen.

The trail to Ash Hopper Ford.



"An old man had a general store over by what was known—still is—as the Coal Banks. He was robbed and he swore it was the three Green boys. The boys were gettting arrested now about every time they turned around. If cattle were missing or anybody got robbed—freighters, cattlemen, stores, banks, you name it—'the Green boys did it.' Bill the oldest, was barely twenty-one years old by then. Auther was seventeen."

"The ranchers got together and decided to end it once and for all, even though every one of them went to Old Man Green to breed their mares, for he had one of the finest stallions in the whole country. I had a little buckskin that threw some mighty pretty colts from Green's stallion. I always had to stay for dinner, when I rode over to breed the mare, and Mrs. Green treated me like her own boys, urging us all to eat up. She was an excellent cook.

"The Green boys built a little log cabin which Auther told me was a fort. 'If the laws ever get us surrounded, we are going to give them a high old time getting us out of the thick-walled little house surrounded by those big trees,' he told me.

"Just three days before the Green boys were killed, a lifelong friend of mine, Charlie Harris, who still lives over at Oolagah and is eighty-six now, went over to the Green place to swap horses with Auther. They had made the deal a few days before and when Charlie rode up to the Green place, the old man came out and talked a bit. Charlie told him why he was there, and the old man whistled shrilly. The three brothers came out from the woods, Auther laughing and saying, 'Couldn't be sure that was you, Charlie.' Old Charlie got his gear on the new pony and got out of there.

"THE whole country was on edge about this time, for there had been several unsolved killings. No lights burned in the ranch houses or in lonely squatter's shacks like ours. No one went to the well for water without first carefully scanning the surroundings. Kids quit playing in the bottoms along the rivers. All sensed the danger that hung over the range. In Oolagah, Talala and Oowala, cowboys and ranchers kept their hands away from their gunbelts. No one wanted to set off the dynamite.

"Finally, the ranchers got one of their own men to start playing bad. He started hinting around that he'd like to throw in with the Green boys, and pretty soon he'd cooked up a deal for them all to rob old man Sunday's general store in Oolagah. He worked up the whole deal, then tipped off the ranchers and U. S. Marshals.

"On the evening of the planned robbery, the whole bunch ate supper at a ranch at Oowala, then rode hard for Oolagah to make it by the store's closing time; they knew the store always stayed open a little late on Saturday.

"The robbers had to ford a river on the way to Oolagah and the 'rancher-turned-outlaw' must have felt cold chills run up his spine as they approached the ford,

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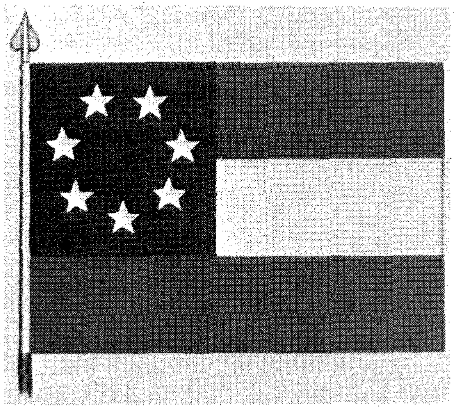
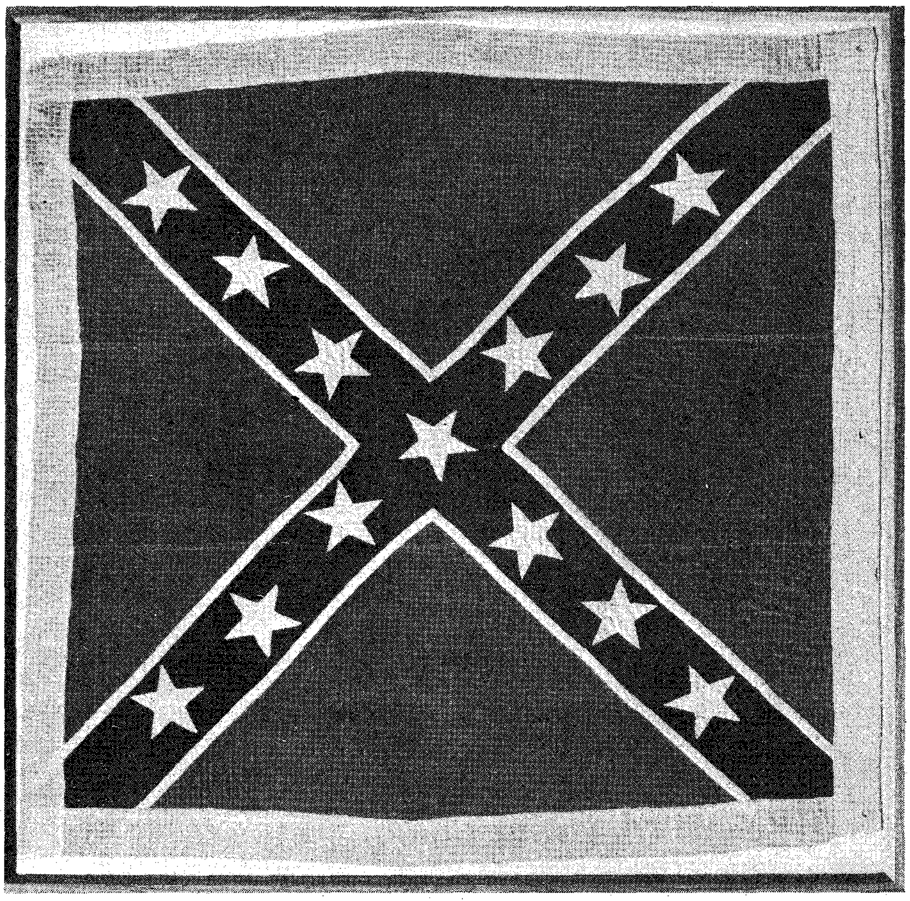
These two patriots probably wouldn't have been chopped up any worse if they'd been on the front lines at Shiloh!



Courtesy University of Washington

Above, the first Confederate flag flown for the first time on March 4, 1861. At right, the more familiar Confederate battle flag.



Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

BATTLE OF THE BEARD

By RUTH M. HERBERG

Photos Courtesy Author

ONE of the most passionate battles of the Civil War was fought in Victoria, British Columbia. The circumstances were a bit unusual, and are even amusing after these long years, but they show how far, at that time, the long arm of loyalty reached.

By 1860, a considerable number of Southerners had established themselves in Victoria. Discovery of gold on the upper Fraser River had brought some; secessionist convictions had brought others. Some had even transferred their bank accounts in the hope of establishing an independent Confederate Republic somewhere on the Pacific Coast. Many of them had come via the Isthmus of Panama and then by ship up the west coast. It was not an easy trip.

Nor was Victoria, in those days, much of a town. The business section centered around the Hudson's Bay Company trading post, but the homes were mostly in the James Bay area where the government buildings now stand. A wooden bridge connected the two sections. The site of the present Empress Hotel was then a muddy tidal basin. However, even then, the social amenities were very properly observed. The Jeffries and the Puseys gave "Little Musical Evenings," to which the upper-crust Britishers were invited, and also the Americans if the latter kept their mouths shut about slavery.

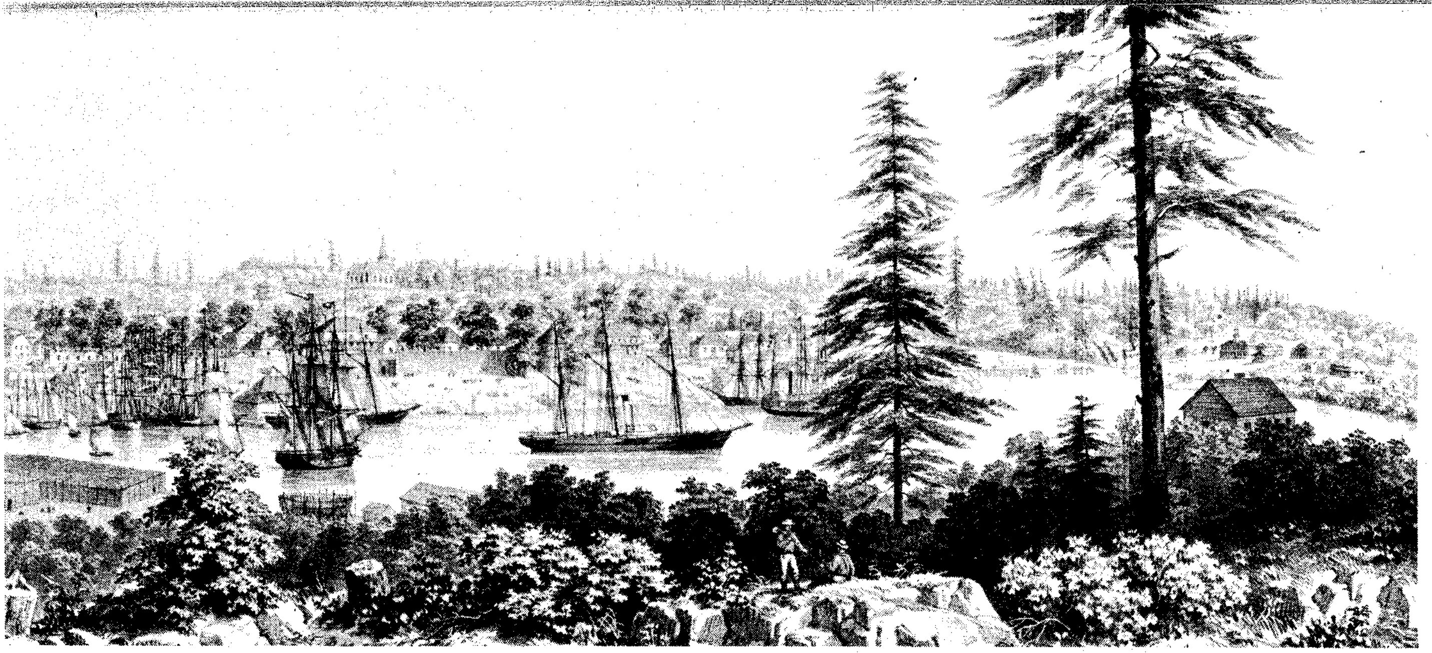
On one such occasion Mrs. Pusey presented Miss Jackson, niece of Stonewall Jackson, famous Southern general. Miss Jackson had brought her guitar and Mr. Jeffries accompanied on the flute, so "Dixie" and "My Maryland" were sung with enthusiasm.

Allen Francis, American Consul at Victoria, was a frequent guest at these parties. His personality was genial and friendly, but privately the Southerners considered him a nonentity. This may have been because he had made no issue of the affair when someone had placed a pipe in the mouth of the American Eagle on the placque above the consulate door. Mr. Francis had merely removed the pipe and dropped it into his wastebasket with a grimace of distaste. Also, he had only smiled when the *Eliza Anderson*, sidewheeler from lower Puget Sound, had tootled "Yankee Doodle" on her calliope as she left Victoria harbor.

This last instance had infuriated William Shapard, leader of the colony and proprietor of the Confederate Saloon. In addition to being the social club for the men of the Southern colony, the Confederate was noted for its generous free lunches and Hudson's Bay rum at 50¢ per glass. Shapard proudly flew a Confederate flag above his place of business. He promised the women who had sewn it that the flag would be sent to Jefferson Davis immediately the war was won.

The saloon was the prime place for secessionist discussion and dissemination of news from "home." "Did you stop at the Confederate?" asked more than one Southern wife when her husband arrived for dinner.

When news of Stonewall Jackson's



Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

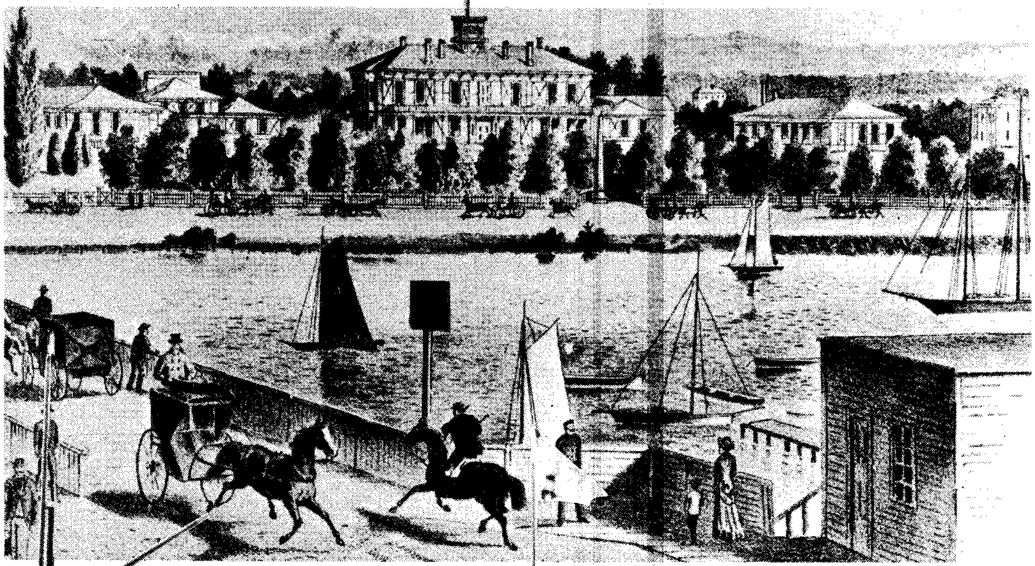
death filtered northward from San Francisco, the whole colony wore crepe armbands, and the flag over the Confederate flew at half-mast. On the other hand, news from the *Shenandoah*, the Confederate raider operating in the North Pacific, produced jubilation. The official instructions to this ship had been: "Proceed upon a cruise in the far distant Pacific into the seas and among the islands frequented by the great American whaling fleet, a source of abundant wealth to our enemies. . . . You are to do the enemy's property the greatest injury in the shortest time."

Clearly these instructions were carried out, for records show that the *Shenandoah* scuttled and burned five million dollars worth of Yankee whalers. At the end of the war, thirty-six tell-tale chronometers from captured ships were found aboard her.

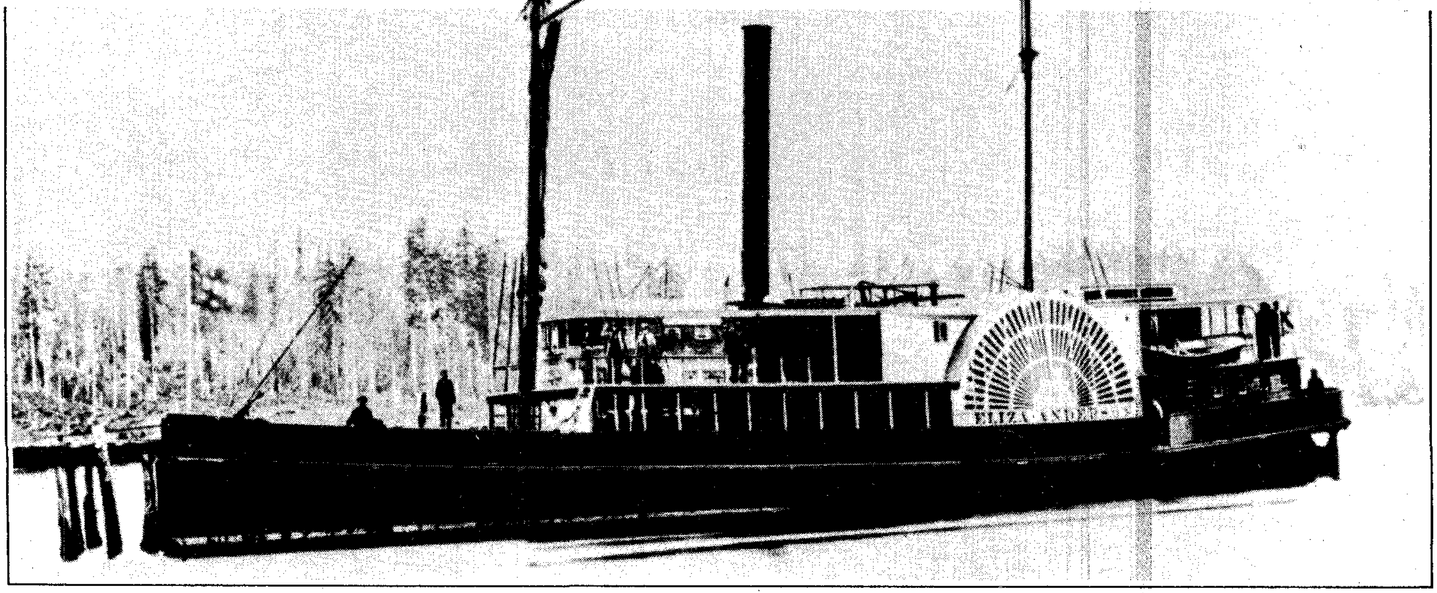
WHEN someone at the Confederate Saloon came up with the bright idea that the *Shubrick*, the first United States patrol and customs boat on Puget Sound, should be put to similar use, there was immediate enthusiasm. The *Shubrick*, under Captain Thomas Stratton, made frequent visits to Victoria. She was fast and well equipped, carrying half a dozen

(Continued on page 54)

Above, Victoria, B.C. in 1860. Below, legislative buildings in Victoria, and the bridge across James Bay. Bottom of page, the *S. S. Eliza Anderson*, the sidewheeler from lower Puget Sound that played "Yankee Doodle" on her calliopé as she left Victoria harbor.



Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.



Half-Indian George Goodhart did a little of everything—he just didn't do it at any particular time, at any particular place or for any particular reason. He was a

TRAPPER

"HOW would you like to go back out West with me?" Johnny Grant Jr. put the question to George Goodhart. "I can use a young fellow like you to carry messages to the trappers."

"That would suit me fine," George said. "I'd sure like to see that beaver country you've been talking about." That was the contract. They shook hands on it.

Johnny Grant was agent for the Hudson's Bay Company which was winding up its operations in the United States. His father was its general superintendent; his mother was a Shoshoni.

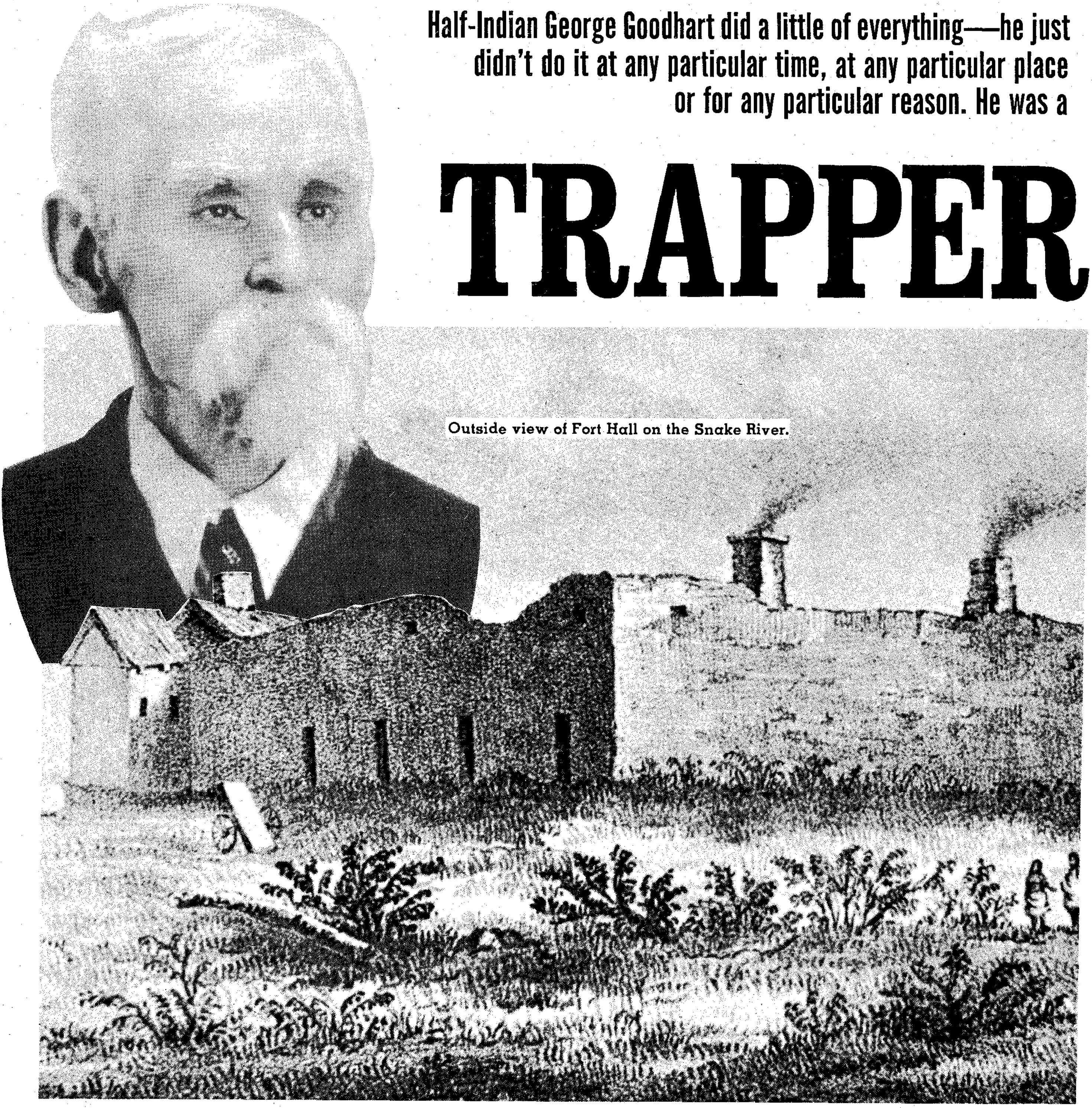
In April 1860, at Omaha, George Goodhart joined Johnny's long pack train headed for Idaho Territory. He rode a roan gelding, took with him a rifle, ammunition, hunting knife, the clothes he wore, and little else. The point was to be unencumbered with non-essentials.

This was high adventure for the eighteen-year-old farm boy. "I'm going to make a stake," he said, "then I'll come home and marry my sweetheart."

The pack train with its stout horses and young men covered the thousand miles from Omaha to Soda Springs with little trouble and in good time. George took to the primitive life as easily as a jackrabbit takes to sagebrush.

On one of his first assignments, George was sent with a message to trappers on Green River. While he and a companion, Charley Robinson, breakfasted beside a campfire, they were surprised by a war party of twenty Indians bearing down upon them. They grabbed their guns and ran for shelter behind some rocks, getting there just as the Indians opened fire. The bullets missed.

"You load and I'll fire!" Charley ordered at first. He dropped the leader with his rifle and hit four more with his revolver. George reloaded the rifle (it took time with powder and bullets). "You'd better help," Charley soon decided, "they're closing in on us." George pulled



George W. Goodhart

Outside view of Fort Hall on the Snake River.

his revolver and shot four Indians, then loaded his rifle and brought down another. When two more of the party fell, the others had had enough and rode off.

With as little emotion as skinning a beaver, Charley started to scalp an Indian but George was shaking like a leaf in the wind. Charley took two scalps and gave one to George. "Let's put them on," he said, "and make the boys in camp think we are heap big chiefs."

George probably did not cotton much to this idea. He could fight when necessary but he never enjoyed savagery.

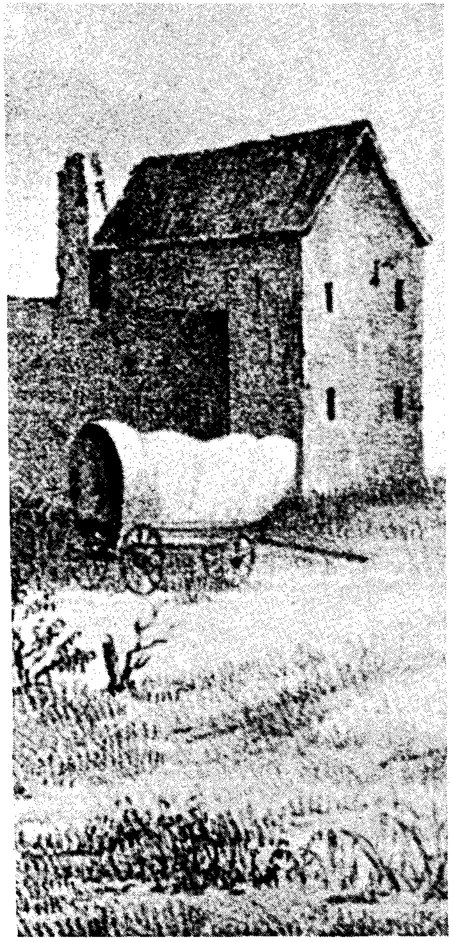
BACK at the main camp, Johnny told George he was to contact all the trappers he could reach with the message: "Come to Soda Springs for the Fourth of July. We are going to have a big jollification."

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Photos Courtesy Author

MAN

Courtesy Pierre Pulling



On the evening of July 3 about forty white men and numerous Indians gathered at Johnny Grant Sr.'s summer camp. Grant had sent some Indians out to kill plenty of game while the women gathered dry wood for bonfires and swept the ground clean for the big powwow dance.

At daybreak on the Fourth, the Indians let out a whoop that George later said "made my hair stand straight up." And the white men, not to be outdone, answered with a yell, louder and even more hideous. The celebration had begun.

Huge kettles of meat and fish were hung over campfires to boil. When done there was a "big eat," with everyone squatting around the steaming kettles, using hunting knives and fingers instead of forks.

For music there was an Indian fiddle, strung with dry sinews, and with little bells on the ends; the bow also had a bell. A birch drum was covered on one side with antelope skin, and there were notched sticks that squealed when rubbed up and down with smooth sticks.

Monument at the site of Fort Hall.

The dance started with only the Indian men taking part. They wore feathered headdresses, buckskin moccasins, and breechclouts. Nothing else. They carried sticks, pretending they were weapons, going through all the fierce motions of warfare while leaping, flailing their arms, but inflicting no injuries as they proceeded in single file in a wide circle, chanting "ki-yi-hi-yi."

George said the spectacle made him wish he were home with Mama. But Johnny called out above the din, "Come on, fellows, follow me!" Soon the white men were outdoing the Indians in the outlandish performance, much to the delight of the Indian women, who at the proper time joined in, waving their blankets and adding a softer and more pleasing note to the "ki-yiing."

Hours later when everyone was worn out, fires were built up and another feast was held. The Indians praised the whites' skill in dancing and the long day ended with goodwill towards all. Such was Soda Springs' first Fourth of July celebration.

That summer when Johnny took his furs down to Fort Hall, George went with him. They traded along the way. Colored beads were a principal trade item—from one to three spoonfuls of beads for a beaver skin, depending on size and quality. At Bob Dempsey's (Dempsey was to become a prominent Montana pioneer) Johnny and George were invited to dinner. Bob's Indian wife had prepared a kettle of venison and dumplings and a Dutch oven of biscuits. Sally Martin, a young widow who was kin to Mrs. Dempsey, heaped the plates with dumplings and gave them tin cups of broth to drink. For men who had been for several months on meat straight, that meal was a banquet.

SALLY'S white husband had been killed two years before. He had been so naive as to shoot a bear cub and was down on the ground dressing it, when the mother bear charged. Sally and a friend heard his screams. Being on horses they were able to scare the bear away but the wounds it had inflicted were fatal.

Sally said she would like to marry again if she could get another good white man but she had little chance to meet one. She did not want to marry an Indian.

George took her over to the mountain men's camp and introduced her to all the young men there. They were glad to see a good-looking young woman who could speak English. On the way back to Dempsey's George asked which of the men she would like to have. She said, "Mr. Osborn, but I don't think I have chance. He didn't say much to me."

"Oh, Billy seldom has much to say, but I think he likes you. Why not take a plate of dumplings over for his supper and I'll put in a good word for you."

Sally fixed the dumplings but lacked the courage to deliver them, so George carried the food to Osburn who, when he had licked the plate clean, remarked that they were worth $10 and a horse to boot!

When Goodhart and Grant were getting ready to pull out, Dempsey asked Johnny to take along part of Dempsey's furs for he had too many to handle. "I can't," said Johnny. "I have 200 pack horses but they're all loaded to the limit now. When we get to Fort Hall, I'll send an outfit back for your furs." That's the way it was in the sixties. A few years later the beaver were gone, the mink and muskrat a scattered few.

At Fort Hall, George met the Pattee family. Joe Pattee was foreman for the American Fur Company. His wife was of Indian blood. Their 17-year-old daughter, Lizzie, had returned the fall before from three years of boarding school in St. Louis.

Johnny and George were invited to supper and, for the first time since leaving Omaha, they sat down to a table to eat. George enjoyed the good food and the civilized atmosphere, yet later that evening when Lizzie asked, "Do you like this country as well as you liked the East?" he answered, "I believe I like it better, for here is the kind of life I've always thought I'd like to live."

Lizzie then told him how homesick she and her cousin, Julia Payette (the town of Payette and Payette River were named for this family) had been in St. Louis and how happy they were when their fathers wrote that they might come home.

Lizzie's parents took a fancy to young

Goodhart and Joe Pattee managed, without George's knowledge, to persuade Johnny to "trade" him for a young Indian messenger boy. At first George was unhappy about the trade but he seemed to have little say in the matter. Later the swap took on a brighter look. Both Julia and Sally came to Pattee's for a long visit and the four young people had many good times together.

One time they rode up to visit Old Yank ("Old" was often a title of respect) to see if he had enough to eat. They found him very feeble. "Why don't you come down to the fort and stay?" George asked.

The old man pointed to the highest hill. "I have dug my grave up there and there I want to be buried."

Once, years before, Pattee had asked Yank his real name. "It wouldn't do you a bit of good to know," was the reply. "Just call me Yank the Trapper."

When Pattee had no work for George, the young folks rode around visiting the Indians. When they found old ones in need of food and fuel, they caught fish and killed game and gathered the wood with which to cook it. This was fun for the young people and a blessing for the old. George and the girls also kept the Pattee household well supplied with fish and meat, some of which they dried. The girls tanned many skins from which Mrs. Pattee made clothing and Sally made handsome moccasins.

Three Fingers showed the young people how to make a cage-like fish trap of slender willows. The fish could swim in but not out, and a trap would be full in a couple of hours. Three Fingers kept the big ones to dry for winter; the little ones he threw back. When he left a fishing spot he destroyed the trap so none would be caught only to starve. This was the Shoshoni way. After the country was settled, many fine trout streams were completely fished out.

GEORGE GOODHART was soon more than Pattee's messenger boy. He was given trade goods and sent on long treks to trade for furs. Tobacco was a good trade item. One inch off the end of a plug would buy a buckskin; a little more would get a mink or beaver. Plug tobacco was used for smoking as well as chewing. "Kin-ne-kin-nick" was often mixed with it, to tone it down.

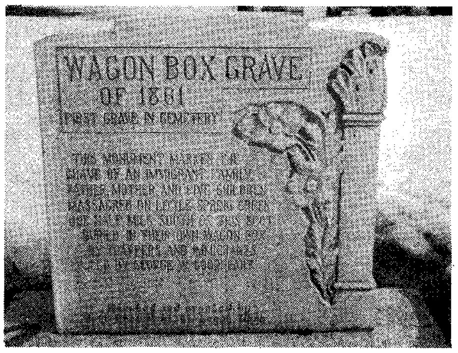
On a trading jaunt to the vicinity of Soda Springs, George camped one night with two friends, Bill Wilburn and John Taung. The next morning they sighted a lone wagon with no sign of the owners. They rode over to investigate and found a man, a woman and five children all murdered. The father and smallest boy had slit throats; the mother, baby, little girl and boy had been stabbed to death; the older boy was dead from an arrow in his chest.

George knew that other emigrants were camped some distance farther on, so he rode over to tell them of the tragedy. When they heard the news they were horrified. "Why, they were of our own train! We were waiting for them to catch up. Their horses had strayed and they said for us to go on and they would follow as soon as they found their horses."

Three men and two women drove back with George to bury the family in their own wagon box, for there was no lumber with which to make coffins. They dug the grave, took the wagon box from the wagon, removed the top sideboards, spread quilts on the bottom, and lowered it into the grave. The father and mother were placed in one end with the baby in its mother's arms and the little girl beside her. The three boys lay in the other end, and all were covered with quilts. The men sawed the sideboards to fit across the wagon box, putting some above the parents' faces and some above the children's. Again they spread quilts and then dirt. Last they placed four big rocks in the corners.

The emigrants who had come to help were given the dead family's horses, wagon and other belongings. Nothing had been taken but the man's rifle.

IN the fall of 1861 George decided to go trapping on his own on Big Island, about thirty miles north of present-day Idaho Falls. The girls were permitted to go with him and help him set up camp, but were told to be back in ten days. Mrs. Pattee packed some flour and sourdough starter so, on the trip, the girls made biscuits and George usually furnished grouse, which were plentiful. One evening he pounded up dried venison, which Sally cooked in a fry pan, adding a little flour for a sort of gravy. That, with the biscuits, was supper and George said he never enjoyed a meal more in his life.



Courtesy J. E. Lansberry

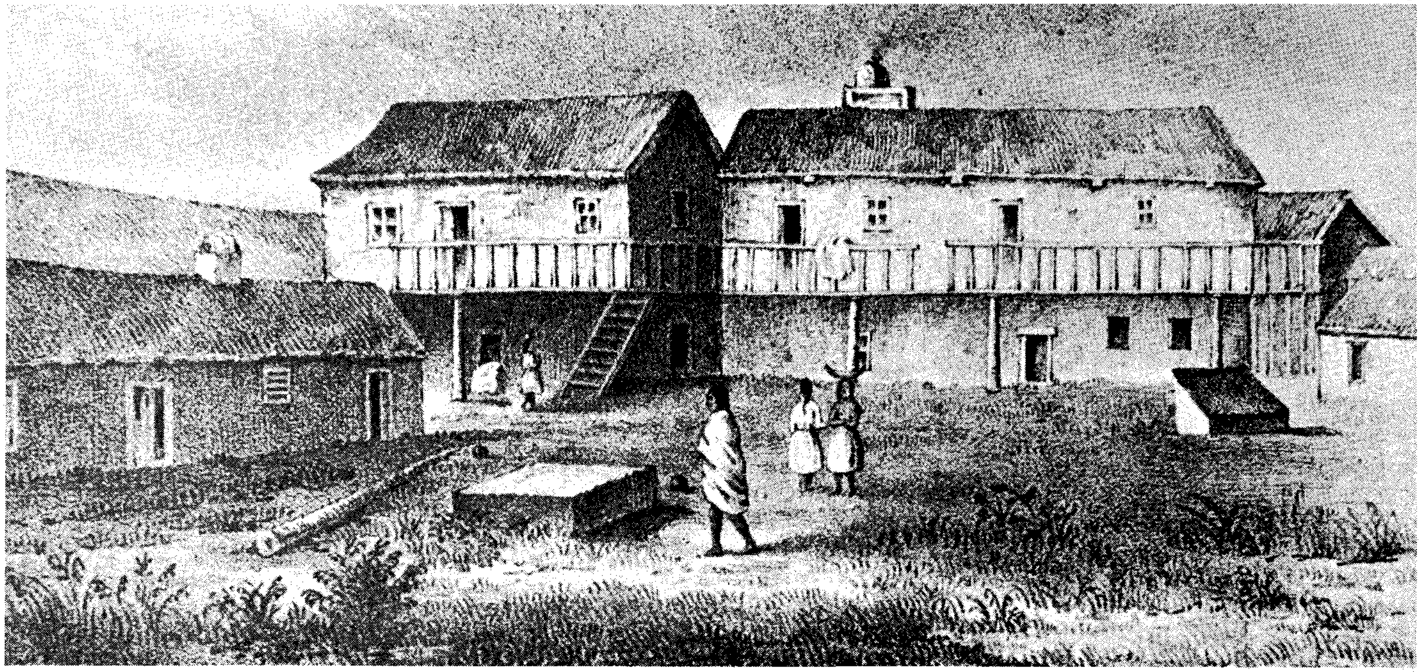
The Wagon Box Grave in the Soda Springs, Idaho cemetery.

At night Lizzie and Julia, who had slept for three years between sheets at school and had blankets and mattresses at home, rolled up in their buffalo robes as happily as did Sally, who had probably never slept in a bed. They all stretched out on the ground and slept soundly.

Sally knew as much about trapping as any man. She taught George how to set

Inside view of Fort Hall.

Courtesy Pierre Pulling



A small pack outfit let out to graze without removing the loads.

traps, skin and care for his furs, and how to build a bridge by dragging quakingasp poles across a creek with his horse. One end of a rope was placed around the pole, the other around his saddle horn.

After the girls left, George was more lonesome than he had ever imagined he could be, but he stuck it out for thirty-five days and would have stayed longer had not Lizzie and a young Indian boy come to say Mr. Pattee needed George at home. Lizzie had been lonesome, too, for Julia had gone to Payette to her folks.

Billy Osborn had come to the fort, saying he wasn't feeling well and guessed he wouldn't trap that winter—but when he saw Sally he remembered the dumplings and suddenly felt so much better he asked her to marry him. She was willing and Mr. Pattee performed the ceremony. He read from the Bible and made Billy promise that even if white women should come into the country, he would never desert Sally. Pattee wrote it all down, with Mrs. Pattee, Julia, and Lizzie all signing it, then Mr. Pattee gave the paper to Sally. "Never lose this," he told her. "It is your marriage certificate."

The Pattees were taking a wagonload of furs to Fort Boise and Mr. Pattee wanted George and Lizzie to drive a bunch of loose horses he was taking along to sell or trade. The wagon was one discarded by emigrants years before. Deer fat was used to grease the wheels. On the wagon bed Pattee laid wickiup poles, bales of furs, sacks of clothes and bedding, a sack of flour and other grub, then the elk hide wickiup. On top went George's little wickiup, shovels, hatchets, and cooking utensils. Mrs. Pattee climbed up among the kettles, wrapped herself in her robe and was all set. Mr. Pattee sat up front driving four old mares. Over his shoulder drooped a birch rod whipstock with a rawhide lash that dangled in his wife's face.

The youngsters, on good horses, poked a lot of fun at the slow-moving wagon but its pace gave them time to visit with Indians along the way and let George get in some trading. Once he swapped two pairs of earrings, one finger ring and two spoonfuls of beads (all cheap trade stuff) for a big, fine mare.

At Fort Boise two Frenchmen ferried them across the river. They said that a Catholic bishop and many Indians would soon arrive with lots of furs. Only Indians were at the fort at the time, but they knew the Pattees and made them welcome.

George and Lizzie took off to find Julia and other relatives of Lizzie. They spent a week among the Payette families before returning to the fort. The Pattees and the Catholic bishop were outside when they rode up. Before they could dismount, the bishop asked them if they didn't think they ought to get married. Both said they had never thought anything about it; but it would seem they cared more for each other than they realized for, before they went inside, the bishop had talked them into becoming man and wife. The bishop wanted to tie the knot on the spot but Lizzie said, "No, we want time to get ready."

For a finger ring as pay, a young Indian went to invite Lizzie's aunts, uncles and cousins to the wedding. Other Indians departed early the next morning to bring in fish and game for the wedding feast. Mrs. Pattee laid out the fine buckskin suit she had made for George, and a dress for Lizzie with moccasins and headbands all beautifully beaded.

In the fall at Big Island, Lizzie had combed, braided and securely tied George's long hair around his head. The morning of the wedding—February 1, 1862—Mrs. Pattee unbraided his hair, combed it out and put on a headband which George said made him feel like he was wearing a crown.

In front of the fort, Lizzie's aunts spread canvas on the ground and placed meat, fish, berries, dried fruits, and biscuits in a wide circle. The marriage ceremony took place inside the circle. At the conclusion of the impressive rites of the Catholic faith, everyone sat down on folded buffalo robes for a bountiful feast.

That evening the Indians formed a large circle and two of them, a man and a woman, led Lizzie and George to the center. All around the outside, bonfires were lighted and the Indians performed their wedding service with a solemn dance, singing and praying to the Great Spirit, invoking blessings on the young couple. After that, there was much merriment, lively dancing and more feasting.

IN THE months that followed, George and Lizzie hunted and fished, visited friends, rode wherever their fancy took them, watched their horses grow into a sizeable band, and did whatever came to their minds to do. Long afterwards George recalled those days as the happiest ones he had ever spent.

In July Lizzie visited her folks while George, Charley Robinson, and some Indians went up the Snake River collecting furs. At one good fishing spot the Indians went ahead with the outfit, while George and Charley lingered to fish. Then as they hurried to catch up, with Charley in the lead, George called out to his friend, "You'd better hold your gun more steady. It might go off and hit either me or my horse."

Charley halted his pony. "Go ahead if you're so scared of dying!"

George went around him, but had not gone two hundred feet when there was a terrific bang. He looked around to see Charley falling from his horse. Charley's gun had exploded, tearing off his arm and opening a great hole in his side. He was buried beside the trail, wrapped in his saddle blanket and a piece of canvas. Rocks were piled over him to mark the grave.

At Soda Springs George met Johnny Grant and his father again. Johnny was anxious to be off to Fort Benton with a pack train of furs but was reluctant to leave his old and ailing father.

Trappers, Indians and whites, coming in from all over with their furs, held their annual powwow. They begged George and Johnny to join the dance. While they were dancing, some Indian

(Continued on page 57)

Too often in the early days the only "graduation" a boy ever experienced was

FROM NO

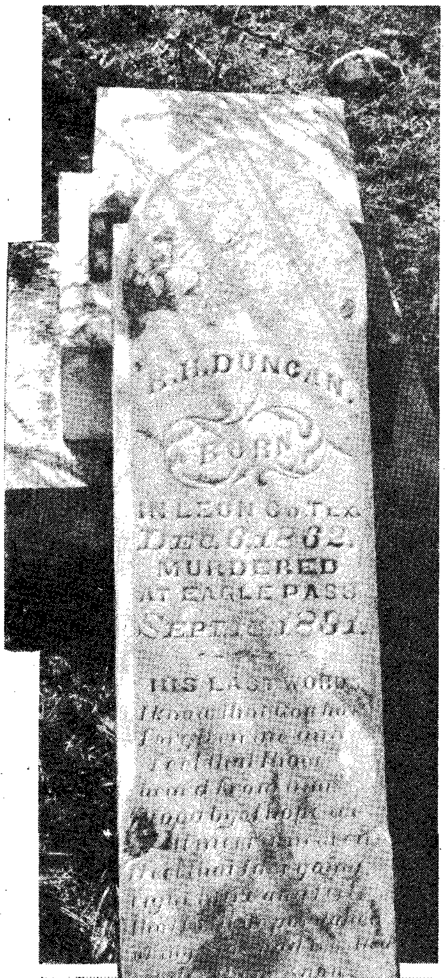
By CHRIS WEATHERBY
Photos Courtesy Author

R. H. "DICK" DUNCAN grew up on the San Saba River, near the north mouth of Richland Creek. His closest friends were the Ketchum boys, Tom and Sam. Texas court records show that in 1876, when Duncan was only fourteen years old, he and Tom Ketchum were tried for "theft of property of the value of 75¢." Through the years there followed other arrests and trials for such things as malicious mischief, gambling, and stealing livestock. By the time Dick Duncan and the Ketchum boys reached maturity their reputations had digressed past the ornery stage. They were considered badmen.

They managed to get by with no serious consequences for quite some time; then when things began to get too hot for them, Tom and Sam Ketchum left San Saba and went to New Mexico. There they formed the "Blackjack Gang" and embarked upon a career of train robberies. Sam Ketchum died in 1899 of blood poisoning from a bullet wound received in a shoot-out with a posse following an attempted robbery of the Colorado and Southern express train near Folsom, New Mexico. Tom "Blackjack" Ketchum was hanged in 1901 after being apprehended and convicted of train robbery.

Not far from the Duncan place lived the Williamson family. The family consisted of Mrs. Williamson, a widow of about fifty; her daughter, Lavonia Holmes, also a widow, about thirty; a son, Ben, about twenty-one, who was weak both physically and mentally, and another daughter, Beulah, who was about sixteen. The Williamsons wanted to sell their small Wallace Creek farm and move to Mexico. Mrs. Williamson made a deal with Dick Duncan to sell the farm to him for $400, and he was to furnish transportation for the family to Eagle Pass where they would cross over into Mexico to make their home. Duncan made a down payment of $300 and Mrs. Williamson and each of the children signed the deed by mark. This transaction was witnessed by Ed Hawkins, a close neighbor of the Williamsons.

At approximately nine o'clock the



At left, Dick Duncan's gravestone. His family's bitterness is reflected in the inscription, "Murdered at Eagle Pass." Below, horse trading in San Saba, Texas on the west side of the town square.

-ACCOUNT TO PLAIN MEAN

Above, Duncan's grave, located in an abandoned cemetery west of San Saba. At right, a new Mitchel wagon purchased from Joe S. Clark was the clue that led Texas Rangers to Dick Duncan.

following night, a wagon passed the Hawkins house and turned in at the Williamson place. Soon there were sounds of the wagon's being loaded and then leaving. It seemed strange to Ed Hawkins that the family would leave in the dead of night. He was further mystified when the wagon headed west, in the direction of San Angelo, for Mrs. Williamson had told him that she wanted to go by Austin to visit a son who was in the asylum there. A few minutes after the wagon left, two horsemen passed the Hawkins place and continued east toward San Saba.

IT WAS early in February 1889. Texas Ranger Sergeants Ira Aten and John R. Hughes were camped in Nueces Canyon near Barksdale, Texas. On February 6 they encountered a tall stranger near Camp Wood who said that his name was Jones. He told the Rangers that he was from Tom Green County, a few miles from San Angelo. He explained that he was on his way to Mexico to get his sister and mentioned that a family was traveling with him.

The following day the Rangers saw the same man again. This time he was accompanied by a tall, red-haired man. The two were riding beside a wagon in which three women and a young man were riding. The Rangers noticed that the wagon was a bright, shiny, new Mitchel with a sign painted on the back tailgate: "Sold by Joe S. Clark, San Saba, Texas." The party was traveling in the direction of Eagle Pass.

In March the Rangers again came across Jones and the red-haired man. This time they indentified themselves as Walter Landers, alias Picnic Jones, and R. H. "Dick" Duncan. They were headed north and had the same new Mitchel wagon, but the former occupants were not with them. Jones was riding a horse that was branded LOV. Later it was learned that this was the brand of a rancher in San Saba County.

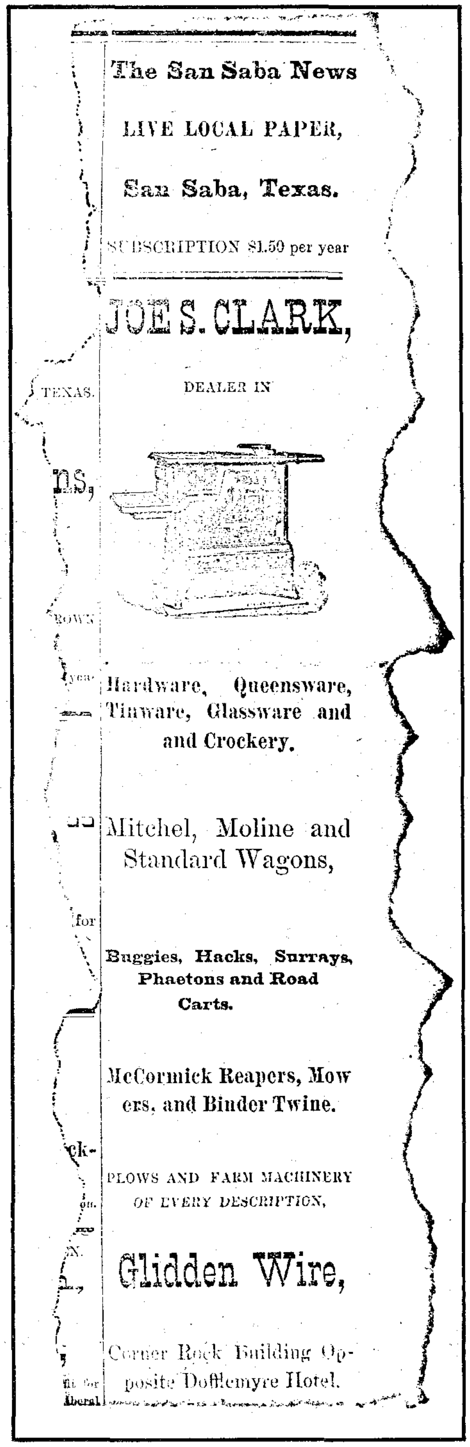
Sergeants Aten and Hughes came upon two men in another wagon the following day. The men introduced themselves as "Old Man" Duncan and Tap Duncan. In the course of their conversation, they admitted being the father and brother of Dick Duncan. They seemed surprised when told that Dick Duncan was in the area. They told the Rangers that they were returning to San Saba after visiting in Mexico.

A few weeks later, Aten and Hughes were summoned to Eagle Pass to assist the Maverick County sheriff, W. M. Cooke, in a murder investigation. Sheriff Cooke had made little headway with the case and had appealed to Governor Joseph Sayers for help. The governor had wired Captain Frank Jones, Co. D., Frontier Battalion of Texas Rangers, to assist in the case.

Since Jones was involved in tracking train robbers in Val Verde County, he in turn had detailed Sergeants Aten and Hughes. Sheriff Cooke welcomed the Rangers and gave them details of the case.

The Rio Grande had flooded in late February from rains upstream and when the water receded, the body of a woman had been discovered by Jacob Meyer and two miners of Seco Mine Company of Eagle Pass. The victim was a middle-

(Continued on page 64)



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OLD FORT ROBIDOUX

Do you like legend mixed in with fact? That's all we can guarantee regarding Utah's first white settlement...

By

GEORGE A. THOMPSON

Photos Courtesy Author

MANY people believe that Salt Lake City was the first settlement in Utah, but an earlier one was established at least fifteen years before the Mormons built their home by the Great Salt Lake. During the early 1830s Fort Robidoux, located in eastern Utah's Uintah County, was the center of the Rocky Mountain and Great Basin fur trade, as well as a rendezvous for trappers, mountain men, and travelers.

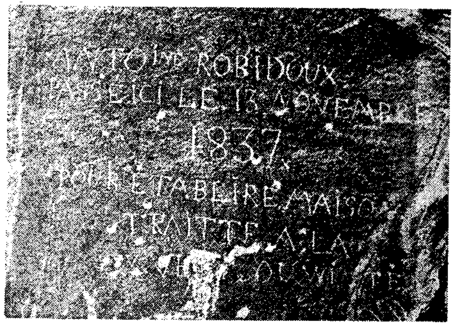
The Robidoux brothers, Joseph, Michel, Luis, Antoine, Francois, and Isidore, were prominent in the early fur trade at Taos, New Mexico. They built a line of trading posts from the Spanish frontier to the headwaters of the Colorado River, but it was Antoine more than the others who developed permanent settlements in the heart of the wilderness.

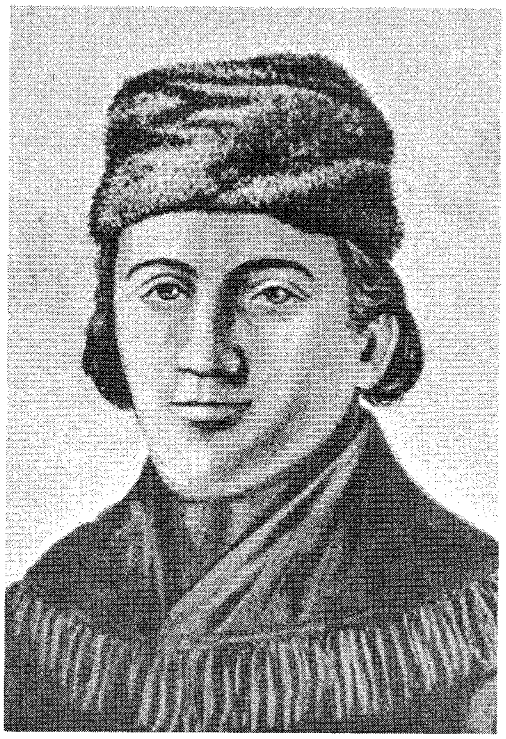
Antoine Robidoux, the fourth of the six boys, was born at St. Louis as a French citizen in 1794. By the early 1820s he and his brothers were active in the New Mexico fur trade, and records reveal that he became a Mexican citizen in July 1829. On September 19, 1830 he was granted a license by Governor Chavez to trap furs on the Green River, a privilege granted only to Mexican citizens. In the fall of 1831 Antoine and his party brought pelts valued at $50,000 to Santa Fe, where they were sold to mountain man Bill Sublette's firm, Antoine receiving $3,800 for his share.

Though Antoine Robidoux was well known for his pioneer trapping and trading expeditions into the heart of the Rockies and the unmapped regions of the Great Basins, unlike Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and other famous mountain men, his name is nearly forgotten.

Several of the Robidoux brothers were in the Uinta Basin of eastern Utah as early as 1824. On April 19, 1825 the *Missouri Intelligencer* reported, "On the 24th of August, 1824 William Huddart and fourteen men left Taos and traveled

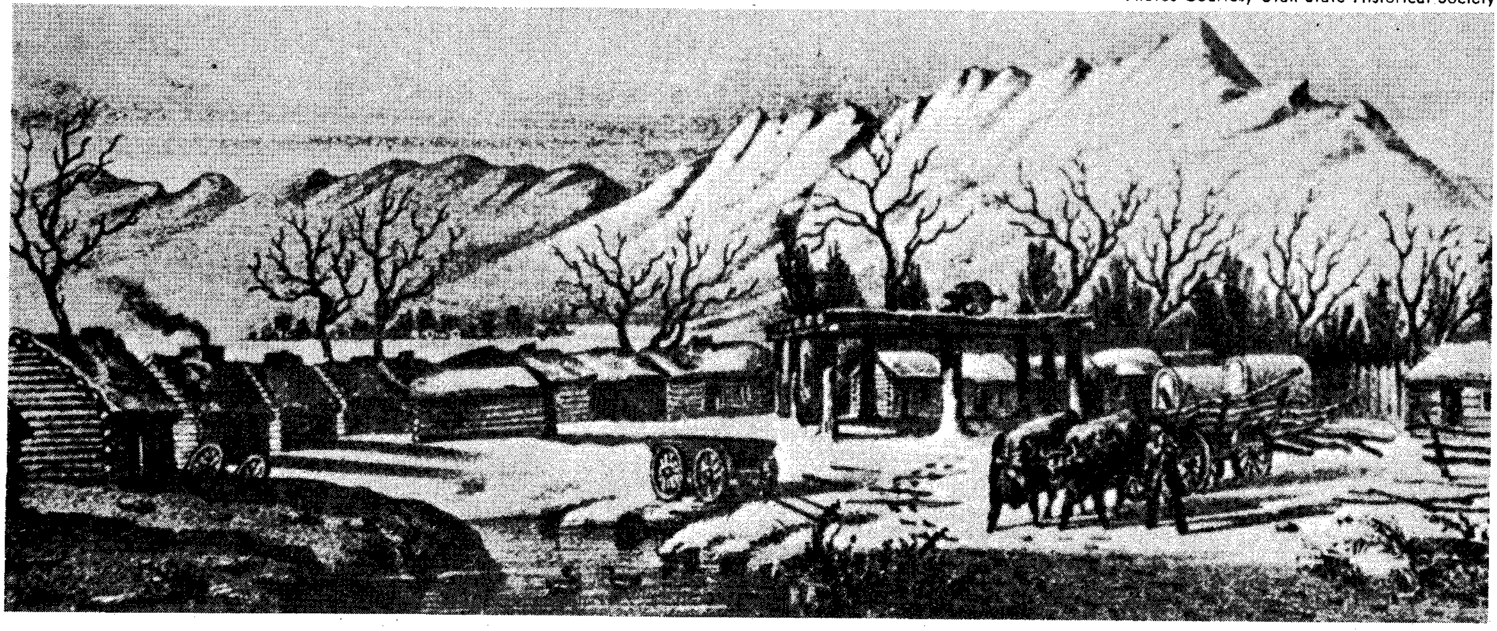
Below (left), Antoine Robidoux cut an inscription on a sandstone ledge near the mouth of Westwater Canyon. It read, "Antoine Robidoux passed here November 13th, 1837 to establish a trading house on the river Green or White." Below (right), Antoine Robidoux, trapper, trader, explorer, frontiersman, and builder of Fort Robidoux, *Utah's first* white settlement.





Photos Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

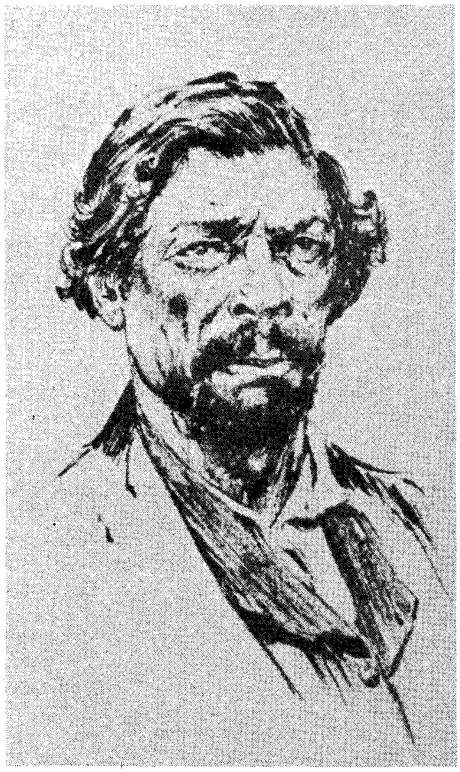
An early artist's impression of Fort Robidoux.



west to the Green River, where the party separated. Half of them fell in with a "trader by the name of Robidoux, who had with him five Americans."

The heart of the Green River fur trade was centered in the Uinta Basin, long the hunting grounds of the Ute Indians, and although the Utes had known the cruelty of Spanish slavers and miners for two centuries, their encounter with Robidoux's party may have been their first contact with French or American fur traders. Perhaps Robidoux's interest in furs rather than slaves or gold was the reason he was allowed to build a fort in their midst. Until recently the location of Robidoux's fort was in doubt, for there was more than one fort known by that name in the Uinta Basin.

Trapper Jim Beckwourth traded at Fort Robidoux.



The Robidoux brothers constructed several outposts along the old Spanish Trail, including Fort Uncompahgre in present Colorado, and at least two on the Utah side of the state line. Antoine frequently made trading trips to these other forts, and because any fort he built, or helped build, was known to his contemporaries as "Robidoux's Fort," some confusion resulted. On one of his trading trips in 1837 Robidoux cut the following inscription on a sandstone ledge near the mouth of Westwater Canyon, fifteen miles northwest of Westwater, Utah and twelve miles from the Colorado state line. "Antoine Robidoux passed here November 13th, 1837 to establish a trading house on the river Green or White."

The inscription was written in French, and when found several years ago it was interpreted at first to mean that he was then en route to establish a fort in the Uinta Basin; however, Fort Robidoux had been built at least six years before. Today we can only assume that Antoine intended to establish still another fort, but did not, for reasons unknown. Perhaps ever increasing Indian problems decided him against it.

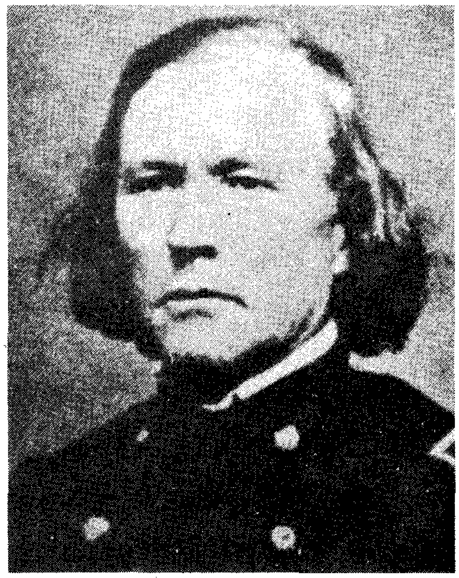
THE first fort built by Robidoux in the Uinta Basin was located on the east bank of the Green River, just above where the White River emptied into it and opposite the mouth of the Duchesne, less than a mile downstream from the present Indian trading post at Ouray. Its 75′ x 100′ walls were constructed of adobe, and boasted circular watch towers at their southwest and northeast corners. A well was dug to insure a water supply if its occupants came under siege. The fort's location was poorly chosen though, for during spring floods the muddy Green River washed at its soft clay walls, and in 1832 it was abandoned, after being in use for only a season.

Oddly enough, Robidoux's first fort in Utah is remembered today as Fort Kit Carson. Carson was a familiar figure in the Uinta Basin during the 1830s, and in 1833 he established winter quarters at Robidoux's abandoned fort on the Green. Carson and his men built three log cabins in the protection of the fort's crumbling walls, and spent the winter of 1833-34 trapping along the Green and its tributaries. In Carson's own life story he says, "We followed the Spanish Trail till we reached the Green River, crossed the Green to the Wintey [now the Duchesne] where we found Mr. Robidoux. He had a party of some twenty men who were trapping and trading. The snow was commencing to fall, and we concluded to go into winter quarters. We found a place that answered every purpose near the mouth of the Wintey, where we passed a very pleasant winter."

Warren A. Ferris, another well known trapper of the Rockies, noted in his book, *Life in the Rocky Mountains*, that the fort on the Green was not in use when he visited it in October 1834; and mountain man Joe Meek reported that it appeared to have been long abandoned when he passed that way in 1838.

Carson's notes do not mention it, but it is apparent that with winter close at hand, Robidoux and his trappers had moved to his newer fort. The new garrison that became known as Fort Robidoux was located on the west bank of the Whiterocks Fork of the Uinta River, where that stream forks ¾ of a mile east and ½ mile south of the tiny Indian town of Whiterocks established in 1869. Robidoux named the new fort Wintey, the trappers' spelling for the Utes' Tewinty or Euinta River, but Wintey Fort was best known then and now as Fort Robidoux.

Enclosed by a long palisade built on a rock foundation, approximately 200′ by 300′, it had several large storage rooms for pelts dug into its dirt grounds. A number of log cabins lined the inside walls, while outside the palisade other cabins and wickiups served the trappers and their squaws. Robidoux's new fort quickly grew into Utah's first permanent white settlement, serving as the trading center of the Rocky Mountain and Great Basin fur trade for more than a decade. Ute Indian legends tell that Fort Robidoux was built on the ruins of an even earlier fort, built by mountain man Jim Reed in 1828, but no records to prove this claim have been found to date.



Colonel Kit Carson was mistakenly given credit for building one of Robidoux's forts.

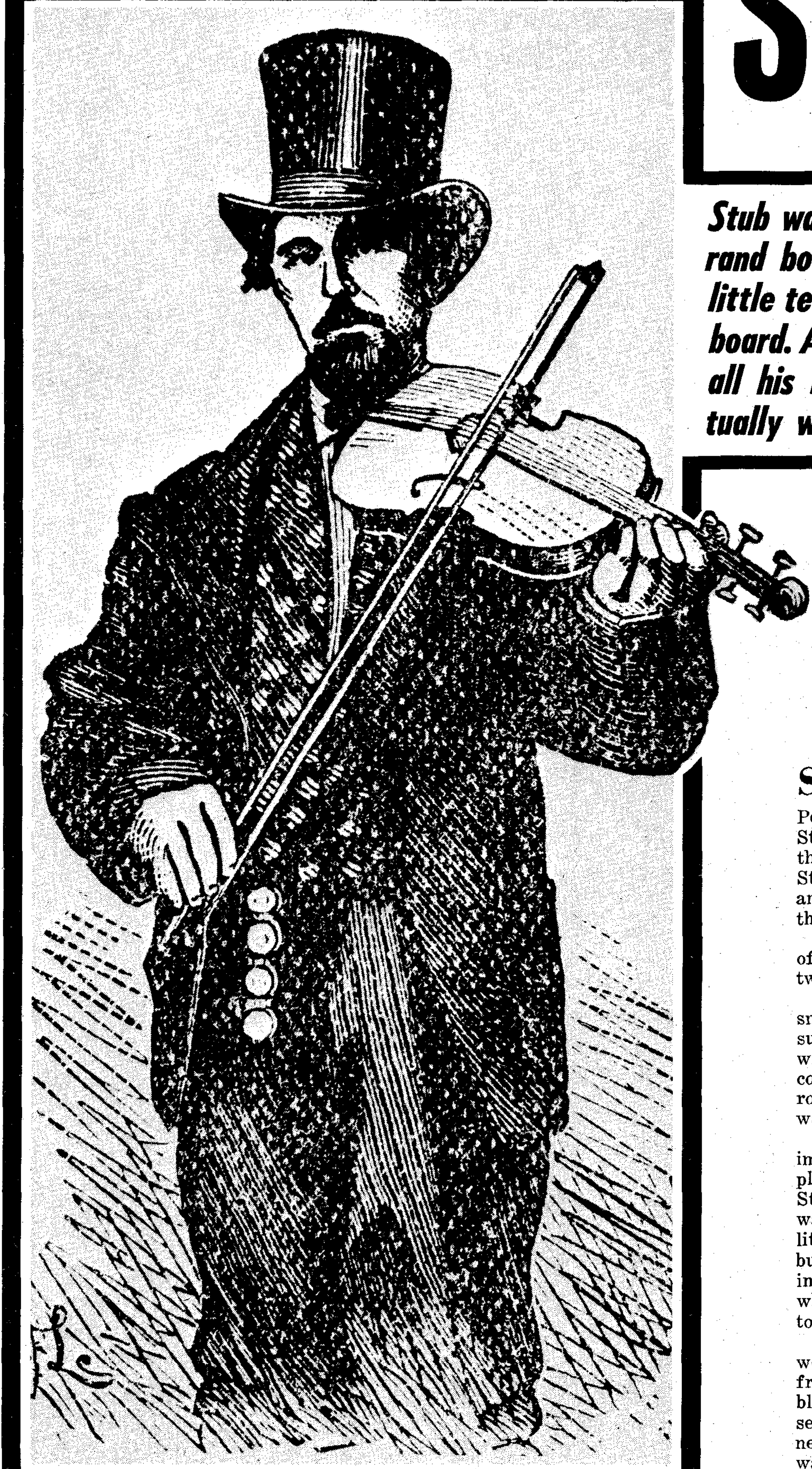
MANY famous frontiersmen trapped out of Fort Robidoux or stopped to trade there. Kit Carson sold pelts to

(Continued on page 50)

Mountain man Joe Meek was often a visitor at the fort.

STUB'S

Stub was Reese River Valley's errand boy—this little man with his little team and his pint-sized buckboard. And he never really knew, in all his life, how important he actually was . . .



Stub was renowned as a fiddle player.

By ROBERT L. GRUBB

Photos Courtesy Author

STUB'S EXPRESS was an institution in west-central Nevada during the 1870s. Perhaps everybody in Austin didn't know Stub, but everyone south of Austin in the Reese River Valley did. Because Stub's Express carried passengers, mail, and freight to the ranches scattered along the Express' fifty-five-mile route to Ione.

The Express was small. It consisted of a small two-seated buckboard wagon, two stout little ponies, and Stub.

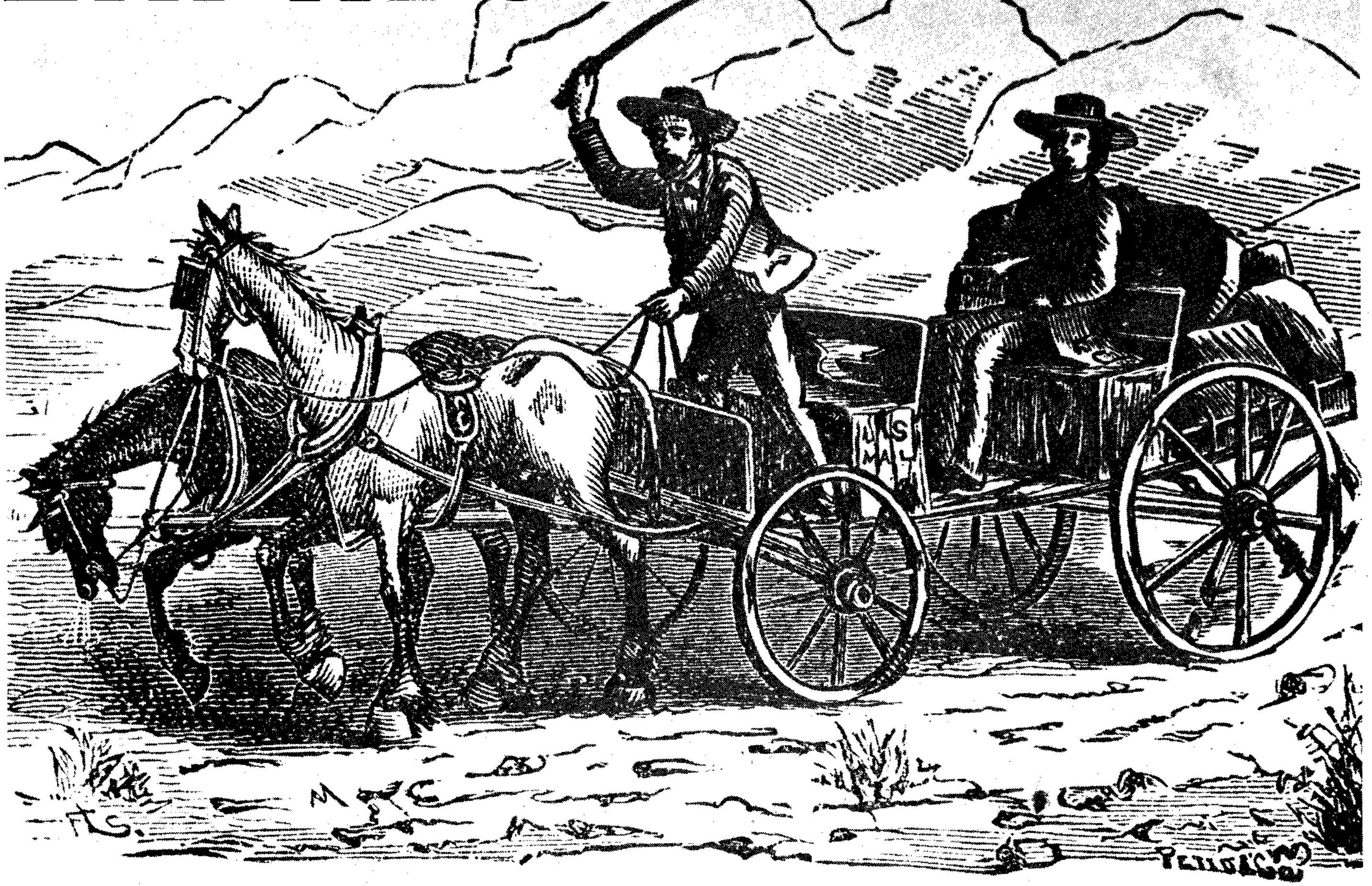
As his nickname implied, Stub was a small man, a very small man. And it is suggested that he outfitted the Express with the kind of horses and wagon he could feel comfortable with; even his route, in terms of people and places, was not extensive.

Yet there was nothing small about the impact Stub had on the lives of the people who lived in the valley. The sight of Stub's Express coming down the road was always welcome. Once a week the little owner hitched his ponies to the buckboard and drove to a loading spot in front of Dinsmore's Store. That is where the regular run of Stub's Express to Ione began.

The freight to go on the buckboard would be waiting on the sidewalk in front of the store. Sacks of flour, mower blades, a pair of shoes, a package of sewing material, and a small pack of newspapers might be waiting. The load was never the same.

When Stub had all the freight loaded onto the back of the wagon, he would put the mail in a special lockbox under the driver's seat. And then any passen-

EXPRESS



Photos Courtesy Sazerac Lying Club, San Francisco

Above, Stub's Express was small in size, but important to the Reese River Valley ranch families. Below, Stub advertised his birthday party in Austin, Nevada's newspaper, the *Reese River Reveille.*

gers going "down the road" got on. When Stub took his seat, the Express was loaded and ready to go.

"Git up, you consarned critters," Stub would order the team with authority. And he emphasized the command by cracking his whip over their heads.

The ponies knew he meant business. And, thus inspired, would whip up dust that followed the wagon down the street, out of town, and into the valley.

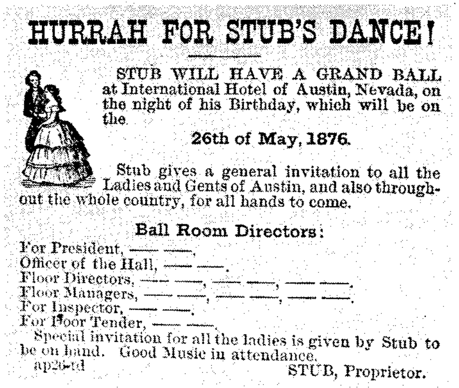
BUCKBOARDS were not built for comfort. They had a "narrow spring floor set on two axles" which made them light and, resultingly, fast. Moving swiftly on bumpy dirt roads, the wagons bounced and jerked with abandon—giving rise to the names "buckboard" and "jerky."

Talking while riding was difficult, but Stub liked to carry on conversations with his passengers—exchanging news and gossip with the regulars and entertaining strangers with reminiscences of earlier days.

"Over yonder thar is the old Washington Deestrick."

Stub's angular, sunbrowned face turned toward the range of mountains that borders the Reese River Valley. And he pointed toward one of the peaks.

"It was a lively camp in its time. They built a town thar, and was goin' to have a city hall, and a couple of dance-houses, and seven or eight quartz mills, and a daily mail and express, but the mines petered out kind of sudden-like. I was in thar one day, and the boys was playing poker at four bits ante and shove the buck," Stub laughed, remembering. "Whiskey was a-flowin' like this here Reese River—and that very next mornin' the camp went down like a stun in a pond."



HURRAH FOR STUB'S DANCE!

STUB WILL HAVE A GRAND BALL at International Hotel of Austin, Nevada, on the night of his Birthday, which will be on the

26th of May, 1876.

Stub gives a general invitation to all the Ladies and Gents of Austin, and also throughout the whole country, for all hands to come.

Ball Room Directors:

For President, —— ——.
Officer of the Hall, —— ——.
Floor Directors, —— ——, —— ——, —— ——.
Floor Managers, —— ——, —— ——, —— ——.
For Inspector, —— ——.
For Door Tender, —— ——.

Special invitation for all the ladies is given by Stub to be on hand. Good Music in attendance.

ap26-td

STUB, Proprietor.

Stub leaned back with satisfaction, as though he had recalled some past, fool notion of his. "You could buy the best corner lot in the place for about two dollars in money."

The contented little man laughed again. He *could* laugh now. Stub had viewed the boom and bust of mining towns from both sides. When younger he had followed the will-o'-the-wisp through Montana and eastern Nevada until he settled for a "reg'lar kinda life" with his little Express.

Ranch people depended on Stub. Through him they obtained supplies from Austin and Ione. Stub took orders one week and delivered the next. And this pickup and delivery routine made Stub's Express a vital part of the Reese River Valley's early way of life.

The arrival of his wagon at a ranch

(Continued on page 59)

Written when it happened!

HUNTER'S
FRONTIER TIMES

We are reissuing in facsimile form the old Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, starting with Vol. 1 No. 1.

In 1924, Mr. Vernon T. Evans, principal of Kirk School, Mart, Texas said: "It is my intention to keep several copies of FRONTIER TIMES on the reading tables in our school next term. I also want them used in connection with our grade history classes."

Mr. Evans' enthusiasm—ALMOST A HALF-CENTURY AGO—attests to the accuracy of the articles, many written on the day the event occurred, printed in the local newspaper, and run later by Hunter exactly as it had appeared.

It isn't dry history! Some of these true, on the scene accounts are real hair raisers. Also in 1924, Mr. Cleve Law, a Los Angeles real estate dealer wrote: "I can hardly wait for the next issue. All of my old Texas friends borrow FRONTIER TIMES and read it with much pleasure."

It's a good bet that the youngsters at Kirk School looked forward to those history classes—it's still exciting just leafing through the magazines! The relatively few originals are in the hands of collectors, and that's why we're reprinting them in facsimile form. And it's why you'll want to subscribe for gifts, for yourself and to collect every issue.

HERE'S WHAT OUR READERS ARE SAYING TODAY—THIS IS ONLY ONE QUOTE FROM ONE OF THE MANY ENTHUSIASTIC LETTERS WE'VE RECEIVED: "It is a treasure to us. We do not have one issue for sale or to give away. All will go to our grandchildren as collectors items and for their historical education.—Mr. & Mrs. L. R. Cort, Sr., Nelson, Missouri 65347."

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

The April, 1925 Issue Contains:

MILITARY OUTPOST IN COLEMAN COUNTY . . . HENRY SISK'S INDIAN FIGHT . . . FINDS A RUBY ARROWHEAD . . . SPENT FOUR YEARS IN A CAVE . . . HENRY BRUEMMER'S EXPERIENCE . . . ADVENTURES OF JACK DOBELL . . . THE ADOLPHUS STERNE DIARY . . . OLD NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN 1839 . . . FIGHT WITH A MEXICAN LYNX . . . ADVENTURES OF A MIER PRISONER . . . JOHN O. ALLEN'S FRONTIER EXPERIENCE . . . THE OLD FRONTIER . . . OVER THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL . . . RAID BY MEXICANS IN 1875 . . . THE BICKEL FAMILY MURDERED . . . AND MORE!

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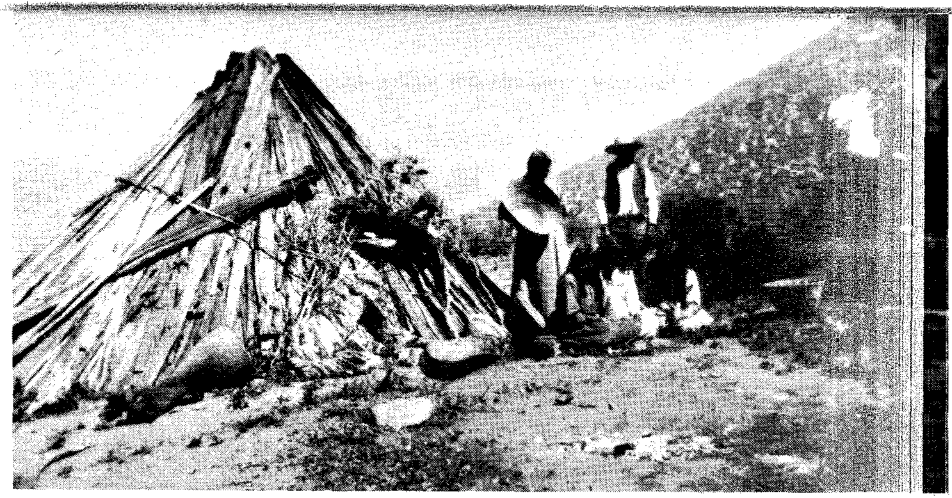


At left, smaller temporary shelters of this type were used by the Yokuts long before the coming of the white man to the mountains. After their defeat in 1851, the surviving tribal members were allowed to live on land no white man wanted. They chose to live in larger versions of their "temporary" shelters. Taken near Yosemite about 1889.

Courtesy William Secrest, Fresno, Ca.

Who was the "Red Mustang"? Not a ranch horse, not a Spanish pony — but a young Indian girl with a rope around her waist!

A DIFFERENT KIND OF RACE

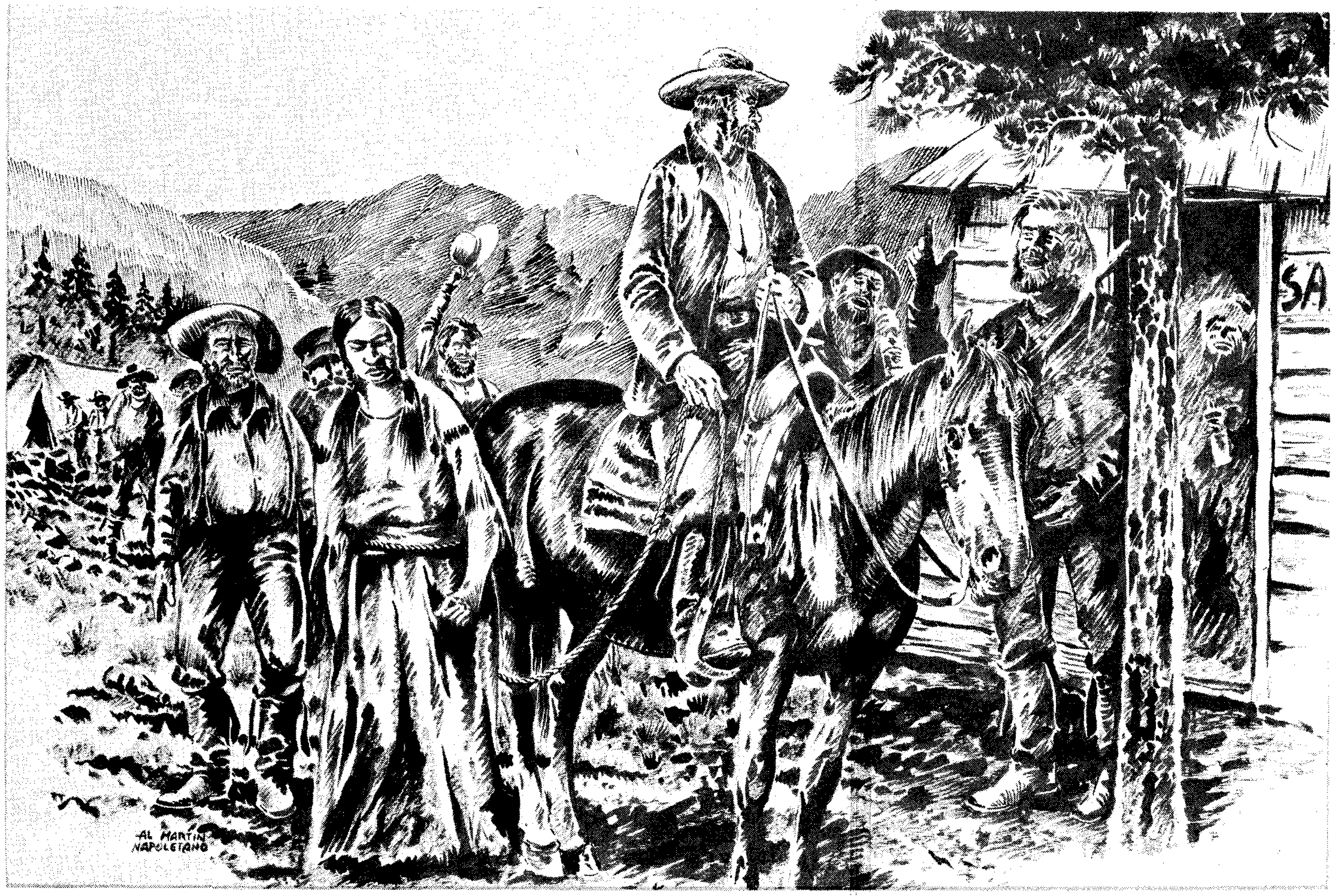
By JUNE ENGLISH

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THE Saturday night ritual was the same at every claim in the gold country of California. Young, middle-aged and old, each miner glanced up at the setting sun and slowly, painfully arose from a squatting position by a stream or threw down the shovel that fed dirt into the sluice boxes. The men straightened their bodies, threw back their heads, stretched and rolled away the stiffness in their necks. This was the last day of the working week.

Swirling the last bit of sand from the pans, they emptied the gold specks into capped horns or leather pokes and tucked the scraping spoons into their belts. Gathering up the picks and shovels they walked back to camp with steps a little lighter than on other nights of the week. Nearly every claim was worked by at least two men and they talked and laughed as the night meal was prepared over campfires. Wet clothes dried quickly in the warm evening air. Aches were soon forgotten. The disappointment of

(Continued on page 62)



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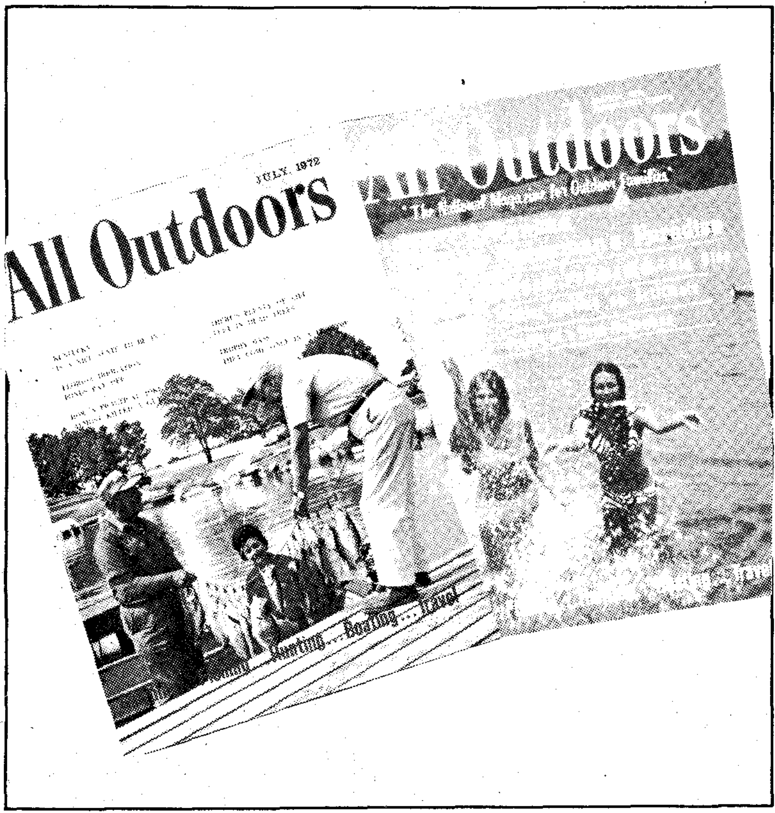

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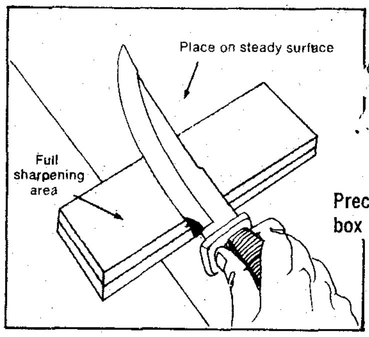

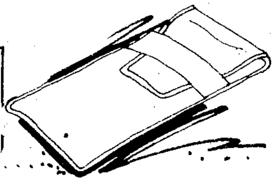

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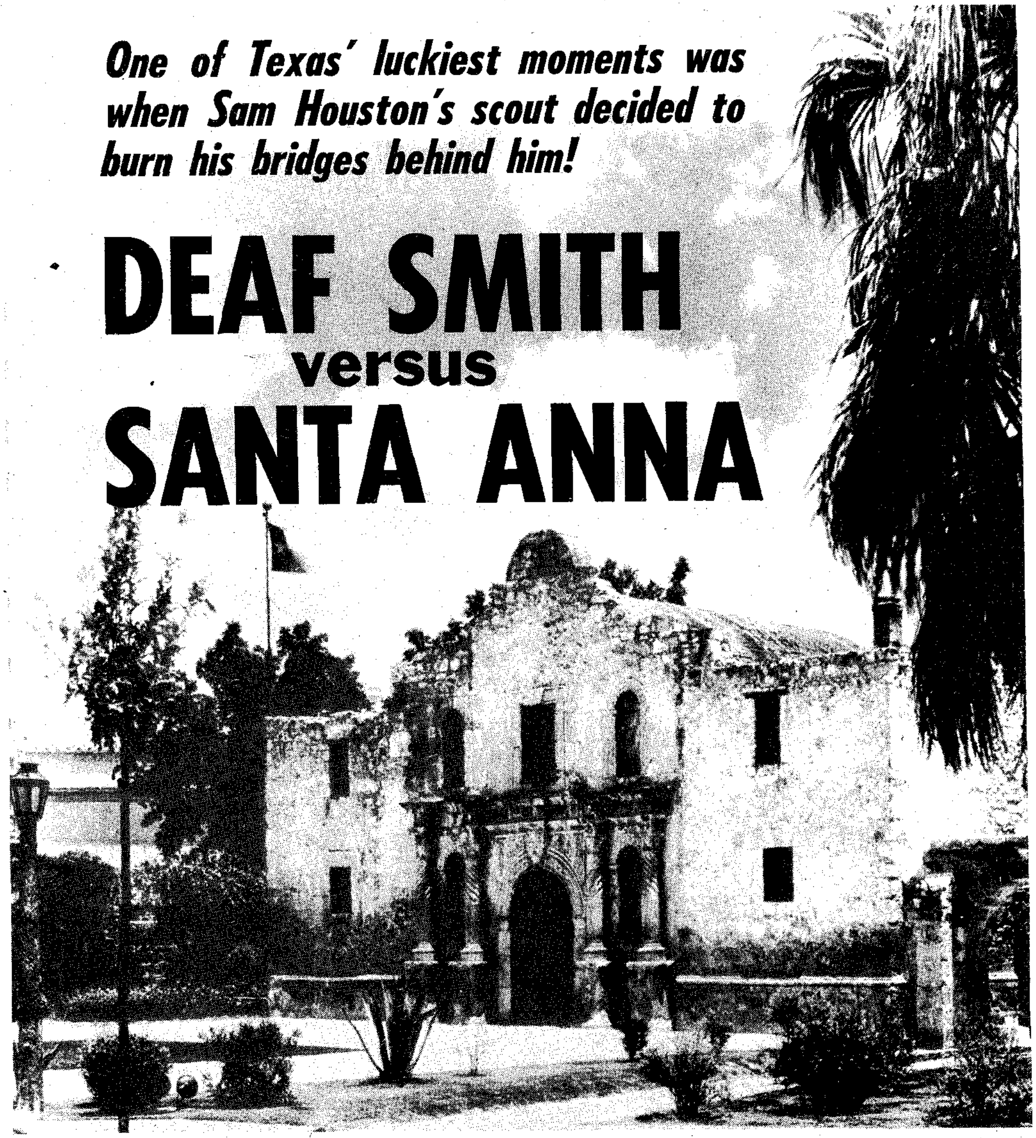
One of Texas' luckiest moments was when Sam Houston's scout decided to burn his bridges behind him!

DEAF SMITH versus SANTA ANNA

By CLEBURNE HUSTON



International News Photo

Restored remains of the Alamo in San Antonio, Texas.

THE future of Texas and the great American Southwest hung in the balance as the boisterous revolutionary army under General Sam Houston faced a well-trained Mexican force under President-General Lopez da Santa Anna on the plain of San Jacinto.

As the sun rose on April 21, 1836, the opposing forces, camped two miles apart with a broad prairie between, were about evenly matched in numbers. Soon, however, the watchful Texas scout and spy, Erastus (Deaf) Smith, saw a column of soldiers stream across the prairie and join the Mexican forces.

Deaf Smith was one of the most remarkable men in the Texas army and destined to become a folk-hero. At age forty-nine, he was an "old man" among his youthful comrades. Because of his deafness he had a high, squeaky voice and talked very little, but Smith was one of the most popular and trusted men in camp. Fearless and cunning, he was the leader of a small band of scouts who had performed remarkable feats in keeping Houston informed during the General's long retreat across Texas during the past five weeks.

Smith immediately reported the arrival of enemy reinforcements (under General Martin P. Cos), which he estimated at 500. Houston seemed little perturbed, but there was murmuring among his soldiers who chafed at any delay of the inevitable battle, while the enemy grew in strength. One of the scouts suggested that the bridge over Vince Bayou, the direct approach to the San Jacinto field, should be burned to prevent further reinforcements.

"I will see the General," said Deaf Smith, who was a privileged character with the Commander-in-Chief. He rode to the open-air headquarters and asked Houston for permission to destroy the bridge. The General was reluctant, saying Mexican stragglers might be hiding in the vicinity, ready to cut down any Texas patrol. Even more dangerous was the enemy cavalry which had given the Texans a drubbing the afternoon before.

When Smith persisted, Houston finally asked: "Can you do it without being cut to pieces by the Mexican cavalry?"

"Give me six men and I will try," the veteran scout responded.

Smith returned to his cavalry unit known as the "Deaf Smith Spy Company."

"What did he say?" the men wanted to know.

Smith made no immediate reply, but sat his horse in front of the company, surveying the men from left to right with what was described as an "iron-like countenance."

Then he said quickly, "I want six men. I am going to burn the bridge. I want six men who are willing to follow me through, or perish in the attempt!"

There was deep silence as six men stepped forward and volunteered.

MEANWHILE, General Houston, planning to keep the mission secret, arranged for two axes to be placed at a certain tree at the edge of the camp. He told Smith: "You will be speedy if you return in time for the scenes that are to be enacted here."

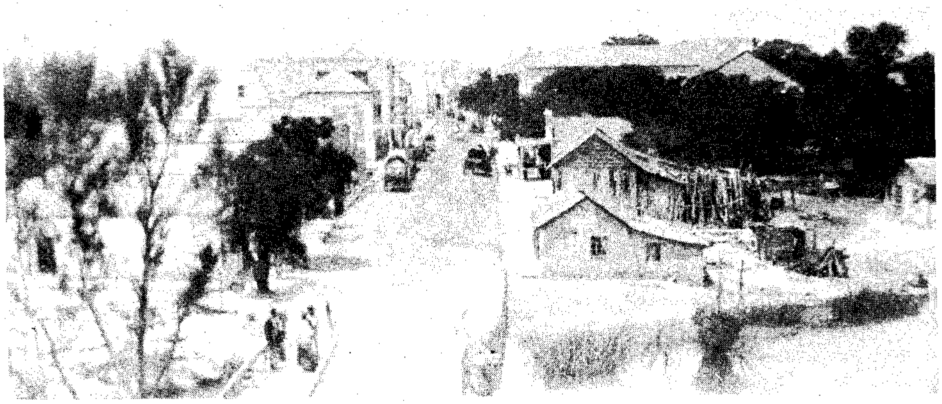
After picking up the axes, Smith and his six men stealthily skirted the Mexican cavalry and rode rapidly to the bridge, eight miles to the west. Vince's Bridge was a simple wooden structure across the narrow but deep bayou. It provided the shortest and only convenient route to the San Jacinto field. Strongly built of cedar timbers, in the past few days it had sustained the heavy traffic of three armies—those of Santa Anna, Houston and Cos—totaling some 2,300 men, with horses, wagons, pack animals and cannon.

The bridge had figured largely in drawing the lines of battle, and its destruction was destined to play an im-

(Continued on page 49)

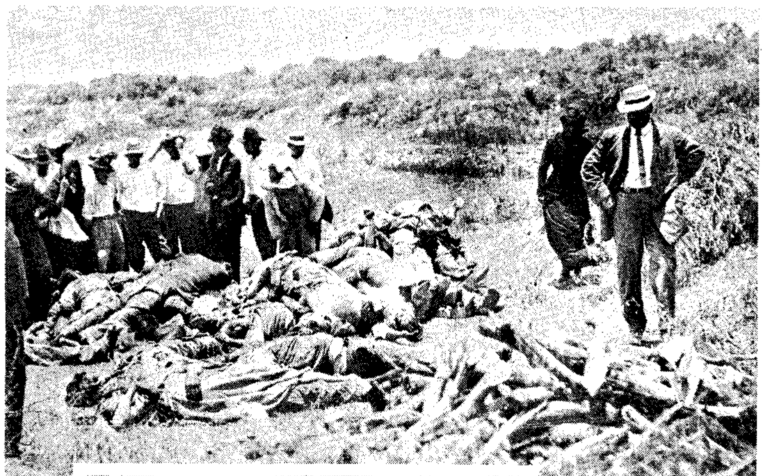
Early San Antonio, no date.

Helen Reynolds Collection



Out beyond the mesquite at the edge of town lay a land full of threat and danger. Villa didn't own it, but he rode through it at will — and who was to stop him?

NIGHT OF TERROR



Bodies piled, ready for cremation.

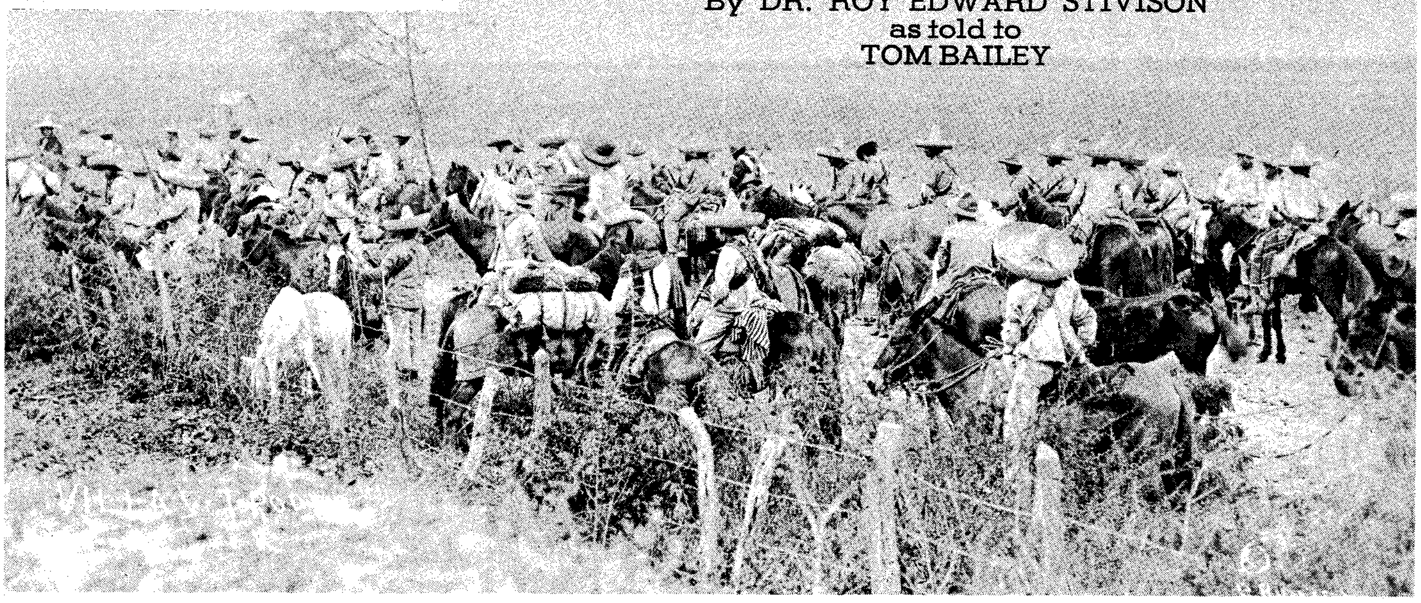
IT SEEMED that the population of Columbus, New Mexico in 1915 fell into two classes: those whom fortune had dealt with unkindly in other parts and who were starting over in the newly settled Lower Mimbres Valley; and young couples who, like my wife and myself, were making their first venture into the business and professional world.

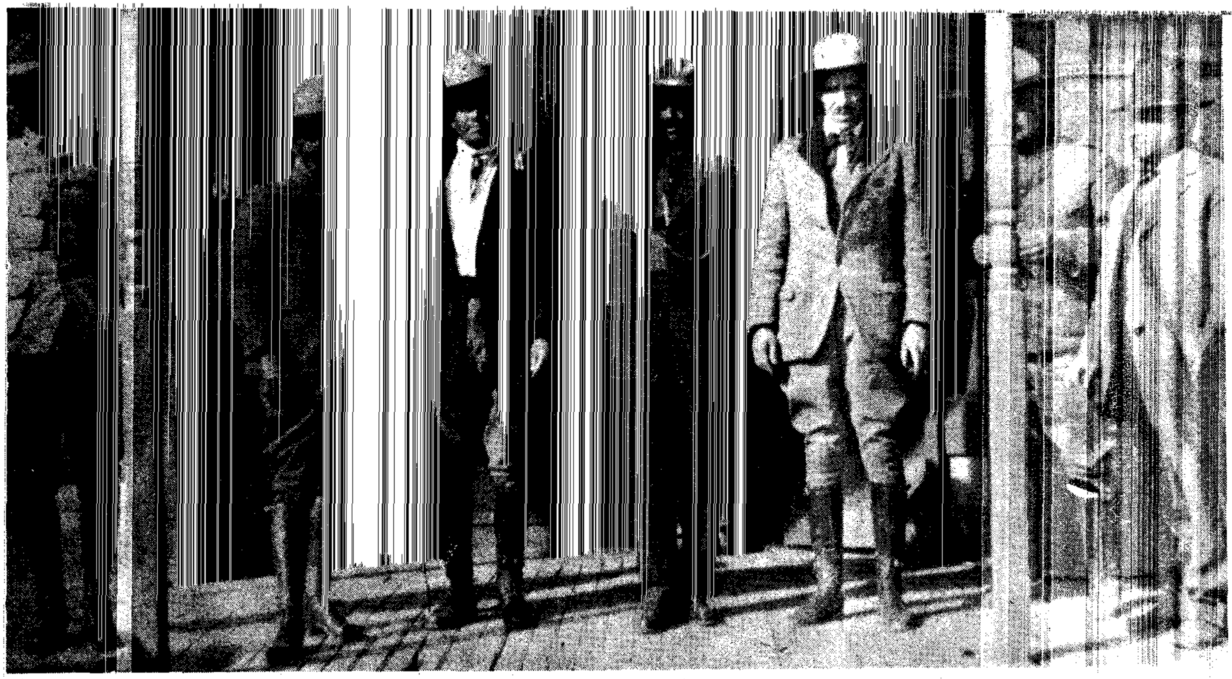
On my first visit to Columbus I had been attracted by its healthful climate and picturesque location. Before I returned to medical school, I became a school principal there, one of the 500 civilian population. About half of the inhabitants were native Mexicans who had crossed the border because living conditions were better on the U. S. side, while the other half was a cosmopolitan mixture from various parts of the world.

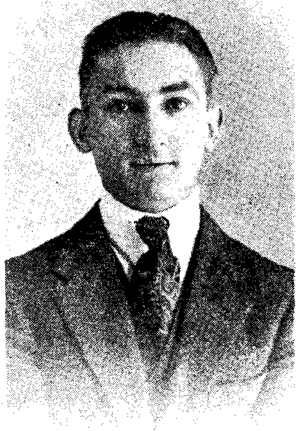
There was Wang Yoke from San Francisco's Chinatown, proprietor of one of Columbus' three hotels. One of his waitresses was a girl from Dundee, Scotland. The Reverend Cyril Boddington, pastor of the Congregational Church, was from London. There were the Ravel brothers of Orthodox faith from Poland who operated a mercantile store. There were many American-born Spanish-Americans and also a number of Mormon families who had first settled in the colonies of Colonia Diaz and Colonia Dublan in Mexico and who had been run out during the various revolutions in that unhappy country.

At left, General and Mrs. Pancho Villa in January 1914. Below, Villa's men near the border.

By DR. ROY EDWARD STIVISON
as told to
TOM BAILEY







Photos Courtesy
New Mexico Magazine;
March 1958

Above, a group of high Mexican officials sent to Columbus to investigate the Villa raid. They stand along with Sam Ravel (on extreme right) on the porch of the Ravel Brothers' store. On right, Arthur Ravel, photographed shortly after the raid.

Soldiers also added zest to the social life of the community. Since September of 1912, Columbus had been the headquarters of the United States Cavalry, 13th Regiment, under command of Colonel Herbert Slocum. Between the cavalrymen and the citizens of the town there existed a feeling of friendliness and good will. Soldiers with families sent their children to the public school and officers and soldiers alike attended the little Congregational Church. Many an evening my wife and I watched the flag come down at retreat, and saw the Officer of the Day inspect the border patrol.

During the school year the Board of Education bought a number of pairs of shoes and other provisions for some destitute Mexicans and their children. The distribution of these articles was entrusted to me, a circumstance which gained for me the reputation of a Santa Claus among the poorer Mexicans and to which I attribute the saving of our lives later on.

The little brown two-room house which we occupied stood in the mesquite and sagebrush two blocks north of the main part of town, in line with the Ritchie Hotel and the Lemmon store. For a number of days prior to March 9, we had noticed and commented on the large number of strange Mexicans appearing in and about the town. We found out later these were spies from the Villista forces ranging just south of the border.

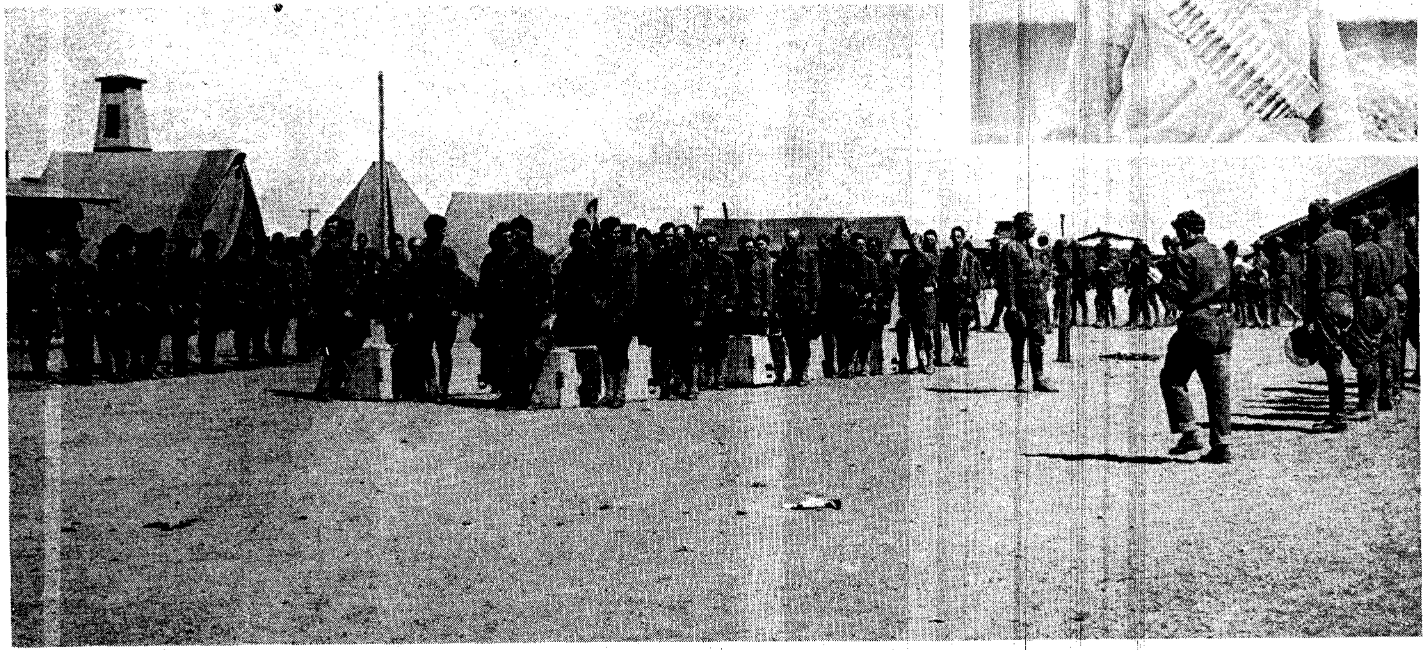
All was quiet and peaceful on the evening of the eighth of March 1916. My wife had gone to a Sunday School convention at the little community church

(Continued on page 41)

Many of Villa's troops were mere boys.

Members of the 13th U.S. Cavalry stand beside coffins of troopers slain in the Villa raid on Columbus, New Mexico in March of 1916.

Courtesy New Mexico Magazine



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FIREARMS BARGAINS

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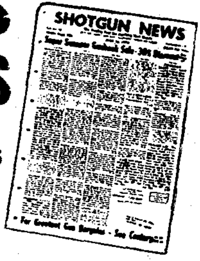

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Gold Cache at Cedar Hill

(Continued from page 13)

For a long time Brackett and Sanger refused to be tempted into wasting ammunition. Their cartridges were in short supply. As the afternoon waned the Utes sent searching bullets all along the hillside trying to bring them into action, and when no shots were returned they moved in closer.

At last the sun touched the horizon of the western mountains, and the Utes withdrew. The pony herd guard of four stripling youths, probably learning to be warriors, drove in the saddled ponies. As the Utes mounted up, Brackett and Sanger merely watched, wondering what they were up to. It might portend the danger of an all-out charge; certainly the hill slope was gradual and low enough for the Indians to reach them without much difficulty.

After delaying for some time the Utes formed into a double line of riders. Ten bodies were roped across saddles. Following the initial attack six more attackers had been killed during the sultry afternoon. There was no determining how many had been wounded.

The Ute line came forward at a walk, halting out of rifle range. A big Indian holding a feathered lance advanced before the line. Shaking it at the white men's position he yelled something in a tone of defiance, then turned north along the river, the rest following in an irregular column at a trot.

Brackett and Sanger watched them in some astonishment, and with considerable suspicion. Were the Utes breaking off the skirmish because they did not want to attempt surrounding the elongated hill? It had a break in the center which could have been occupied to block the prospectors' flight at any time. The departure didn't make much sense.

"Maybe this bunch don't want to fight after sundown," Brackett observed. "Afraid of evil spirits."

As darkness fell the two left the rocks warily, advancing through the cedars to the horses on top. For a long time they waited there, listening and watching for Indians but there was no sound. Mounting at last, Sanger and Brackett came off a south slope into the grass-covered valley flatlands. Stars were beginning to dot the sky and soon the moon would rise.

There was no use returning to their camp on the river. The Utes, after taking what they wanted, would have destroyed the rest of their supplies. The two pack mules had been taken along or shot. It was often hard to determine what a Ute would do just out of pure cussedness.

Bypassing the settlement of Aztec by several miles to the northwest, they rode through to the river village of Farmington on the San Juan River. A better deal could be made there for supplies and equipment to resume their search for the gold.

Certainly they would go back, for Brackett and Sanger believed they had been almost on the site where the party coming out of Colorado with a fortune in gold had been forced to bury it.

SEVERAL days were spent acquiring two more big mules, equipment and supplies. The authorities were told about the Utes having come down out of their Colorado fastnesses again. Of course, military authorities did nothing about the riders, for long since they would have returned to their reservation where identity was impossible.

On leaving Farmington, Brackett and Sanger rode to the Nevers farm. Here they laid over long enough to shoe their stock. Again young August was an interested visitor in their camp. Their outdoor, adventurous life appealed to the boy's imagination. Nothing would have pleased him more than to join them. The Nevers family heard the account of the gold hunt and details of the Ute attack.

Brackett and Sanger departed the Nevers farm with high hopes. They were gone about three weeks, the first of September arriving before either was seen again. Then about ten o'clock one night the dogs set up a terrific barking. Dressing hurriedly, Nevers was joined by August and they walked outside into the moonlight. The dogs had let up on their racket.

At the yard gate a man sat humped over the saddle of a dark horse, clinging to the horn. Obviously he was in a very bad way. When they reached him, Brackett straightened up feebly and muttered, "Dead. They got Ole."

Nevers grabbed and eased him to the ground, then got him inside the house and onto a cot. The front of Brackett's shirt on the left shoulder was a mass of dried blood. In what proved to be a fatally wounded condition, the young man had managed to ride a considerable distance.

He tried to talk again, indicating that he had something important to reveal, but his mumbled words were unintelligible. Nevers said in pity, "Rest easy, Jim. We'll take care of you."

Three bullet wounds were bandaged, one in the shoulder and two in the chest, while Brackett was unconscious. August was put on a horse and sent racing toward Aztec to summon a country doctor.

Brackett opened his eyes just once more when he was given whiskey in a spoon. For a few moments he appeared to revive and could talk plainly, if very low. He said that they found the cached gold—at least two places where it had been buried. The deerskin sacks had rotted and they were busy putting the yellow metal into cotton sacks when shots cracked out of the river timber at them.

There wasn't much gunfire and Brackett never got a chance to see who was shooting at them from hiding. Nor could he tell how many were firing on them. Sanger fell over, and Brackett was sure that he died instantly.

Brackett at once started running crookedly out of the open space. His saddled horse had grazed off some distance west. The rifles blasted again, but he staggered a few steps before collapsing with two additional wounds. More by instinct than anything else, he crawled on through cover of scattered low brush and tall weeds to his horse. Brackett grabbed at

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the dragging bridle reins and managed to get in the saddle.

Little of the balance of the day could he remember, and nothing after darkness fell. The next he knew he was coming in at the Nevers farm. The account was given in broken sentences, short clipped words. He did not have time to describe the exact location of the gold caches. By the time August returned with the doctor, Brackett was dead.

No gold was found in his saddle bags. But both front Levi's trouser pockets were filled with large pieces. They must have been specially selected as souvenirs before the attack materialized.

THE widely scattered settlers were notified all the way down to the San Juan River. Early the next day a dozen men, Nevers and August with them, started back-tracking Brackett. His erratic course was followed north to Cedar Hill and over to the river where the two prospectors had camped.

After falling Sanger never moved again. His body lay on the left side and against a large boulder. To the astonishment of the impromptu posse the two pack mules and Sanger's saddled horse were still grazing. Nothing in the camp had been disturbed.

The gold which Brackett mentioned packing was not in evidence; nor were there any holes from which the gold could have come. Searching farther out in circles the posse found a conglomeration of confusing ground sign. In one place it was established from tracks that three men from behind a screen of timber and brush upstream had done the shooting. Scattered on the ground were a dozen empty .30-30 cartridge cases. None of the killers had advanced into the camp.

To the west a further confusion of tracks existed. One man wore cowboy boots and the other two, heavy shoes. From farther upstream, where their horses had been left, they had ridden away north toward Colorado.

All of the next day was given over to a determined search for the gold caches Brackett said they dug into. A few weeks later a larger number of men combed the area carefully but found nothing. Yet gold had been in Brackett's pockets.

August Nevers and his father searched repeatedly for the caches. After them came other men from the fast-growing San Juan River towns.

The present communities of Cedar Hill and Riverside, occupying the flatlands, came into being as farmers settled there. The narrow-gauge Rio Grande Railroad built through, establishing a station at Cedar Hill. In 1892 the Nevers family sold out and moved away.

August returned to that section of the Animas several times over the years, even after he was grown and married. It was his often stated opinion that Brackett and Sanger had been killed for the gold they'd dug up, and that obtaining it the slayers had craftily disguised the holes, not knowing more gold was buried on the same site.

But whether the killers were Indians or white men proved unfathomable. By that time many Indians were wearing white man's shoes and high-heeled boots. August leaned strongly to the theory that the killers were white outlaws, passing through the country, who had merely stumbled onto the prospectors, discovered what they were about, and then shot them down. After the crime they went far and fast to safety.

Today Cedar Hill and Riverside are thriving communities, though the railroad was pulled out some time back and the station abandoned. U.S. Highway 550 passes over Cedar Hill north into Colorado. From the south approach to the low, elongated hill, the marker of stone on the break-through is visible.

Inhabitants of both communities have several versions on where the Duponte-Sanchez gold lies, and there are rumors of other gold plants along the Animas.

But if August Nevers gave the Brackett-Sanger account correctly, and undoubtedly he did, and if other facts are considered, then the gold was cached in the flatland. Today it would be under some farmer's field or in a fruit orchard.

Aztec to the south is the jump-off for treasure seekers. Every year hunters using metal detectors pass along the side of the rugged river, searching upstream from the wagon bridge below the town. Few have tried farmed land, for the owners' objections are certainly understandable. The golden cache—Duponte's gold, Las Animas gold, or Loma gold (all one and the same)—may stay right where it is forever.

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Mathews

Information wanted on descendants and relatives of Hillary Ford Mathews, a veteran of the Confederate Army, who lost his right arm in the battle at Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia in 1864. Accompanied by his wife, Josie A. Mathews, and son Josiah D. and daughter, Julia B., he moved to old Wheatville, Morris County Texas (near present Naples) prior to 1880 where he was a dry goods merchant.

About 1887 he and family moved westward to Dallas County, Texas where he is believed to have settled in or near Grand Prairie. In 1921 his widow, Josie applied for and obtained a pension from the state of Texas as the wife of a Confederate veteran. Her application states that her husband, Hillary, died in Dallas County in 1891.

Josie Mathews is believed to have died in 1929 in or near Grand Prairie. I will be glad to exchange information with those who write.—William H. Mathews, Jr., 1206 Walnut Street, Texarkana, Texas 75501

Bailey

I would like to exchange family information with the descendants of Will T. Bailey or Kalip (Caleb) Bailey who lived near Ben Franklin, Texas in the 1930s. —Troy Bailey, Box 162, Osceola, Indiana 46561

Tennessee Texans

I have some information which may prove invaluable to your readers who seek information on ancestors via your "Trails Grown Dim" column.

In 1969 I became involved with a very nice lady, via correspondence, by the name of Mrs. Maudie Stanton (maiden name) Vaughn of Athens, Tennessee. Mrs. Vaughn was researching the ancestry of the Stanton family and we exchanged all the data each of us could learn.

It so happened that McMinn County, Tennessee was celebrating its 150th sesquicentennial at the time and the *Daily Post Athenian* newspaper published several special editions which contained the most outstanding job of research covering the 150 years I've ever seen.

There are dozens of family histories published—many of them dating back to their European origins. I have a collection of about 200 issues of Western Publications and 90% of the subjects of "Trails Grown Dim" of which information is sought, are named in these biographies. I would suggest that anyone seeking such family backgrounds write to *Daily Post Athenian*, 320 south Jackson Street, Athens, Tennessee.

It seems that every man who set foot in Texas from the first white man to the last, had been a man of importance in Tennessee.—Art J. Stanton, Route 6, Jacksonville, Texas 75766

Hanlon

I have been trying to trace Hanlons on my paternal side of the family, and will exchange information with others of that same name.

I am working on McLaughlin, Scotch-Irish and will correspond with any others of the same name who will include stamped, self-addressed envelope. Also any Hursts (Scotch) Gerards (French), and Carelton, Oaf (Dutch). Also if anyone has any old pictures, family Bibles, papers not pertaining to their family, many historical societies and genealogical societies would love to have them so they can help others preserve their records.—Patricia McLaughlin, Route 1, Box 250, Cottonwood, California 96022

Stemple

Since the passing of my mother, I have come across the printed obituary of my grandfather in one of her scrapbooks. I cannot get the original news piece out as it is glued in and is in a very worn state. I would like to find any relatives who could enlighten me with more information on my grandfather, especially from West Virginia. The obituary reads as follows:

"John Adam Stemple, a pioneer mining man of Montana, and for whom the town of Stemple, and Stemple Pass were named, died at St. Peters Hospital (Helena, Montana) yesterday. (1916).

"Mr. Stemple was well known among the old-timers of this district, as he had been in the locality for the last half-century. He was born eighty-one years ago in Beverly, West Virginia, and crossed the Plains with an ox team in 1850, being among the early Argonauts to seek fortune in the newly discovered gold fields of California.

"He remained in the Golden State however, but one year, moving from there to Oregon where he opened up the Eagle Creek Mining district.

"Mr. Stemple came to Montana in 1864 locating at Glouster. He was the discoverer of the Whip-Poor-Will, Glouster and Stemple mines."

I would like to hear from anyone, especially from West Virginia, who might be related? distant or otherwise.—Mrs. Eleanor (Stemple) Rose, Box 223, Wallace, Idaho 83873

Garrison

I am trying to find any information on my grandfather, John Henry Garrison. He was the son of Alexander Garrison of Bowling Green, Kentucky. John Henry was born in Gasconade County, Missouri, in Pankey Holler, near what is now Owensville, Missouri. He married Sarah Emde, widow of Christian Emde, on January 28, 1875. He had one son, Perry Alexander Garrison, born April 14, 1876.

About 1883, John Henry went to Texas. His family heard from him a couple of times, then never again. People who have been to Texas say they either saw him or someone who had seen him but no further contacts were obtained.—Floyd A. Garrison, Star Route A, Box 4018, Anchorage, Alaska 99507

Hawkes-Dickey-Loughridge

I would like to hear from anyone who is related to the following people: Patrick Hawkes, born January 16, 1890, Richard Hawkes, born March 28, 1881, or Thomas Hawkes, born November 7, 1892. All are the children of Richard Hawkes and Mary Frank and were born in Neillsville, Wisconsin. Also, if anyone knows a Dan Hawkes or a Charles Hawkes, born probably in Wisconsin or Minnesota around the same time as the others. Dan and Charles are my grandfather's brothers and are the children of William (?) Hawkes and Rebecca Riley.

I would also like to hear from anyone who knows of or is related to the Dickey family from Kentucky (especially if they went to Missouri—Independence or Kansas City). Also, from anyone who is related to the Loughridge family, originally in Iowa.—Ginger Hawkes, Box 748, Livingston, Montana 59047

Mace

I would like to hear from anyone having the last name of Mace. I need information about my husband's great-grandfather, Christopher Hannibal Mace, who was born in Pocahontas County, West Virginia about 1845. He was a Civil War veteran and married Sarah Davis from Illinois, then moved to Missouri where their children, Claudius, Eugene and Kathleen M. Mace were born. Do not know of any brothers or sisters of Christopher, but I believe there are relatives in West Virginia and Missouri.—Mrs. C. E. Mace, Route 1, Box 221-A, Colfax, Washington 99111

Paden-Bass

I would like to hear from anyone who knows the whereabouts of Percy Paden. He worked for the John Deere Plow Company and was last heard of in or around Moline, Illinois, in 1920. He was married and had one son, Neil. I believe his wife's name was Jenny. If living, he would be in his eighties. He had two sisters, Marion who died quite young, and Maude Louise who is my grandmother.

I would also like to hear from any

(Continued on page 60)

Night of Terror

(Continued from page 37)

and I had retired early. At about four o'clock in the morning we were awakened by terrific rifle fire coming from the direction of the camp. At first, not realizing what was happening, we started to make a light; other shots nearer us warned us that this was not a wise course. We kept our house dark and spent the next three hours listening to bullets striking the adobe and to fiendish shouts of *"Viva Villa! Viva Mexico! Muerte a los gringos!"* coming from Mexican throats.

In a comparatively short time, though it seemed long to us, we began to distinguish answering fire from the soldiers (according to popular rumor the next day, their guns had been locked in gun racks).

About five o'clock flames began to appear from the big frame Ritchie Hotel and from the Lemmon store just across the street from it. In the lurid light we could distinguish men dashing hither and thither and riderless horses running about in all directions. The continuous firing, the shouting of the Mexicans, and confusion in general continued until about seven o'clock. Then, with the coming of daylight, the firing diminished and finally ceased altogether.

WE ventured out of our house and started toward Reverend Boddington's block. We met the good man and his wife coming out, as bewildered as we were. Together we set out for the main part of town. Coming to the Walker hardware store we found our old friend and neighbor, James Dean, a grocery merchant lying in the middle of the street, his body riddled with bullets. We learned that he had thought the Lemmon store had been set afire accidentally and that he might be of assistance in putting it out. The raiders got him before he reached the scene of the blaze.

Continuing to the Ritchie Hotel, we found the body of Mr. Ritchie with his legs partly burned off, lying beside the building. His wife told us later that he had offered the Villistas all the money in his pocket ($50.00) if they would spare his life. They took the money but shot him and threw his body into the burning hotel. Rings were taken forcibly from Mrs. Ritchie's hands. Their little daughter, Edna, a pupil of mine, showed me holes in the back of her coat, put there by the bandits as she was escaping down the back stairs.

Five men, guests of the hotel, were taken with Mr. Ritchie and all met the same tragic fate. One of these was a Mr. Walker, who with his wife had come the day before to attend the Sunday School convention. He was yanked from his wife's arms and shot. Young Señor Perera, a representative of the Mexican consulate at El Paso, was another of the guests who met an untimely end. He had volunteered to take the place of the regular representative, Mr. Gray, who was ill at the time. Perera was indeed a prize for the Villistas. His body was found next morning just across the line.

We continued to the camp hospital and

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there found Mr. James, pump foreman for the El Paso and Southwestern, severely wounded. His house was situated on the south side of the tracks in the very center of the hottest part of the fighting. A little later, at the Hoover Hotel, we saw his young wife, Bessie James, lying dead. She had been shot down entering the hotel.

We found the body of our good friend, C. C. Miller, the druggist, lying in the door of his store. He had left the Hoover Hotel and started for the drug store but was mortally wounded just as he reached its sheltering walls. Mr. Miller had been a particularly fine character. He had come to the Mimbres Valley as a tubercular, obtained a herd of goats and lived in the open until he had regained his health, then resumed his vocation of druggist.

In the Hoover Hotel, seriously wounded, we found Mrs. J. J. Moore, wife of one of the merchants. The Moores had a beautiful little home between Columbus and the border. The bandits, in their retreat, had stopped there long enough to bring death and destruction to it. Mr. Moore had been shot and instantly killed before his wife's eyes. Mrs. Moore had run from the house and was climbing through a wire fence when she was shot through the right thigh. (My wife and I took her to Hotel Dieu in El Paso the next day.)

Down in camp, among other dead soldiers, we saw the body of Sergeant Marg Dobbs, a machine gunner whom I had met the day before. It is to the bravery of such men as he that we owe our lives today.

Dead Villistas were lying in the streets all over town. Many were mere boys, fourteen to sixteen years old. Many of the dead and dying had taken crucifixes from their pockets and were clutching them against their breasts.

At daylight, when the stampeded cavalry horses could be caught, Major Tompkins organized about fifty men and followed the bandits across the border for fifteen miles or so. During the battle and the pursuit the next morning, seventy-five or a hundred bandits were reported killed. The number of Americans killed was fixed at eighteen, of whom ten or eleven were civilians, the rest soldiers.

From our conversation with friends, both civilians and soldiers, we were able to reconstruct what had taken place.

IT WAS commonly believed that no patrol had been posted on the border that night. Villa's spies knew this and consequently their leader had selected this time for their descent on the sleeping town. They crossed the border about three a.m., entered the camp and stampeded the cavalry horses. An army sergeant who claimed credit for firing the first shot and for killing the first Villista described the affair at our house a few nights later. "I happened to be awake about four o'clock and while coming around one side of one of the barracks found myself face to face with a Mexican who was pointing his gun at me. I pulled my army pistol and shot him in his tracks." This was the signal for general firing to commence.

Villa had planned his entrance cunningly. He divided his forces into three groups. One of these had entered the camp by way of a dry arroyo; another had entered the town and was ready to begin looting the stores as soon as it was safe to do so. The remaining unit passed into the corrals and was scattering horses before any firing took place. After hot fighting in camp for thirty or forty minutes, the soldiers began to gain the upper hand and then were able to send aid to the beleaguered citizens.

They threw a cordon of troops across the main street and thus kept the bandits from entering the north part of town. Toward seven o'clock the Mexican bugles began to sound retreat.

While the battle between soldiers and bandits was taking place, various other episodes were occurring in different parts of town.

Mary Field Page lived with her parents in a neat little adobe bungalow. The family was awakened by voices yelling, *"Viva Villa!"* and *"Fuma la casa!"* Looking out the windows, they saw the bandits trailing by. A small detachment stopped and, as Mary Field told us later, literally "swarmed all over the place." A new detachment came and, seeing that it was the home of Americans, shouted *"Americanos aqui!"* and let go with a blast of rifle fire. Windows and doors were shattered. The family crouched on the floor trying to escape the bullets.

The cry *"Fuma la casa!"* again was heard and a group of bandits began to beat on the door. Mr. Page left his hiding place under the library table and tried to hold the door against them. It was being broken to pieces in front of him but he held on with desperate courage. Mary endeavored to get her father to leave his post and seek safety, but when he refused, she and her mother went into the yard and hid in a little feed house.

When the door finally gave way, Page retreated into the kitchen. The bandits unexpectedly stopped in the living room and amused themselves by building a fire on the living room table. As soon as they withdrew into the street, Page came in from the kitchen and put the fire out. The bandits returned and again started the fire. Again they withdrew and Page put out the fire once more. This was repeated a number of times. However, the bandits seemed reluctant to fire on the old man and his home was saved, though it was badly shot up. We counted eighty-eight bullet holes in the ceiling and fourteen in the piano, plus many others in the walls.

C. E. Parks was editor-in-chief, typesetter, and general factotum on the Columbus *Courier*, a small weekly newspaper. Besides editing the newspaper, Parks had a homestead and was improving a claim ten miles out of Columbus. His wife was the local telephone operator. They lived in a little two-room building adjoining the *Courier* office.

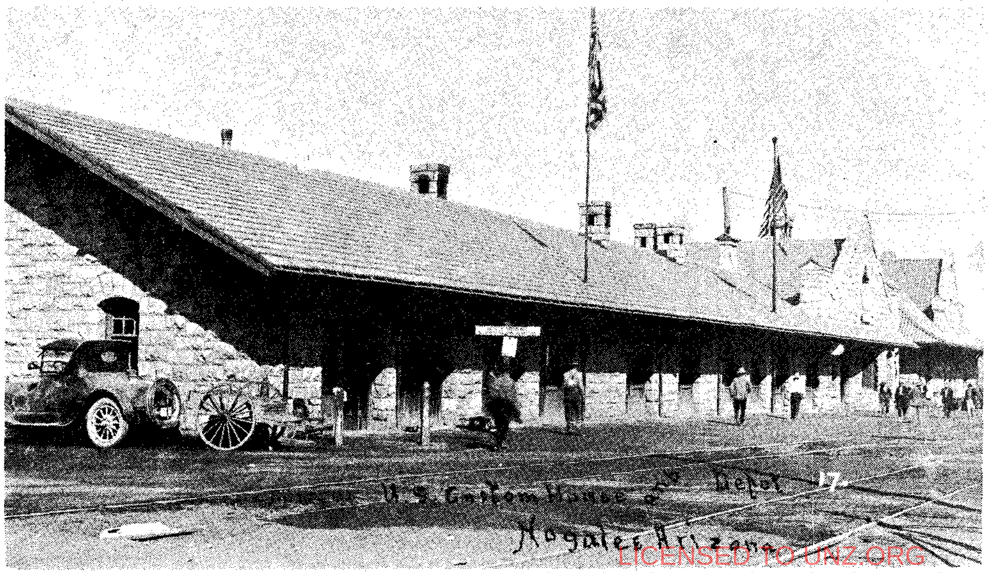
Parks had been working on his claim and had decided to spend the night there; Mrs. Parks, with baby Gwen, was at her post in the telephone exchange. The little house out on the claim had a telephone and Parks had called his wife during the evening to say goodnight.

Soon after four a.m. Parks was awakened by the insistent ringing of the telephone. He took down the receiver and recognized his wife's voice, filled with terror, telling him a lot of shooting was going on in the direction of the camp. Before she finished talking, she exclaimed, "Why, the shooting is here in town now—right by our door! I can see Mexicans through the windows!"

Parks advised her to get down on the floor and keep quiet, and said he would be there as soon as possible. He rushed out, saddled his horse, and made all possible speed for Columbus. When Parks reached town, bandits were swarming through the streets. Dodging from building to building, he at last reached the exchange, only to find it empty—his wife and baby were gone! Immediately he made for the camp and after some very narrow escapes reached it and found his family unharmed. He learned that as soon as soldiers could be spared from the camp, Lieutenant Castleman, Officer of the Day, had sent a detachment of soldiers into town. This group had rescued Mrs. Parks and the baby.

One of my small pupils, Arthur Ravel, told me the Mexicans found him in his brother's store and tried to make him tell where his brother was. When Arthur

Below, U.S. Custom House and depot at Nogales, Arizona. It was because the United States had permitted the Mexican Government to transport its federal forces through Nogales, Arizona to Nogales, Mexico, that Villa threatened invasion of the United States.



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truthfully said that Sam was in El Paso, they didn't believe him. They put a rope around his neck and threatened to hang him if he didn't reveal the hiding place of his brother. They led him all over town, tongue-lashing him but otherwise doing him no harm. At length the boy made a break for the mesquite brush on the edge of town. There he remained until the danger was past.

Luis Ravel, young Arthur's uncle, had been sleeping in the store. When the bandits came to loot it, he crept under a pile of cowhides and remained in hiding until the bandits had been driven away.

Many such narrow escapes were related, and many were the acts of heroism on the part of young and old. I was told of many cases where children, two-to-four years old, remained hidden under beds while bullets chipped the dried adobe all around them. Others lay in brush or mesquite and remained as quiet as little quails until the danger was over.

THE day following the raid was spent with feelings of amazement, awe, conjecture, and grief. As night approached, apprehension and terror were added to our other emotions, augmented by unfounded rumors that the bandits were going to return and finish the interrupted slaughter. This was but a cruel rumor, however. By eleven o'clock the next day soldiers from Fort Bliss and other points were pouring into Columbus—Columbus became the safest spot in the United States.

Safe though it might have been, my wife and I were most grateful when about four o'clock in the afternoon two soldiers came to us and said that we could spend the night in the clubroom of Troop F. Here a large number of citizens had gathered for mutual safety. The soldiers provided pillows and bedding. We made our bed under the pool table and spent a peaceful and uneventful night.

The next day the bodies of the dead soldiers were sent east for burial. President Carranza's personal representative, General Garcia, was present with his staff at a little ceremony at the station in which soldiers and regimental bands took part. During the morning of the same day, we saw military wagons gathering up the bodies of the bandits. These were taken to the edge of town, placed in a pile, saturated with kerosene, and burned. It was a grisly sight but we were glad to know that these particular men would no longer be a menace to the peace of the border.

On the morning of March 15, General Pershing took his army into Mexico in his search for Villa. It was a reassuring sight to see the various units wheel into position—cavalry, infantry, artillery, hospital units, and supply trains. At first supplies were taken into Mexico in wagons but as the troops advanced farther into the interior and the trails became increasingly worse, a large number of White and Jeffrey trucks were used. These would roll out for Mexico, fully loaded and newly tired, and with two or three soldiers guarding each truck. When they returned from their long trek the tires would be in shreds.

Several airplanes were sent from Los Angeles to aid in the search and a number of Yaqui scouts were brought down from their reservation in Arizona to accompany the Army. Very soon, however, the troops were recalled from Mexico. This brought forth much bitter criticism against President Wilson for not pressing the search more vigorously and for not bringing Villa back "dead or alive." But time has shown the wisdom of the administration's course for it was little more than a year later that the United States declared war on Germany.

A number of theories and conjectures have been advanced to explain the reasons for the raid. Above them all stands the fact that Villa intended no general massacre. Three-fourths of the population could have been slaughtered as easily as the eighteen who were slain. Villa may have given orders to spare the lives of the people but certain members of the band got out of hand. Or he may have given orders to slay mercilessly but his men proved more tender-hearted than their leader.

One theory was that it was an act of revenge against the United States for permitting Carranza to transport his troops over United States soil to Nogales (Arizona) to repel an attack by Villistas on Nogales, Mexico. Another theory is that it was part of a deep-laid German plot to embroil the United States in a war with Mexico and thus tie up a large part of our forces so they would not be available to support France and England. On the other hand, it may have been an expedition made merely for plunder. Despite the many years that have passed since that night of destruction and horror, the motives behind the raid remain in question.

End of a Madman's Trail

(Continued from page 16)

it with a well-broke one onto a pole rig he'd built, and had driven them down to John Weaver's ranch below Seventeen Mile House. John told Charley the terrible news, then added, "The sheriff and some more deputies are out hunting for Hamilton now, and they're trying to get a posse together to help."

"I'll sure go," Charley said quickly, "but I'll have to go back to my house first. I'll get a saddle horse and take Willa down to Roy Moore's place so she won't be up there all alone."

Within an hour, Charley was starting up the Hot Springs road just as Martin Kern came down it with his horse on a high lope. "They found Hamilton up there," he said breathlessly, pointing back up the mountain. "George Wilton (fictitious name) saw a guy trying to pull a horse out of a snowdrift up there, and started up to help him. Thought it was one of the posse 'cause he don't know Hamilton from Adam's off ox. But that's who it was, and he pulled down on George with a rifle—and it's hard to believe, but that bullet tore the handle off a tin cup George had fastened to his belt! Then Hamilton lit out on foot toward Rattlesnake Creek."

As Martin finished his story and hurried away to spread the news, Charley was joined by Oliver Marron, another neighboring rancher. "Let's bust ourselves up to the head of Rattlesnake," Charley suggested, "and maybe we'll ketch him."

The country was open and visibility good for miles when the two men stopped their lathered horses on a lookout point above the creek, but there was no movement anywhere to be seen. In a gulch below them, they picked out fresh tracks in the snow, but after a discussion decided the tracks were probably made by Harry Snyder, who lived under the hill and did a lot of rabbit hunting. Not wanting to lose the advantage of being able to screen the surrounding area, they didn't go investigate even though moving around would have been a most welcome break in their cold, lonely vigil.

HOURS LATER the men saw their first sign of life when two riders appeared on the road below them. Bill Withington Sr., father of the dead Billy, was one of the men and he told Charley, "We got tired of waiting. Hamilton never did show up down there so he must have gone higher. We're going up and see if we can find some sign of him."

While they were deciding which way to spread out, another rider came into sight, his horse on a run. "He's down on the river bottom!" he yelled.

All of the men whirled their horses and headed down the mountain. Charley and Oliver exchanged disgusted glances, realizing the tracks in the gulch must have been made by Hamilton after all.

It seemed that half the town of Salmon City had turned out to search in the lower country, having driven their flivvers that far and being unable to go any farther unless they walked. However, that had been a lucky thing, because Hamilton didn't have a chance of hiding along the river with that many people watching for him. Newt Cooper had been the one who first spotted him flattened against a tree with his rifle up to shoot. Newt beat him to the shot, but his bullet splatted into the tree, putting Hamilton on the run across the river and up into Charley's field, where he was soon lost from sight again.

Dusk was settling down on the valley by this time, and Charley was getting worried. "I think I'd better go get Willa and head for home," he said. "The kids get home from school about five, and I sure don't want them alone with that killer on the prowl right in my own field."

Willa was waiting and ready when Charley came for her, and the couple set out for home immediately. Cars and people were lined up and down the road, all nervously peering into the gloom, and from time to time Charley and Willa stopped for a minute to speak to some friend. While they were talking to Bill Barnett and his wife, Charley spotted an object that seemed out of place in the nearby field.

"Hey, there's somebody standing over there by that fence post!" he said.

"Nah," Bill replied, "ain't nobody over there. Just a shadow."

"Sure as hell there's somebody there," Charley insisted, and just then the shadow broke and started running across the field.

"That's him!" Charley yelled, watching as Hamilton made a run to another post. "He's gonna get behind that haystack and we'll never be able to get him. I'll go head him off."

"Looks like you've been playing their song!"

As Charley spun his horse to head into the field, Bill ran over to hold a pistol up to him. "Here, Charley," he said, "take this six-shooter and give me the rifle."

Quickly the exchange was made and Charley raced out into the field, but enough time was lost for Hamilton to get out of sight again. All Charley could do was keep riding hard for the haystack. The river ditch ran through the field, its banks high with the previous summer's growth of sweet clover, and from it came a sudden burst of flame accompanied by the crashing blast of a rifle.

As Charley modestly told it, "I could see the fire flyin'. He shot at me three times. He was running down that ditch, and every little while he'd stop and shoot at me again, so I slowed the horse and peeled off at him. It showed in the snow the next day where I turned him—would just about hit the calf of his leg. He went down through the field on a high run, jumpin' about six feet at a time in about a foot of snow."

By now it was almost completely dark, and once again Hamilton had escaped. In desperation the sheriff started lining up the people with cars, parking them on both sides of the river, all with their headlights on high beam.

Charley had come back to the road, intending to cut down to the railroad tracks and maybe head Hamilton off there. As he passed Ted Ellis, who was in a car watching, he noticed Dan McPherson standing near with a rifle and said, "Dan, give me your gun and take this damned six-shooter!"

"I won't do it," Dan replied, "you give me your horse and I'll go down there. Seems to me you've been shot at enough—your luck just might be running out."

"Yeah, Charley," Ted Ellis urged, "Dan's right. I'm in the car alone here and I've got a rifle, so get in with me." Rather than argue, Charley agreed, joining the guard of cars which by now were no more than a hundred yards apart, with their lights knifing into the darkness.

Men patrolled on foot between the cars, up and down, peering into the obscure places where the lights didn't meet. One of them stopped at the Ellis car, and nervously commented he thought he'd heard shooting farther down the river toward Oscar and Gus Swanson's house, but he couldn't be sure. Then he offered to stand guard in their place if Charley and Ted wanted to go down and check it out. The two agreed.

When they got to the Swansons', they saw a small huddle of people standing around something in the yard. That something turned out to be a man sprawled on the ground with a rope around his chest and another around his legs, with Oscar on one end and Gus on the other, stretching the fellow out like a calf to be branded.

GEORGE WILTON, who'd had the handle shot off his tin cup earlier that morning, edged out of the crowd to meet Charley, and said, "They say Hamilton slipped through somehow, and Gus and Oscar saw him coming. Oscar just had

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a shotgun, but when Hamilton came through the gate Gus took a shot at him with his rifle and knocked him down. But I think they've shot the wrong man! I just don't think this is the same one who almost got me. What the hell's gonna happen if that guy on the ground is one of our posse that the Swansons didn't know?"

Charley knew that was entirely possible. So many had turned out—most of them friends, neighbors or relatives of the three murdered men—but some were strangers, maybe just curious. Anxiously, Charley pressed into the circle. Someone had brought out a lantern, shedding a better light on the prone man, and one look removed all doubt for Charley. "That's old Ben, all right," he said with relief. "I know him damn well."

There was quite a lot of blood smeared around on the man's chest, but he didn't seem to be critically wounded. Looking down on him, Charley had to ask, "Ben, why in God's name did you do this?"

Without hesitation, Hamilton replied, "Well, that deputy arrested me, but he didn't have a warrant for my arrest."

"Then why did you shoot Lenny Commons?" Charley persisted.

"He was stretched out behind a barrel like he was gonna jump on me or something."

"And Billy Withington? Why him? You had quite a tussle with him, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I did," Ben admitted, "but I'd already killed the others, so I thought I might as well kill him too."

The reasoning of a madman, but to Ben Hamilton's way of thinking, logical. Then, looking miserably up at Charley, who was as near a friend as he'd ever had in the Salmon River country, Hamilton begged, "Charley, I wish you'd go get me a cup of water."

Charley simply could not find it in his heart to refuse, so he started for the house. Mrs. Swanson met him at the door and was so upset she could hardly control her voice as she said, "They've been talking about hanging him on our hay derrick out there, and every morning for the rest of my life I'll see him hanging on that derrick. Mr. Snook, don't let them do that! Please don't!"

"We aren't going to," Charley assured her, remembering how his mother had once been haunted by a hanging.

When he got back out to give the cup of water to Hamilton, the man refused it. "No, it might be poisoned," he said fearfully. "I won't drink it."

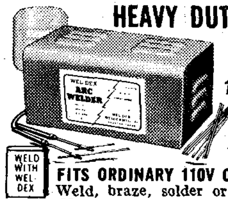
It didn't take long to figure what had put the fear in him. Quite a crowd had gathered by now, an angry mob really, demanding instant justice by rope. Charley did not agree. Maybe because of the teachings of his lawman father, or maybe because he didn't want his friends to have a killing on their consciences, he began moving through the crowd, gathering men around him and urging them to let the law take care of Hamilton. He found out later that Steve Mahaffey Sr. and perhaps a few others were doing the same thing, and eventually the majority of the men were convinced that a hanging right then would be somthing they'd be sorry for someday.

ONCE the decision was made to take Hamilton to jail, he was quickly loaded into the only closed car available, owned by Dan O'Connell and used by him to haul the mail to Challis. When asked to accompany them to town, Charley replied, "I don't see any need for me to go. There's plenty here from town that can go. Everything is all stirred up, and my family is up there at my house now, so I think I'd better go home."

Several men climbed in the car, and it left hurriedly. But the night of terror wasn't over yet. As they neared Salmon City, the road was blocked by a group of men standing right in the middle of it. Reluctantly, Dan stopped. Then, much to his relief he knew this wasn't another lynch mob, for one of the men ran up and warned, "Some of the brave boys who weren't out getting shot at are going to take Hamilton away from you when you get to the bridge and lynch him!"

Knowing there was no way to get to the jail in the courthouse without crossing the bridge, there was only one thing to do—turn away from Salmon City and head for the Custer County jail at Challis, some sixty miles to the south.

Crowds of people milled on the streets of Salmon City that night, listening to the experiences of others, or telling of



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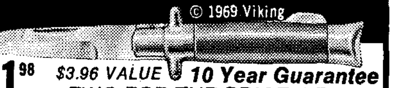

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their own during those twenty-four hours of suspense and horror, with the near-hanging by the mob uppermost in everyone's mind. So there was a general feeling of relief when Dan O'Connell's car unexpectedly drove into town, bearing a dead prisoner inside. The people were told simply that Hamilton had died near the Shultz place, about twenty miles upriver while they were on the way to Challis. And that was that.

Along with everyone else, Charley had no reason to doubt that the prisoner's death resulted from the wound from the rifle bullet—no one really cared anyway, for he'd left too much heartbreak behind him. No investigation was made of Hamilton's death. The consensus—he died and he deserved to die, that was enough.

But there was an investigation of the man's life before he came to Salmon City, and an unbelievable record of violence was turned up.

In Charley's own words, "I'd asked Hamilton before where he was from, and he said, 'Tennessee. That's where my mama and papa lived.' Then we heard afterwards that in Tennessee they were having a funeral for his mother-in-law, and he shot his father-in-law and wife and they fell into the grave.

"He got away, and came on up to Billings, Montana, and worked for the railroad there until he and a bunch of others all got laid off. He was mad about it, and one night he caught his boss and his wife coming from the picture show, pushing their baby in a buggy ahead of him on the street. Ben stopped them and asked why he'd been fired. 'Well, your work was all right, Ben,' the boss said, 'but I had orders to lay off a bunch of the last ones that had gone to work for the railroad, and you were one of them.'

"Well, old Ben blew up, pulled out a gun and shot the boss right there. He didn't get far, though, before the police caught him, and he ended up in the insane asylum. Then he killed a guard in the asylum and got away again. That's when he showed up at Johnny Beliel's place."

Perhaps Ben Hamilton should be pitied as a victim of his twisted mind, and perhaps modern psychotherapy could have changed his life. But for the people whose lives did touch his, violence and death were the only rewards for their extending a helping hand.

No one was sorry he was through walking his long trail of terror.

Warm Weather Ne'er-Do-Wells

(Continued from page 8)

right down in the hobo jungles near Weiser, Idaho. Now the funny thing about it—and it's an honest fact—they never gave that kid a name. They called him The Weiser Kid and that's all the name he ever had. When he growed up the first war came along and he got in a jackpot with the authorities because he didn't have no other name. I donno what they did about it.

NOW ABOUT that clipping you once gave me from the Spencer, Iowa *Reporter* headed SHELDON MARSHAL FOILED—I can tell you quite a story about that.

The two were called Jack Haviland and Boston Slim Tracy. They had just robbed the bank at Melvin, Iowa, and used so much grease they tore up the bank and ruined the paper money. But they robbed a post office somewhere else and had a lot of stickers—them's stamps.

The timid old weeders didn't want to see such cattle come to town because they were both as desperate an Dan McGrew. The old guys knew if they got in a squabble with the natives they'd shoot someone and all the old bums would have to get out of town.

There had been some mysterious killings around the country that was never solved and the bums gave Haviland the rap for some of them. I dunno whether he done 'em or not, but the bums usually knew what they were talking about in things like that.

Boston Slim Tracy was a tall, good-looking, dignified guy that nobody would peg for a desperate thief, but he was just as dangerous as Jack Haviland.

Anyway, they were in Heitritter's saloon when the marshal got the message from the sheriff to arrest any of the "famous Daly gang that infested that neck of the woods," just as the clipping says. He deputized the fellow who cleaned the streets and they marched into the saloon and covered Slim and Jack.

Yeggs spent money easier than local folks and they always asked anybody near to drink with them. Some of the natives would double up. Instead of accepting a glass of beer they'd say, "Well, I'll take a glass of beer and a good cigar." Anyway, the marshal and his helper accepted the invitation and went to the bar with the two burglars.

Boston Slim asked to be excused as he had to go to the water closet. He had guns pointed back there and he came out and catted up to the marshal and the other guy. They ran everybody out of the saloon but they couldn't open the back door without breaking it or a window, so they just walked right out the front door, cool as you please. Everybody gave them lots of room, believe me.

The old weeders knew they had a lot of stamps when they came to town and there was a great treasure hunt for a week, all of them trying to locate the place and steal the stickers. Far's I know, nobody ever found them.

Now there was a marshal at Alton, Iowa who had a reputation for being rough on the old dingbats that begged for a living. One morning he saw an old beggar in the alley about daylight and, somehow, the old dingbat got shot and killed. The local newspapers played it up big, and the talk was that someone in the Daly gang had been killed by the marshal, and the Daly outfit was bound to take revenge.

There was nothing to the story. The old dingbat had never taken anything but some used coffee grounds from out back of a restaurant. But it so happened that the marshal was killed one night. Of course, the natives said it was revenge for killing the old beggar, but it wasn't at all.

The old bums said Jack Haviland had been prowling around there, looking for something worth stealing and the marshal had jumped him and Jack shot him. I dunno, but the old bums usually knew about things like that.

LATER, Jack was in a parlor house in Sioux City, cutting up and treating the girls and spending a lot of money. One of the girls' fancy men wanted to show how tough he was and he abused Jack, thinking maybe he was a sheepherder or a farm hand and harmless.

Jack didn't stand on any ceremony. He just up and killed the fancy man. The Sioux City police cornered Jack on the street and he went to war with them and got shot all to pieces. Likely he was buried as a pauper. None of them ever connected him with killing the marshal at Alton and they didn't even have a name for him when they buried him.

I was one of the youngest of the whole outfit and one by one I heard so-and-so was killed or got life in stir. I don't think a single one of them is alive today. It's a whole different world. There are no more yeggmen. Now there are hooligans or hoodlums. Them's the tough kids that stay right in one city. Then there's the racket guys that are loan sharks or shakedown artists. Some of them are tied in with the Big Outfit. Then there are the "forty-milers" that do a little light pilfering but never got more than forty miles from home base. Of course, there are stick-up guys that roam the country. And check passers, too.

But the day of the yeggmen who rode the trains, lived in hobo jungles, and begged or stole and blew safes open will never come back. That's one slice of American history that will never be repeated.

We never went east. The few yeggs that *did* were pegged immediately because they wore soft hats. The eastern thieves stuck to hard hats. They were a different breed. They didn't have the principle of the western yegg and wouldn't hesitate to give you up to the law if you got in their way.

We traveled the South and Midwest and even folks who saw us and fed us never knew we were anything but simple beggars—even with the story acted out right before their eyes.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code. *OLD WEST*, published quarterly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 188,400; last single issue: 186,500. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 89,041; last single issue: 86,483. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 10,409; last single issue: 10,275. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 99,450; last single issue: 96,758. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Average copies distributed during last twelve months to news agents but not sold: 87,450; last single issue: 88,242. Average total distribution last twelve months: 187,400; last single issue: 185,500. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 27, 1973.

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CHEROKEE STRIP

Eunice E. Heizer reconstructs the story of the settlement of the Cherokee Strip in northern Oklahoma in her historical novel, *Glimmer on the Hill* (privately printed by the author who lives at 1350 South Third, Blackwell, Oklahoma 74631, $4.50). The book deals with actual situations, conditions and people who made the "Run" in September 16, 1893 when the Government opened the Cherokee Strip to homesteaders. Hopeful land seekers lined up on the boundaries and with the crack of a starting gun dashed for a farm site. Some cheated and beat the gun and picked choice land; others took what they could get; but many were too late and either bought out a lucky homesteader or slunk home empty handed. The author grew up on one of these homesteads and tells of the hardships such as droughts, blizzards, scarlet fever epidemics and horse stealing. She saw neighbors help and share; and watched schools and communities develop. Eventually a stable economy evolved, based on wheat and cattle. There is nothing contrived in the author's story as she lived the kind of experiences which she tells about with natural and honest animation.

BLACK COWBOY

There are too few biographies about black cowboys to commemorate the large contributions that many of them made to the early cattle trade. Fortunately, a few good ones have been written and a new one is *The Life and Legend of George McJunkin* (Thomas Nelson, Inc., $5.95) by Franklin Folsom. Reared as a slave boy on McJunkin's ranch on the old San Antonio Road in Texas, George ran away from home during his teens and served as a horse wrangler on a trail drive to Dodge City. The next summer he hired out to break horses for Gideon Roberds who wintered in Palo Duro Canyon before settling on a new ranch on the Picketwire east of Trinidad, Colorado. George taught the Roberds boys to care for, break and train green horses for cow work. I was a friend of Coke Roberds when he excelled as a Quarter Horse breeder at Hayden, Colorado. Coke told me that he spent a short time at Stephenville, Texas before the family moved to Palo Duro Canyon. The author's excellent researches clarify George's experiences as a trail driver, horse breaker and trainer, first class cowboy and ranch manager. A neighborly man, he had many Anglo friends who have praised him. A curious naturalist, he found deeply bedded fossilized bones of *Bison Taylori*, a giant ancestor of the buffalo near Folsom, New Mexico. As scientists later explored the site, they found unique Folsom arrowheads associated with the ancient bison bones. As a result they were able to change their estimates of the length of human life in America from 3,000 to over 20,000 years. A better editing job would have helped the accuracy of the book. Several spelling mistakes cannot be chalked up to typographical errors, two of which are: Bronson for Branson, Colorado; and Peter McHugh for Peter McCue, Coke Roberd's famous foundation Quarter Horse sire.

MONTEREY GOLD

Gold in the Santa Lucias: The First Recorded History of Monterey's Mother Lode (Ghost Town Publications, $2.95) by Randall A. Reinstedt is a concise account of the gold-mining activities on the Monterey Peninsula of California. The effectiveness of the book is the succinct narrative history which is liberally illustrated with quality photo reproductions, and recent photographs of the mines, towns and artifacts showing both before and after scenes of the 1970 fire which swept the entire region. It is fortunate, indeed, that Reinstedt has recorded in work and picture the people, places and events of this unique segment of Western gold mining history. The communities of the Monterey area were perhaps more family-oriented and less violent than other mining regions. The 1970 fire which revealed many previously brush-hidden shafts, the ever increasing value of gold, and Reinstedt's book could well revive interest in the area.

SANTA FE TRADER

A rare autobiography of a freighter on the Old Santa Fe Trail has been taken from mothballs and published, revealing fascinating personal experiences and details of freighting and its effect on pioneer mercantile institutions. *Trader on the Santa Fe Trail; the Memoirs of Franz Huning*, (Calvin Horn Publisher, Inc., $8.50) includes important explanatory notes by his granddaughter, Lina Fergusson Browne. In 1894 Franz Huning composed his memoirs for family consumption only. The decision of the family to publish this journal releases an amazing fund of eye-witness information about a dramatic era of Western history. A German immigrant boy, Huning and two brothers made their mark as Santa Fe Trail freighters, cattle ranchers and storekeepers. His business ventures made him immensely wealthy for his time, and Huning Castle, the home of his prosperous years, remained one of Albuquerque's landmarks until razed in 1955 to make room for a school. This is a real find and one that will please collectors of Southwesterniana. Recommended.

GILA TRAIL

Odie Faulk has made his mark as a western Historian several times. His latest opus, *Destiny Road, the Gila Trail and the Opening of the Southwest* (Oxford Press, $7.50) is composed of chronologically connected thumbnail sketches of historical highlights of human endeavors in the Southwest. The connecting thread is the story of the origin and development of the Gila Trail which carried overland traffic from the southern Great Plains to California. The author has selected the significant pathfinders and users of the trail and describes their activities. These include the native Apache and Pima Indians; Juan de Onate; Father Francisco Garces; Captain Juan Batista de Anza; Colonel Philip St. George Cooke and his Mormon Battalino members who built the first wagon road; U. S. boundary surveyors, stage drivers, freighters, cattle drovers and finally the Southern Pacific Railroad. Faulk presents an immensely factual history with good credits to the praiseworthy. But he uncovers the undesirable traits of many over-heroized public servants. He also exposes little-known political hocus-pocus engaged in by some who have been played up in popular histories as valorous patriots. Very good.

FAST SHORT HORSES

Speed and the Quarter Horse, a Payload of Sprinters (Caxton Printers, Ltd., $17.95) by Nelson C. Nye is a glamour book about fast American short horses. An original American breed, the speed, quickness and intelligence of the Quarter Horse fitted him ideally as a cutting and roping mount for cattle ranch work. His speed for short distance, often a quarter of a mile, attracted race horse touts and horse lovers in general. Those interested in spirited horseflesh will enjoy this encyclopedia of Quarter Horse racing by a man who breeds and knows these horses as well as anyone. The author has written more about Quarter Horses over a long period of time than any other writer. Three other major books and hundreds of articles about the breed have preceded this volume. Nye introduces some old-time breeders and Quarter Horses in his opening chapter and follows with numerous pictures and chapters on sprinting mares, geldings and stallions. A mare, Top Rockette, has won over $200,000 and still is competing. A sturdy gelding, Cee Bar Deck, banked over $162,000 in his racing career. The big money winning stallion, Three Bars, had racked a total of $3,165,215 in his lifetime. Third highest stakes winner is Rocket Bar, by Three Bars, whose take has been $2,343,143. Three Bars made his record in 414 starts; Rocket Bar took his earnings in only 244 starts. There are

(Continued on page 70)

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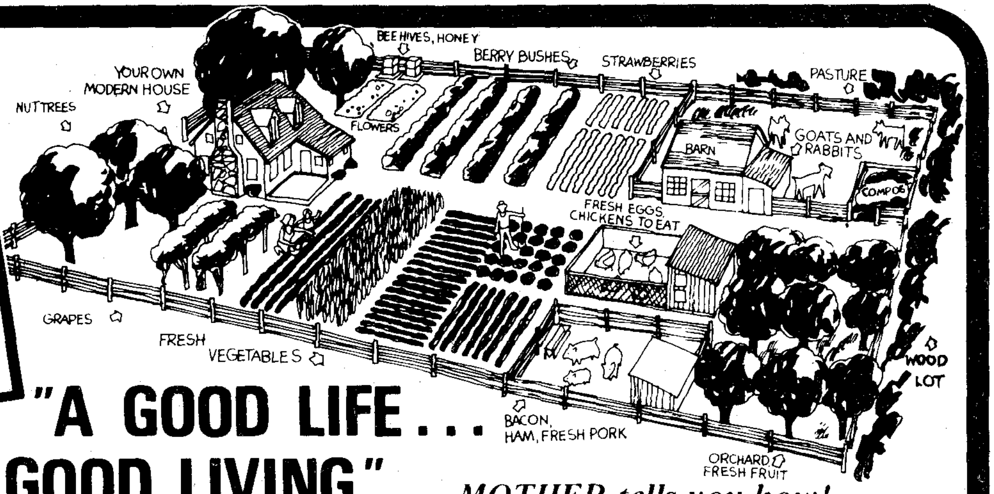
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Get Up Mule . . . Please!

(Continued from page 9)

Black Diamond (or the Fox or the State Mine) and he was the best barn boss they ever had!"

A miner who got in trouble with a mule often ended up listed as one of the fatalities in the State Coal Mine Inspector's Report. Frightful accidents happened all too often when mules ran away with a string of cars, or kicked; or when miners got caught against the walls or tracks by a mule or by loaded coal cars.

In a good mine the mules were well tended. It was just part of a profitable business operation to care for them properly. Such a mine was the Columbine south of Erie, Colorado. A description of the underground stable at the Columbine may be found in a report by Melton J. Wilbur, a member of Company "F," 157 Infantry, Colorado National Guard, who was called into duty at the mine in 1927 immediately after a bloody union battle had been fought on the property.

Mr. Wilbur wrote: "Today the Superintendent gave a limited number of us the opportunity to go down into the mine. At the shaft, we were lowered in an elevator about 300 feet. There we stepped out into a large underground room, the floor of which was covered with tracks which dispersed to all parts of the mine. We followed one of the tracks and came to an underground stable. In this stable there were about forty mules. These animals had not seen daylight since entering the mine. This stable was a well arranged one, greatly resembling the ones found on the better farms. All conveniences were provided for as to the care of the stock. There was even a litter of kittens which kept the mice suppressed."

SEVERAL years ago, I visited with a retired coal miner in Louisville, Colorado, and while reminiscing about his first job, he talked about hauling coal with mules.

"When I first went to work at the Monarch, a large mine south of town, I worked on top. Then I went down inside the mine where I was a hauler. We didn't use reins on these mules, just called 'Gee' to turn right and 'Haw' to turn left. When we stopped, we used a sprag for a brake. A sprag is a roof prop used in a coal mine, or a piece of wood used for blocking the wheel of the car so it couldn't roll on a grade. After you had set the sprag, you braced your shoulder against the mule's rump to help him hold the load."

Obviously, it paid to be on good terms with your mule when working this close to his kickin' end!

The happiest days in a mine mule's life were probably the days when they were brought up and turned out to pasture in the springtime. Many mines in Colorado shut down in the summer when there was little demand for coal. When the grass began to turn green, and meadowlarks began calling saucy tunes that floated through the windows of little schools in coal camp towns (which, in turn, made small boys twitch and yearn to escape the confining walls of the schoolhouse) plans were being made to bring the mules up out of the mines.

They were lifted up the shaft on special cages similar to a one-horse trailer. These mules had lived for months in stables carved out of the coal, and they had not seen the light of day in all that time. So in order to keep them from being blinded by the sunshine, they were hauled up during the night. This allowed them to grow accustomed to the light gradually as the sun rose.

The eyes of old miners light up like the soft warmth of those spring days when they recall how the mules played, and bucked and ran in the pasture as it started to get light. Only a man who has worked hard inside a mine can fully appreciate what it must have been like to be turned loose on fresh, green grass after those long months of darkness underground.

Deaf Smith Versus Santa Anna

(Continued from page 35)

portant part in the measure of victory.

When the Texas scouts arrived at the bridge, Smith and Y. P. Alsbury rode across and beyond for a short distance to reconnoiter, leaving the rest of the detail to gather fence rails and other dry wood for burning the structure.

The kindling was fired, upon the return of Smith and Alsbury, but due to recent rains the bridge was so water-soaked it would not ignite. The axes saved the day. The men chopped down the supports and

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allowed the span to fall in the waters of the bayou.

Smith's demolition squad rushed back to camp, arriving just as the Texans were moving out to attack the enemy. Deaf Smith galloped on the field, "his horse covered with mire and foam," and reported to Houston that the bridge had been destroyed. Then on orders from the General, he loped up and down the advancing Texas lines, waving an axe over his head and shouting: "I have cut down Vince's Bridge! Now fight for your lives and remember the Alamo!"

With the scuttled bridge cutting off any quick route of retreat for either army, the eager Texans needed no further inducement to fight. They were soon pouring a deadly volley of rifle fire into the surprised Mexican lines. Deaf Smith plunged into the fight with a kind of madness and no thought for his life. Though a cavalryman, he found himself among Captain Asa Turner's infantry company. For one moment both he and Houston were riding in front of the advancing Texas line, in mortal danger of the battle's crossfire.

As they neared the enemy breastworks, Smith was galloping ahead when his horse stumbled, throwing the rider over his head. Having dropped his sword in the fall, Smith drew one of his belt pistols which he aimed at a Mexican who was about to bayonet him. The pistol missed fire. Smith then hurled it at the head of the Mexican soldier, staggering him enough to give Smith a chance to seize his enemy's gun. Thus the scout defended himself until help arrived. In the melee, Smith snatched the saber of a Mexican lieutenant and slew the officer with his own weapon. He also killed a Mexican colonel.

The story of the overwhelming victory of the Texans at San Jacinto in which almost the entire Mexican army was killed or captured is well known. Seeing that all was lost, Santa Anna fled the field on horseback, heading for Vince's Bridge and the Mexican armies beyond. Finding the bridge destroyed, he plunged his horse into the stream. The animal became stuck in the mire, and Santa Anna escaped on foot into a nearby thicket, only to be captured next day. But for the destruction of the bridge by Deaf Smith and his men, he could have reached General Filisola and his troops in a few hours and would have been ready to continue war with the 5,000 soldiers still on Texas soil. Instead, in captivity, he ordered all Mexican forces to withdraw beyond the Rio Grande.

If the bridge at Vince Bayou was ever replaced, it has long since disappeared. However, a historical marker commemorates the old crossing at the outskirts of the modern city of Pasadena, Texas. The plaque on a granite upright reads:

"SITE OF VINCE'S BRIDGE DESTROYED BY MILITARY PERMISSION, APRIL 21, 1836, BY DEAF SMITH, JOHN COKER, DENMORE REVES, JOHN GARNER, JOHN RAINWATER, MOSES LAPHAM, Y. P. ALSBURY.

"THE HEROIC DEED IS BELIEVED TO HAVE ASSURED THE CAPTURE OF SANTA ANNA."

Old Fort Robidoux

(Continued from page 29)

Robidoux in 1840 and 1841. Trail-blazer Dennis Julien was there also, for his name with the date 1831 can still be found carved on a ledge south of the fort site. Explorer John C. Fremont described the fort, as well as locating it by astronomical observation. Fremont wrote, "We reached on the afternoon of the 3rd [June 1844] the Uinta Fort, a trading post belonging to Mr. A. Robidoux. With the aid of guides from the fort we succeeded with great difficulty in fording several channels too broad to be bridged. It was a motley garrison of Canadian (French) and Spanish engagés and hunters, with the usual number of Indian women. We obtained a small supply of sugar and coffee, with some dried meat and a cow, which was a very acceptable change from the *pinole* on which we had subsisted for some weeks past."

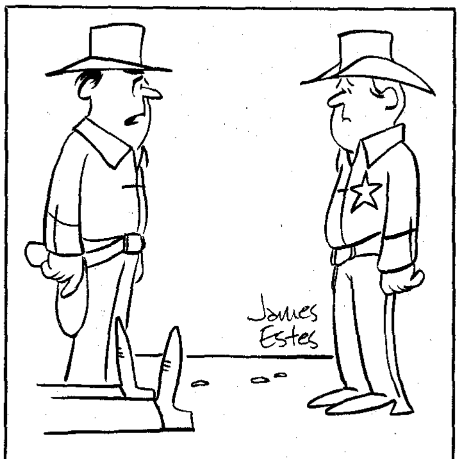
In his *Scenes in the Rocky Mountains* Rufus B. Sage wrote that he had stopped at Robidoux's fort for ten days, and added, "The trade of Fort Wintey is conducted principally with the trapping parties frequenting the Yampa, Green, Grand and Colorado rivers. A small business is also carried on with the Snake and Utah Indians." Sage's statement indicates that Robidoux was trading with Indians from as far away as Nevada and Idaho. Other records indicate that the fort was well known as far away as St. Louis as a supply point and permanent settlement.

Joseph Williams, a Methodist preacher who visited "Rubedeau's Ft. Wintey" in July 1842 was not so kind as other writers when he wrote in his reminiscences, "We had to wait there [at the fort] for Mr. Rubedeau about 18 days, till he and his horse drivers were ready to start with us for the United States. This delay was very disagreeable to me on account of the wickedness of the people, and the drunkenness and the swearing, and the debauchery of the men among the Indian women. They would buy them and sell them to one another, the Spaniards would buy them for wives. I tried several times to preach to them but with very little if any effect. This place is equal to any I ever saw for wickedness and idleness. No one who has not witnessed it can have any idea of their wickedness. Some of these people at the fort are fat and dirty, and idle and greasy!"

As harsh as the Indians' life must have been at Fort Robidoux, their lot under the Spanish gold seekers had been even harder, and it was this cruel treatment by both trapper and miner that resulted in an uprising that destroyed Fort Robidoux and drove the white man from the Uinta Basin.

The Old Spanish Trail from New Mexico to California circled north through Utah to avoid the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The old trail had many variations, but one of those most frequently used crossed the Green River just north of present Jensen near the Colorado border and continued west, following the Duchesne River upstream to the Uinta. Spanish gold seekers used this route for hundreds of years, and this was the trail followed by Father Escalante on his epic journey in 1776.

The Utes knew well the riders of the Old Spanish Trail, for their people were captured by the hundreds and driven to New Mexico to be sold at the markets



"Yep, I shot him, Sheriff. He stole my wife. And a man that'll steal your wife will steal your horse, and I love ol' Sugarloaf too much to lose him."

there. Braves were usually killed when captured, but squaws and young boys and girls were marched south to Santa Fe. Those sick or too old or too young to keep up were killed and left along the trail. In his *Life, Adventures, and Travels in California* T. J. Farnham said of the Indians, "The New Mexicans capture them for slaves, and even the old beaver hunter sometimes descends to this mean traffic. The prices of these slaves vary with the age and other qualities of person. Those from ten to fifteen years old sell for from $50 to $100."

Even after arrival of the Mormons in Utah in 1847, the Spanish slave trade continued for awhile. The *Deseret News* at Salt Lake City reported in November 1851 that a Spanish slaving party under Pedro Leon was attempting to trade horses and mules for Indian children. Those taken to New Mexico may not have been as bad off as those who were forced to work in the Spanish mines of the Uinta Mountains and other mineral-rich regions. They were often branded with hot irons, beaten and abused, and forced to work long days with little rest or food. It is said that those who attempted to escape had a foot hacked off—or a hand if caught trying to take more than their meager share of food.

BUT THEN one day the hills were suddenly full of warriors, and a long well-planned rebellion exploded. When the fighting was over, many Indians had lost their lives, but the hated trappers and miners had been killed or driven from the land. Fort Robidoux was entirely destroyed, burned to the ground, and all of its defenders slain. The few Indian squaws and half-breed children who survived were carried off into captivity.

Antoine Robidoux escaped the uprising and attack on his fort, for he was away in the mountains on a trapping expedition. Later he made his way to California, where he died a rich man in 1860.

The exact date of the Ute uprising isn't known, but it is generally believed to have been in the fall of 1844, though it may have taken place as much as a year later when many Spanish miners were killed in the nearby mountains. Fort Davy Crockett, a small American outpost fifty miles to the northeast, was destroyed at the same time, and Robidoux's Fort Uncompahgre in Colorado and the abandoned ruins of Fort Kit Carson on the Green were burned to the ground. The uprising brought about the death of many miners at the isolated camps of now legendary Spanish mines in the Uinta Mountains and along the Old Spanish Trail.

Little remains at the site of old Fort Robidoux today. Its stone foundations can still be traced, and several of the excavations once used as storage rooms can still be located. A caved dugout is said by Indians to have been occupied by Kit Carson when he stayed at the fort. Pieces of broken dishes, scraps of burned leather, and here and there bits and pieces of rusting iron are all that remain of old Fort Robidoux, Utah's first settlement.

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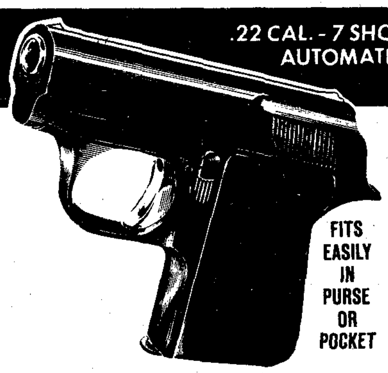

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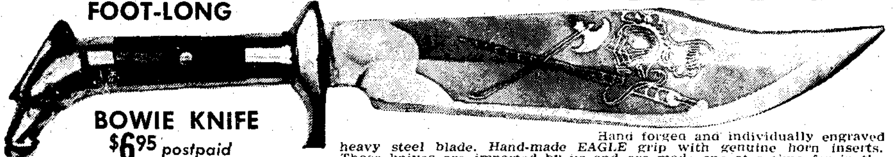

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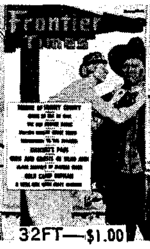
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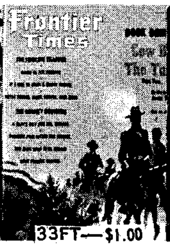
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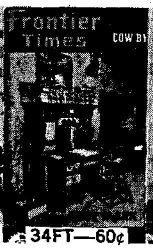
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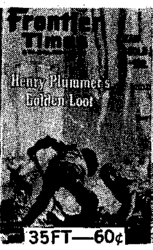
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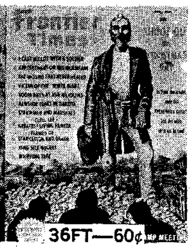
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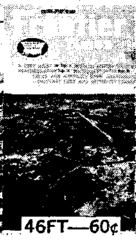
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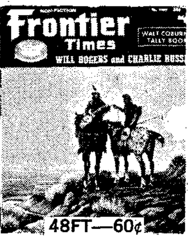
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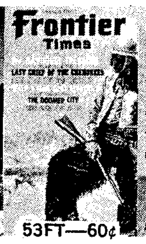
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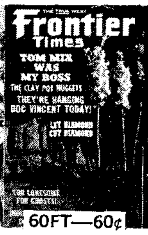
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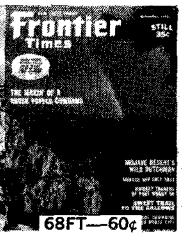
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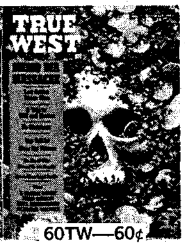
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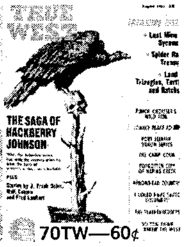
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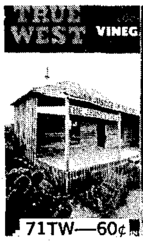
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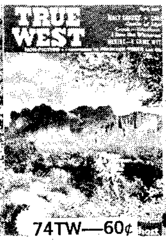
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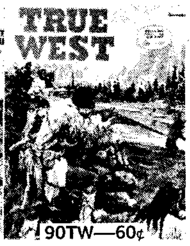
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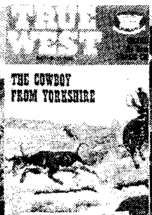
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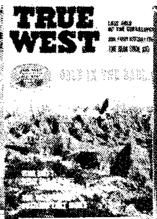
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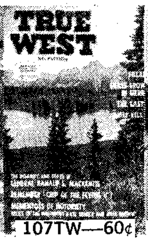
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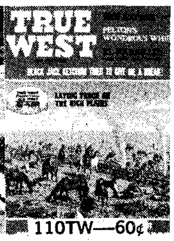
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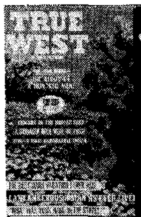
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Battle of the Beard

(Continued from page 21)

brass cannons and a good supply of ammunition and small arms. To appropriate her would be perfectly feasible—so the Southerners thought.

The chief engineer, a Rebel sympathizer would, of course, help smuggle aboard a Rebel crew which could be assembled in Victoria. They figured that since there was no telegraph line closer than Chicago, the *Shubrick* could be in San Francisco before the news of the coup leaked out. It was an open secret that a ship left San Francisco twice a month with gold from the California diggings. The *Shubrick* could overtake that ship and make off with the hoard—just think what that would mean to the hard-pressed "Cause"! Eyes sparkled in anticipation of pulling this trick right under the nose of the unsuspecting American Consul.

They would have to be careful not to talk too much, though, for Captain Stratton of the *Shubrick* was in the habit of coming ashore for a drink at one or another of Victoria's saloons whenever his ship tied up at the Hudson's Bay dock.

Meanwhile, at precisely nine o'clock each morning, Shapard hoisted the Stars and Bars above his saloon, and each evening at sundown he reverently lowered his flag and locked it away for the night. Shapard secretly enjoyed the knowledge that his ritual annoyed the Yankees, but was a bit chagrined when he heard that Mr. Francis had advised his compatriots to say or do nothing about the flag but simply bide their time. It was this calmness of attitude that irked the Confederates. In reality, Mr. Francis was a lot smarter than he appeared.

Captain Stratton was just the opposite—frequently too outspoken—but he was popular in spite of this and also in spite of his dandified appearance. His jet-black beard was his pride; it was long and silky and noticeable even in that age of long beards. It was his habit to stroke it almost affectionately. "It grows an inch a week," he boasted, which was the actual truth.

But the Confederate flag continued to irk him. "I'd die happy if only I could steal that flag," he remarked vehemently one day over a glass of "Oh, Be Joyful" (formally known as Hudson's Bay Rum).

"Yes," snapped Shapard, "but if you do, that flag will be your shroud!"

Captain Stratton didn't reply, but neither did he forget.

A FEW afternoons later some young men entered the Confederate and seated themselves at a corner table. No one seemed to know them but they were a jovial group and toasted Jeff Davis in champagne. Each time a cork popped, which was often, host Shapard was invited to "have another." This went on until Shapard's knees got weak and he sat down to rest for just half a minute. Presently his head became unaccountably heavy and he relaxed with his arms on the table. The men who had been so generous with their treats tiptoed out.

It was long past sunset when Shapard awakened. The flag! He dashed out. It was gone!

Sober now, he knew exactly where to place the blame. The halfwit Yankee was a thief. The American consul should hear of this.

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Francis politely, "the flag was delivered to me nicely folded, and I placed it in the consulate mailbag!"

"Take it out! Take it out!" stormed Shapard.

"Sorry. I wouldn't dare tamper with the U.S. seal," answered Francis courteously.

Shapard was so deeply humiliated by this episode that no one dared mention the disappearance of the flag.

A couple of weeks later the grapevine reported that the *Shubrick* was again in port. Shapard's ire came to the boiling point when he found Captain Stratton and Consul Francis having a friendly drink together in Ringo's Bar on Langeley Street.

"You damned s-o-b, you stole my flag!"

Stratton stroked his long beard. "What if I did?" he countered.

"Here's what!" shouted Shapard, landing a hard fist on Stratton's jaw. The latter kicked back his chair and closed in. The battle was on!

The two men were fairly matched as to age and weight and the attack turned into a battle royal. Spectators lined themselves against the walls. A left hook sent Stratton sprawling. With a savage growl Shapard landed on top and buried his thumbs in the victim's throat. Stratton's eyes bulged and his tongue lolled out, but with desperate strength he rolled over and kicked Shapard so hard that Shapard let go. But that wasn't the end. It was desperate, relentless gouging and pounding now, each striving for a strangle-hold.

Suddenly Shapard gave a howl of triumph. His fingers had found a tight hold on Stratton's beard! He gave a vicious yank, literally tearing the beard out by its roots. Then, with a yell of triumph, he raised the bloody trophy aloft.

That, however, was where he made his mistake. Oblivious to his own pain Stratton, with a sudden lurch, grabbed the upraised arm, twisting it with every ounce of strength he could muster.

Shapard's shout of victory became a wail of pain. The blood-soaked beard flew from his loosened grip and landed in the corner. But not for a second did Stratton relax his grip. With bulldog tenacity he twisted that arm until Shapard cried for mercy. Completely unmindful of the blood dripping from his lacerated chin and jaw, Stratton forced Shapard face-down on the floor and then sat on him!

The battle lasted less than ten minutes, but it had been as furious as any hand-to-hand conflict in the whole Civil War. When it was over both men were weak from exhaustion and loss of blood, and had to be carried to the office of Dr. Helmcken.

The battle cost Stratton a great deal. His health was permanently shattered, and his beard never grew in again. Nor did Shapard fare much better. His arm never regained its strength, and business fell off so greatly in his saloon that he left Victoria and was never heard from again.

When the *Shubrick* was ready to leave Victoria, she had a new all-American crew, even to the chief engineer. Could it be that the men who had put Shapard "under the table" were members of this crew?

The American consul escorted Captain Stratton aboard. The latter's face was swathed in bandages. "You did a good job, Tom," said Mr. Francis, "but it never pays to push a joke too far." Then he gave a long sigh. "I'll sure be glad to get some rest. I haven't had a good night's sleep for a month!"

Maybe the struggle behind the diplomatic scene had been as strenuous, in its way, as the one in which a Yankee lost his beard to a Rebel!

The Price Was Right

(Continued from page 17)

canyon, put in a pump, and forced it uphill to the ranch. He siphoned it for miles; and that system is still in use.

"Joyce had great herds of both cattle and horses. I went on many drives for him, including trips to Amarillo, Clayton, Springer, Tucumcari, Elida and Kenna. Took herds to all of them. The first time I was in Portales there was no one living there; it was just a shipping point. Clovis was the terminal of the railroad, and Amarillo was just a few shacks."

John R. Royce told of a trip he and Joe Welch, Jr. made to Kansas City: "The company shipped from Lakewood in those days. The calves were sold at the ranch and trailed in. The cattle we had cut out to get off the range came in the same trail herd. The calves were the premium animals and were handled with utmost care. We wanted our buyer to come back for more.

"We had bought them by the head at the mountain ranch but they were sold for delivery at the cars and it was the foreman's responsibility to get them to the railroad in good shape. The rancher had to make the number good. It hurt to have $45 for each missing calf deducted from the check we had to send to the bank. At those prices not many mistakes could be made.

"Three classes of cattle were usually loaded. The calves and shorts on the trail, and the cut, composed of barren and fat ones that would bring good prices, were put together. The weak canners were loaded last.

"ON this trip we shipped a thousand head, all culls—canners. When we got our last quotation in Carlsbad they were bringing four cents a pound in Kansas City.

"Loading a trainload of cattle is a long, all-day job. I usually spent the night in town [Carlsbad]. The brand inspector was Ed Toner. I had been on the works on the range for a month. Ed lived in town over what is now the American bank. He didn't even have a shower, but Ed was a bachelor and didn't give a damn about living in the silk. I'd call for him about four a.m. and we would high-tail it for Lakewood in the Ford to have breakfast at the chuckwagon. It wasn't but twenty miles but it took about an

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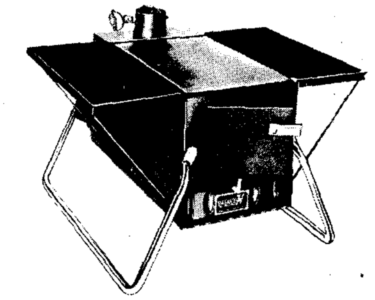

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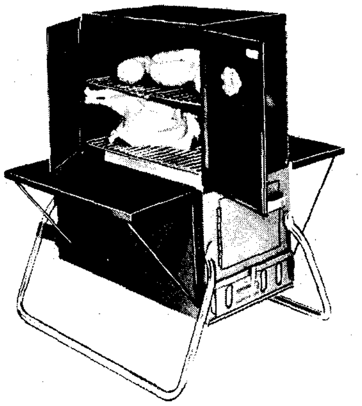

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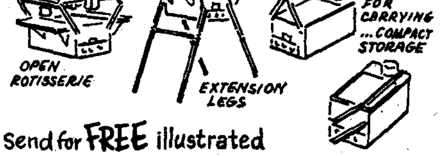
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hour to make it over those rough roads.

“Joe Welch and Elmer Hepler had been working for the Federal Land Bank before going to J. Frank Joyce. The bank had foreclosed on so many ranches, taken both land and cattle, that it was beginning to wonder if robbing the country paid.”

John R. went on, “It was a rough trip to Lakewood but when we got there it was worth it. The cook had been up since four and was just taking the lid off the Dutch oven as we drove up. Ed was a big eater, and the way he put away those sourdough biscuits, steak, spuds and coffee made me wonder if he'd eaten since his last meal at a chuckwagon.

“ ‘Tuffy’ Welch and I were the cowboys on the train trip to Kansas City. Tuffy is Joe's *real* name but he permits only his close friends to call him that. Men have lived to rue the day when they, in jest, tried that monicker on him. Elmer Hepler says, ‘He's been known to be abrupt with certain gentlemen of short acquaintance who made that mistake.’ I'd not seen much of Tuffy for I'd been in Paris attending the Sorbonne, the University of Paris.

“We'd both been riding the rough string, I to prove that I could do it, and Joe for $1.25 a day and found. I got $1.50 and the cowboys said it was because I had to put up with my father that I got the extra two bits.

“The bottom had fallen out of the cattle market and our buyer's banker would not advance the money to pay for the cattle my father had sold him. So the buyer rode the roundup because he had no money to stay elsewhere, and that way could get by for a month or so. Things got so tough that, despite the low prices, J. Frank (my father) decided to ship the trainload of canners. The herd was trailed to Lakewood by cowboys with a chuckwagon.

“When Tuffy learned that I was going with the cattle he asked to go along. He didn't expect to be paid for the trip; he'd just never seen Kansas City. I'd been there, but not with cattle.

“I don't recall how many cars we had, but we did have the whole train to ourselves, with engine and train crew. When we'd finished loading we watched the wagon and cowboys pull out for the Guadalupes. I'd coached Tuffy to ship a suitcase with a clean shirt and his best clothes to Kansas City. Already we were sweaty and dusty with no chance to wash.

Joe Welch and Wonder Lad.

“We climbed aboard after my friend, the engineer, sounded several warning toots. As he pulled out for Kansas City Tuffy and I sat on the steps of the caboose until we got through Roswell. As it got dark it got chilly, so we then went inside where the brakeman had a good fire going in a little pot-bellied stove. The train men started cooking bacon and eggs to go with a pot of coffee they had set back. They invited us to share their meal and we did so gratefully, for we were really hungry.

“Then we rolled up in a bunk and did not wake up till we were past Clovis. There a new train crew had taken over. The men paid no attention to us while they cooked and ate a big breakfast. That was a new one on us. Never in a cow camp had anyone lacked an invitation to eat. When one of them started to throw out the coffee, Joe could stand it no longer and said, ‘How about letting us have a cup of that java?’ The brakeman looked surprised but handed over the coffeepot. Later I overheard one of the train crew say, ‘Suppose them damned cowboys was hungry?’

“Another replied, ‘Hell, no! Cowboys never git hungry. Anyway, this pair didn't look like they'd ever had anything to eat.’

“THAT was a seventy-two hour trip, with one stop-over at Wynoka, Oklahoma where we unloaded the cattle for food and water. As we got off the train we could smell coffee and bacon cooking at a little restaurant at the station. We were starved but had to care for the cattle before we could eat.

“The engineer would blow the whistle occasionally to hurry us. When we had reloaded the cattle we hot-footed it for the cafe. The waitress eyed us as though afraid she wouldn't get the money for our meal, and when each of us ordered six eggs and lots of bacon, I thought at first she wouldn't take the order to the cook until we paid. Joe got up and bought a newspaper, the first we'd seen for a week.

“ ‘Looky here,’ he said. ‘In St. Jo [St. Joseph, Missouri] they're payin' five cents a pound for canners. How about reroutin' the train for there?’

“ ‘Without asking J. Frank?’ I asked.

“ ‘You know he never turns down any money.’

“That was true enough—but rerouting the train would add to the expense, for St. Jo is some north of Kansas City. But we got hold of the conductor and agreed to pay the difference out of our cattle check. So St. Jo it was.

“By the time we hit St. Jo we were really dirty. Selling those canners was our first move and paying the railroad our second. With a fat check in my pocket we hit for Kansas City, with our saddles and gear in tow sacks.

“At Kansas City we got a taxi for the Muelhbach. At that time it was Kansas City's best hotel and my father always stayed there. When the taxi stopped at the door a bellhop jumped to attention; then when he got a good look at us he beat it. So with a week's growth of whiskers and a week's accumulation of dirt, and with tow sacks over our shoulders we walked into the lobby and to the desk. I'd stayed there before with my father, but the clerk didn't recognize me. When I gave my name and reminded him that I'd shipped two suitcases ahead he still hesitated. Fortunately the manager came in and asked if I wanted the usual suite. I told him I did. We registered and he summoned a bellboy.

“People were looking at us as though we smelled bad, and perhaps we did. The bellhop seemed to think so but at the manager's sharp order, brought our suitcases. He wouldn't touch our saddles, though, until I gave him a dollar. After that it was ‘Mister Joyce.’

“He took us to the suite in which I had previously stayed with J. Frank. It had a sitting room, bedroom and bath. Radio, too, the first I'd ever seen or heard. And next day I had a piano brought in, for we wanted to do some entertaining.

“HOT BATHS, shaves, haircuts and some clean clothes made us much less conspicuous. When I asked the clerk at the desk if he could get me some whiskey he didn't recognize me. I had to convince him of my identity. Soon a bellhop brought us a Mason fruit jar (half-gallon) of corn likker. Those were Prohibition days, and bootleg stuff beat imitation Scotch.

“I figured I'd got J. Frank almost a 20% profit above his expectations, and was entitled to some of the money. So I ordered some custom-made clothes and tried to talk Joe into some. He hadn't known till then that he was drawing $1.25 a day for his time, and it was an effort getting him measured for a suit—Western, of course.”

Here Joe Welch took up the story. He said, “Down home nobody could get John R. to touch a piano. It was rumored that his mother, who was very elegant, had John R. taking music lessons, but it was supposed that the lessons were on fiddle or guitar. It was no disgrace to play either; in fact, many very good cowboys were expert with them, but usually they played by ear. But a piano! That was an instrument no cowboy would have been caught dead playing, much less taking lessons on the thing.

“But John R. invited some girls he'd met when in K. C. before, and gave a dinner party. Good one, too. And afterwards he played that piano and nobody seemed to see anything strange about it. In fact, the music attracted other people on our floor, and soon we had a crowd of very appreciative listeners. John R. told me to invite everybody in, and I did.

“I didn't know about those city dames. I asked John R. and he assured me that they could deal as much misery as the country gals. We didn't stay long enough to find out nor even to get our dude clothes, for John R. got a letter from J. Frank telling him to get the hell out of there and get home. The duds could follow. And in that letter he also said that John R. might spend part of the extra money that five-cent deal in St. Jo brought. I felt better after that.

"I'd never ridden on a passenger train, just in the caboose of freights. But we went home in style—in a Pullman on the Santa Fe's crack train to Clovis, and there we took the Pea Vine (the Pecos Valley) branch to Carlsbad.

"J. Frank was in town when we got there. John R. had sent him what was left of the money, and he just grunted and said the price was right."

Two Sides of the Green Boys

(Continued from page 19)

knowing that possemen were behind every tree and log jam.

"There was a great, big, old cottonwood tree that had fallen—sort of leaning—out over the crossing. It had stood there that way for years, so low that you had to duck your head if you sat tall in the saddle. Then right up on the bank on the north side, where the posse was waiting, were several big, old logs that the river had washed up when it was in flood, which was pretty often. The posse was behind these logs and trees.

"Bill Green and the rancher were in the lead, and Auther was behind. As they waded into the ford, the horses wanted to drink and, while they drank, Auther said he thought he'd get a drink, too. This saved his life. He got off his horse, took a drink, mounted and started up the steep bank, the others a few feet ahead of him. Suddenly all hell broke loose. Bill and Ed Green fell from their saddles, dead by the time they hit the ground. The rancher spurred his horse to join the posse.

"Auther, because of falling behind to get a drink, was struck in the upper part of his chest and shoulders. He fell, rolled back down the steep bank and came to a stop right at the edge of the river, his blood running down into the water. It looked like it was all over but the burying.

"Up the road a way, behind an old house, the posse had hidden their horses and a light hack the U. S. Marshals used to carry prisoners. This hack was now brought down to the old ford and the two dead Greens were loaded into the hack, along with the badly wounded younger brother.

"Just as darkness was coming on, the hack pulled up into Oolagah and the wounded boy was carried upstairs into an old hotel, the only accommodations in Oolagah at that time. That is where I went to Auther to comfort him, if I could, until we could get a doctor. He kept asking for fresh water. I went down the stairs, out into the middle of the street to the big well that stood here for so many years, and got a bucket of fresh water and carried it up to Auther. I gave him a drink and washed his face and hands. He seemed to quieten down a little then, and sort of dozed off. Old Doctor Bennett came in after a bit and gave him a big dose of morphine. Auther went into a deep sleep. They loaded him up and sent him down to Claremore, where he got well only to serve a long term later.

"Word was sent out to the Green place, and Mr. and Mrs. Green came in driving a horse that was lathered with sweat, they had driven him so hard. Old Man Green looked at his two boys and walked quietly out. (Auther had already been sent to Claremore.) Green leaned against the porch railing and wept silently into his bandana. You could see his big shoulders shaking. He was a tall man with a long beard.

Mrs. Green? Well, now, that was a different case. Boy! I never in all my born days heard such a tongue-lashing from anyone. There was nothing in the world that she didn't call that posse. She dared them, one or all of them, to come out into the street and fight her. She told them that all of them put together couldn't face up to just one of her boys in a fair fight. All this time Old Man Green stood silently outside, sobbing into his bandana.

"My brother John and Dal Walker sat up with the bodies that night. All the light they had was from a couple of lanterns. After along 'bout two o'clock in the morning, when the roosters were crowing for daylight, the cats in the neighborhood began to yowl and squall. John said, all in all, they had a pretty hair-raising night.

"Some of the other fellows had been busy making a big pine box to bury the dead in; and next day, we hauled them out to a little cemetery on the bank of the Caney River. We buried them both in the same coffin and the same grave. That's the way Mr. and Mrs. Green wanted it."

Trapper Man

(Continued from page 25)

women came and told Johnny that his father had died. George went with Johnny to his father's wickiup, and laid the old man outside where it was cool. Then they went back to the powwow and danced until morning. Was the dance to half-Indian Johnny a means of expressing the grief that he dared not otherwise show? Who can say?

At Mr. Grant's grave the men set up a hand-hewn cedar slab on which was penciled his name, age ninety-four, and his status in the Hudson's Bay Company. Fifty-nine years later George noted that the cedar marker was still standing.

IT WAS in 1863 that the Montana gold rush began. Many freight outfits from Utah took the southern Idaho route on their way to the boom camps. Jim Forbes, an ox-train freighter, hired George to pilot him from Fort Hall to Alder Gulch. The two hundred miles took a month's time. George kept the outfit in fresh meat.

In Virginia City George bought a pair of mules and was ready to start home when Forbes told him that he was wanted at Clayton's store. In the back room of the store George met his friends Jerry Mann and Hardisty and was offered $200 to take an *aparejo* (Spanish packsaddle) containing 100 pounds in gold, to Blacktail Creek and wait there for Milt

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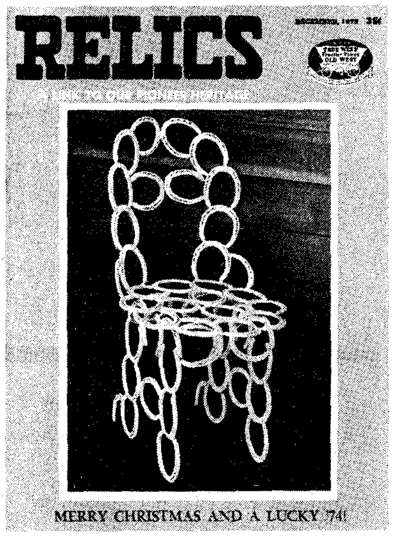
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Moody's outfit of two four-mule wagons and horseman guards.

It was a time when every man's life was in danger if he were suspected of carrying a poke of gold. "If we can get our dust to Blacktail," Jerry said, "without meeting up with the road agents, we stand a good chance of getting it to Utah."

George agreed to the proposition. He left in the night with the *aparejo* on a saddle mule and his own mules laden with bedding and grub to show he was a real packer. Instead of the wagon road he took an old Indian trail he had traveled before the gold strike and he made it to Blacktail without incident. A mile and a half from the wagon road he cached the *aparejo* in brush so thick a rabbit couldn't squirm through, took the mules some distance away and tied them in the willows, then went to a point above the road to wait for the wagons.

When they arrived George took the men to the hidden *aparejo*, helped them get it out the thicket, and stood by while they examined it to see that the strings had not been untied. The men were jubilant and George's responsibility was over.

Milt invited George to ride with him in the front wagon. All went well. Toward evening the guards rode ahead to find a campground. Just as the lead wagon came to a creek crossing two horseman, who had been hidden by the willows, raised shotguns and yelled, "Throw up your hands!"

Caught unaware, Milt and George could only obey. Milt recognized the men, Dutch John and George Ives, known road-agents. Ives ordered George and Milt off the wagon and away from it. He held his gun on them while Dutch searched for and found the hidden gold. Dutch had tossed one sack out and was reaching for another when he was dropped by a shot from the rear wagon. Ives fired a wild shot, whirled his horse and jumped him into the creek, heading downstream. Milt and Lank Forbes, who had shot Dutch, took after Ives but he escaped in the willows.

In the excitement Dutch escaped, too, on foot. They tracked him to the top of the hill, and along his trail picked up five bills, covered with blood, with which he had tried to stop his bleeding. At dusk Lank called a halt. "No use to go farther. He's gotten away."

Later it was learned that Dutch was but fifty feet away, hiding under a service berry bush, and heard every word. (Ives was hanged in Virginia City in January 1864, and Dutch John in Bannack about the same time, both by vigilantes.)

The Moody outfit had no further trouble along the road. When George parted company with them he was given $380, the mule and the *aparejo* that had carried the gold, and Dutch John's fine saddle. He was a rich man.

WHEN gold was discovered in the Boise Basin, George Goodhart was hired as pilot man to lay out a route for a Pony Express between Boise, Idaho and Brigham City, Utah.

At Clark's Ferry he was told that a lot of robbing was going on along the Little Salmon. Only the day before, two men had been ambushed by Indians and robbed, one killed and the other, a man named Cummins, badly wounded. George went after the Indians. As he crossed a creek, an arrow hit his horse's pack. George slid to the ground and crawled through the brush in the direction from which the arrow had come. When he saw a man with drawn bow coming his way, George fired. The man fell to the ground, dead.

George dragged him into the open and discovered he was white. In his pocket was a purse he had stolen from the man he had killed the day before. Later Lizzie found his hidden camp and recovered all the things he had stolen from Cummins and his partner. This outlaw's death ended robberies on the Little Salmon for quite some time.

George was one of the first riders on that Pony Express. At one of his camps by a little creek near Raft River he carved on a quaking-asp tree, "This is where George has camped once every trip, and these notches below will show how many nights he camped here during the winter." The creek is still called George Creek.

One March day George was stopped by four Indians as he headed toward Brigham City. "You must go back," the spokesman said. "We are going to stop this paper talk. We will burn the ferry."

But George persuaded them to let him finish that one trip. The leader took a flowered kerchief from his own neck and tied it around George's. "If any Indians want to see this, let them. Then they will not harm you until you are back across the ferry."

George did meet some Indians who gave the kerchief a hard look, then let him pass unharmed.

Back at the ferry George told the men there what he had learned, but they didn't believe him. A few days later the ferry was burned, but by then George was at Fort Hall with Lizzie.

The next fall the Pattees built a cabin on Raft River and moved there to winter their cattle as the grass was better than around the fort. Lizzie and George took their horses and set up their wickiup on the Blackfoot where there was tall rye grass. That was a hard winter but the horses came through fairly well.

One evening in early May as they stood by a creek counting the new colts, an Indian brought them a newspaper. In it they read of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Lizzie said, "We will call this creek, Lincoln Creek." Lincoln Creek it still is.

Soon after that they moved down the Snake to a lovely spot about thirty miles north and a little east of the Pattee cabin on Raft River. On a bright spring day Lizzie and George sat under a cedar, looking out over the country through field glasses, enjoying the beauty of it all.

George was to remember every detail of that hour, for it was the last happy one they had together. As they sat there a horseman brought a letter from Mr. Pattee. Lizzie's mother was very sick. They must come as soon as possible.

George caught the horses they needed while Lizzie packed. They reached the river by dark and made camp. Early in the morning George packed two horses with bedding and clothing and led them across the river, then went back for Lizzie.

"The water's awful high," he told her, "maybe I'd better lead your horse."

"Oh, no, I've forded here lots of times." Lizzie was a good horsewoman, but so worried about her mother that she must have forgotten the sharp turn to avoid the drop-off. Suddenly both she and her horse were under the swift water. George jumped his horse after her and caught her by the coat collar as she came up. Holding her head above water he brought her to shore where he did all he knew to revive her. But his efforts were futile. Lizzie was dead.

George struggled without success to get her onto a horse, as none would stand. Finally he went back and caught the old horse Lizzie had ridden as a child. He was then able to get the dead girl on the patient old animal's back. George put her clothes-sack under her head, covered her with quilts and lashed her on. By then it was nearly night and so bitterly cold that George's clothing froze to him. When he reached the Pattee cabin it was daybreak.

There, two old trappers helped George inside. Mrs. Pattee had died. The men brought Lizzie in and laid her beside her mother. They took care of the horses.

Mr. Pattee sat on the bed crying. He wept until he fell into a trance-like sleep. The old men made coffee and coaxed George to eat a little. When he had rested a bit, he changed clothes, then took off Lizzie's wet things and dressed her in her very best and combed her hair the way she always wore it.

What had to be done was done. When the heartbreaking task of burial was over, the old men and George took Mr. Pattee back to Fort Hall as soon as possible. Everyone there was kind to him, but he was very unhappy.

George remembered that Mr. Pattee had a long-time friend at Fort Lemhi. "Father," he asked, "would you like to go and live close to Mr. Labarge?"

"I believe I would," Pattee answered.

So with the help of Indian friends, George moved Mr. Pattee, his stock and all his belongings to the Lemhi close to his old friend. It is doubtful that Pattee ever returned to Fort Hall.

GEORGE was only twenty-three. He could have sold his horses and furs, gone back East, married, and let his five years in Idaho fade into the past. He could have tried his luck in the gold camps. He chose, however, to remain with his Indian friends, trapping, trading, piloting freight outfits, being his own man.

During the Indian uprising south of the Snake he was a scout for the U. S. Army, but for the most part his sympathies were with the Indians. In 1874 he ran across Julia Payette whom he had not seen in several years. After a very brief courtship they were married. Once more George was happy but his happiness was short-lived. Julia was killed by an unknown Indian.

Years afterwards an Indian came to George. "Before he died, my father said I was to tell George Goodhart that I killed his wife by mistake. I am sorry and I want him to forgive me."

As George grew older and saw cities grow up on his old campsites, he made a partial effort to return to civilized life. He homesteaded on Slug Creek where he had often traded for furs. For awhile he kept a hotel and livery stable in Soda Springs, joined the Odd Fellows Lodge there, and married a white woman. But perhaps he had been an Indian too long. That marriage did not last.

George had no children and no close ties with his kin. In 1921, when he was past eighty years of age, he became the first resident of the Odd Fellows Home in Caldwell; failing eyesight had made it too difficult for him to live alone. Yet every summer he went back for a visit to the Soda Springs country where he had many friends and where, in the days of his youth, he and Lizzie had needed only a wickiup, wild meat or fish for the pot and a buffalo robe for a bed, to be perfectly happy.

Stub's Express

(*Continued from page 31*)

was usually a happy affair. "Stub, I want a piece of muslin," a young girl would say pushing her way forward. And a housewife might ask over the children's heads for Stub to bring a sack of salt—knowing it would not be forgotten.

"Go and see Jones," a ranch hand would say, "and get my saddle." For in addition to buying and delivering new items, any old things that needed repair were sent to town, delivered to a repairman, picked up, and then delivered back to the owner, all via Stub's Express.

Hundreds of articles exchanged hands at the tail-gate of the little buckboard. Articles that made life a little more tolerable in the near-isolation of many Nevada ranches. Articles that families had no way of getting except through Stub.

Yet beyond all this, the driver provided another service—perhaps his most important. Stub was the communications link between the ranches and the towns.

"Stub, go see a doctor," a worried mother would say, "and tell him the baby ain't no better, and he better send some more of that mixture."

"Call on Smith," a rancher might add, "and tell him I'll drive them cattle in next week."

Stub's head was a mental-mailbox for such messages. By word of mouth they passed to and from doctors, lawyers, ministers, friends, relatives, and tradesmen. "Everytime he drives out of Austin," Fred Hart remarked, "his mind is charged with messages for the Valley."

STUB also played the fiddle and called the figures for square dances.He only knew two songs, but he made variations of these and played them by the hour. And above the gut and horsehair music, Stub's happy voice would fill a room as he called sets for dancing couples.

He was even happier when he was asked to play and call for the public square dances held in Austin. These were special occasions and the little man

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groomed himself in a remarkable fashion for them.

His full dress for a public dance consisted of a linen duster, a pair of striped trousers (rolled up at the bottom), clean white socks, carpet slippers, and a vest. Stub was particularly proud of the vest. It was his own design and had been tailored to order.

The vest was a Joseph's-Coat affair—bright and made of velvet. But the particular attraction that Stub thought "should challenge the admiration of all beholders" was a "narrow strap" that buttoned "on each side of the collar," (forming a loose yoke in front), and on which the inspired fiddler "pinned a golden horse."

Stub's originality was not limited to designing vests, however. He also applied his originality to the dance. This article from the *Reese River Reveille* explains how he did it:

> **STUB AS A CALLER—Stub has had a great deal of experience as a caller of the figures in quadrilles, and most of them are original and peculiar to himself. . . . The story is told that, some time ago, at a dance at Ione, there was a young lady on the floor who wore a red calico dress with a brown stripe down the back, and Stub, who was calling the figures yelled out: "Balance to that line-back heifer!" If there is one thing more than another that Stub is noted for, it is the exquisite refinement of his language.**

The user of "refined language" took the gibe in his usual good humor. After all, he and the paper's editor, Fred Hart, were good friends. And Stub had invited Mr. Hart to his Birthday Ball.

In fact, Stub invited everyone in Austin. He was so determined to have a large attendance that he advertised the event in the newspaper. And to lend dignity to the affair, he named principal businessmen in town—without their knowledge—as officials of the gathering. A few of those named were "not flattered by the honor done them," but chances are they laughed about it, as Stub laughed about the outcome of the celebration. It came off according to schedule—if not according to plan.

Stub had rented the largest ballroom in Austin for the dance. He hired musicians, printed announcements and tickets, and otherwise spent several hundred dollars to insure the party's success. The money, Stub thought, would be recovered by ticket sales at the door.

The affair was a financial disaster. Door receipts totaled less than ten dollars, despite a large attendance. Stub had given complimentary tickets to nearly everyone he knew.

But a lot of people came and had a good time and, to Stub, that was the important thing. Whether entertaining at a party (his own or someone else's), or delivering an order by buckboard, Stub's happiness came from making others happy.

There was a story told back then about Stub's visits to all the saloons, stores, boarding houses, and residences in Ione, patiently searching for a Charles Burns, for whom Stub had a letter. After asking almost everyone in town, Stub ran into a man who knew the mysterious Burns.

"Charles Burns?" The man mused. "Why, Stub, that must be *you*."

"Well, I'll be dog-goned if it ain't!" Stub exclaimed, surprised. "But why can't they call a feller by the name he goes by?"

Stub's Express had it all together—because Stub was a man, for all reasons.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 40)

descendants of Hugh Bass, brother of Sam Bass, and Jane (Neal) Bass. They had ten children: Katherine who married Ralph Reed, children Jane and Douglas; Nora who married Art Osborne; Ruth who married George Price, children Ray, Wayne and Janet; Grace who married Henry Eversole, one child, Donavon; Della who married Thomas Chapman, children Oran, Lewis and Wayne; Dema who married Oscar Eller, children Mary, Charles and Clarence; Mary who married Thomas McClure; Gath who married Nellie Swengle, children Gath, Orville, Edith and Clarence; Ann who married Henry Doern, children Viola and Christian; and Ralph who married Marie Morgan, children Lois, Ralph and Ruth.

Hugh and Jane were probably living near Mitchell, Indiana.—Mrs. Suzanne Scott, Box 6, Site 5, R. R. 1 Sundre, Alberta, Canada TOM 1X0

Chamberlain

Would anyone know the names of the parents of Triphana Chamberlain, born February 12, 1833 in Virginia; or where in Virginia she was born? She was married to Joseph Brewer, and died October 4, 1898 in Cedar County, Nebraska. She had a brother, Robert Chamberlain, born in 1840 in Virginia. He lived in Nebraska.

I would also like the names of parents of Joseph Brewer born 1818 in Ohio and died October 29, 1891 in Cedar County, Nebraska. Joseph had a brother named Isaac born 1837 in Illinois. He lived at Yankton, South Dakota in 1905.

Triphana and Joseph were my great-grandparents. They had a large family. Would appreciate hearing from anyone with information on these people.—Wallace Amiotte, Long Valley, South Dakota 57547

"Why do you do things like that?"

Patty

I am seeking information about William and Josiah Patty who lived in Roane County, Tennessee. They came from Dublin, Ireland before 1833. Josiah married a Miss Rooker and had five sons. I have no information about William. I will be glad to exchange the information I have with others.—J. L. Patty, 6500 Jacksonville, Arkansas 72076

Swinney

In your July 1973 "Special Indian Issue" there is a town mentioned on page 35, under "Delightful Drawings" by the name of Swinney Switch. My family and I would like to know how the town got its name and if you could find out as many members of the Swinney family as you could. My grandfather's name is Arly Francis or Francis Arlie Swinney. The first name spellings may be wrong. —Pat Swinney, Route B, Box 185, Bruneau, Idaho 83604

Richardson

I would appreciate any information about Tracy Richardson, famous soldier of fortune, especially date and place of birth, and date and place of death. He was born in Missouri, I think, and fought in Mexico and several Central American countries and with the Princess Pats in France. He lived in Spokane reportedly in the 1930s.—Dan L. Thrapp, 11529 Starlight Avenue, Whittier, California 90604

Lile

I would like to contact the descendants of my great-grandfather, Lafayette Lile. He was born in Grayson County, Kentucky around Leitchfield, I believe. I have no knowledge of my family at all and would like to hear from anyone who has.—Thomas R. Lile, 515 Woodlawn Avenue, Greenville, Illinois 62246

Baumann

I wish to locate descendants or learn the fate of Fredrick (Fred) J. Baumann who was last heard of in Idaho. He went there around the late 1880s. He was a brother of Katharine Clara Baumann who married my great-grandfather William Ferris Strucaker in 1884. His parents were Johann Christian Baumann and Christine Franz.—Genevieve Amstutz, Route 4, Bryan, Ohio 43506

Wilson

I am searching for information on Richard Vernon Wilson. He was last known of around 1932 in Velva, North Dakota. His wife's name was Althea and he had two daughters, Betty Marie born in 1930 and Lois born in 1932.

Richard was born in Walkerton, Indiana. I would appreciate hearing from any of his relatives or anyone who has

(Continued on page 70)

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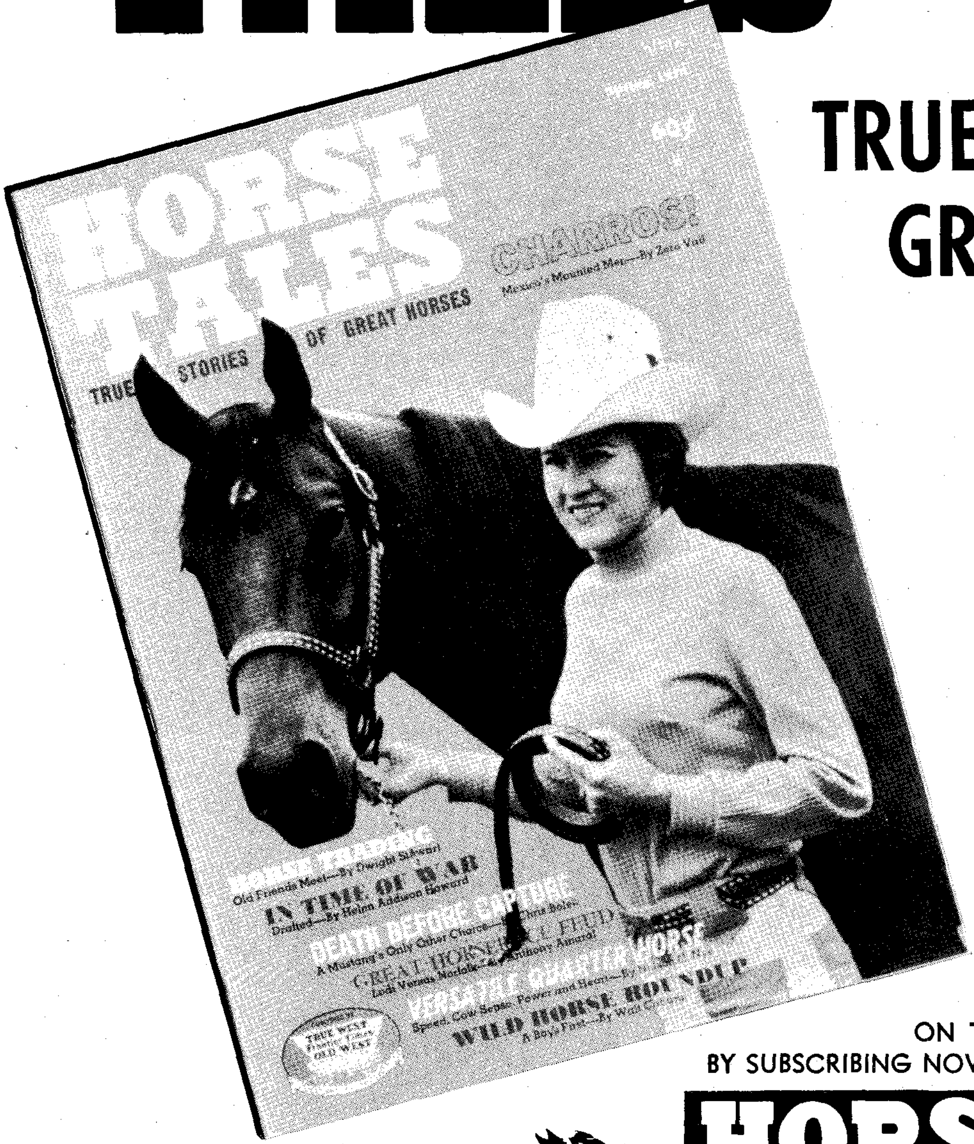
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A Different Kind of Race

(Continued from page 33)

finding less color than hoped for was shrugged away—for tomorrow was Sunday, housecleaning day and respite from the week's labors.

It was the same on the Fresno River in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, but on this night there was a stir of excitement, a feeling of anticipation. Tomorrow was not only the usual day of rest and maybe a walk down to the trading post if the poke was heavy enough; it was the day of the big race. Not an ordinary contest between the fastest horses in the district but a different kind of a race.

Campfires flickered before the first line of dawn on that midsummer Sunday in 1856. First one and then another until a line of fire edged both sides of the river for many miles. Breakfasts were hurriedly prepared and eaten. Tent openings were tossed back; skin flaps were flung over the slanting bark roofs of the lean-tos, and the weekly cleaning began.

Slab or dirt floors were swept with broken branches. A few of the men had fashioned brooms from grass brushes traded from the Indians and these were swung in a wide wasted motion by inept masculine hands. Blankets and skins were draped over nearby bushes to air and discourage any visitors that might have taken up residence. Supplies were checked and the gold balanced to see if there was enough to pay for next week's stores and the anticipated betting on the race.

This was also washday. Bodies glistened in the sun as clothes were stripped off and washed by men standing waist deep in the river. The faded shirts and pants were immediately put back on and the hot wind blowing from the San Joaquin Valley below dried them as quickly as they were buttoned. Knives, always sharp, were honed again to trim ragged beards and hair. A few men even shaved! The more fortunate ones possessed extra clothing. Tall beaver hats were occasionally sported.

Up and downriver the miners took to the trails that led to Jim Roane's saloon and trading post. Though some owned horses or mules, most of the men walked in congenial groups. They joked and pounded each other as they bragged of last week's take.

"Hey, Swede Bill, how are you going to bet?" shouted Lyman Sawyer. Sawyer had a good paying claim and a fine cabin over in the San Joaquin River to the south.

The big man just laughed and whacked Sawyer on the back as they joined and walked together to Roane's place.

"I'll swear," exclaimed Bill, "every man in the country is here! There's Jerry Ridgeway from over at Fine Gold Gulch. Gambrone is down from Mono City—must have left yesterday to get here."

As they neared the trading post, Sawyer left him to meet his partner. The tall man looked over the heads of the growing mob and recognized most everyone there. Bill saw Captain Thomas Jordan and smiled as he watched the officer from Fort Miller over on the San Joaquin. His blue-clad troops sat astride their horses some distance away. The men were watching the action around them but Captain Jordan sat stiffly on his horse, looking at no one.

"The Captain's not a very popular man right now," Bill mused. "That mining scheme of his cost those boys a lot of labor and money. Well, they're going to leave pretty soon No more Indian trouble around here."

His eyes wandered to the cleared area around the saloon. The Yokuts from the *rancheria* were standing in a tight group near the outhouse. They hadn't forgotten the war of 1851 that had put them on the reservation below. A few years ago, the Indians had owned this country but now there weren't many of them left. In another segregated cluster were the Chinese, heads bowed, but Bill knew they saw everything that went on from under those wide-brimmed hats.

He moved away and up a hillside to gaze on the moving panorama of color. The varied shades of the greenery made a soft background for the miners' red shirts, the gaily colored sashes of the Chileans, and the scraps of hand-me-downs worn by the Indians. The silver decorations on the Sonorans' costumes sparkled in the bright hot sunlight. They also stood aloof. These men had been driven from camp to camp but here, the Americans had tolerated them.

A black face framed in a snowy white hat identified the trader, Francis Silver, from up Mariposa way. He was soon to return home to one of the British islands in the Caribbean Sea.

"Every man-jack has come to see this race," Swede Bill thought again to himself.

He reflected on the strangeness of his fellow man as he looked over the various groups that stood alone against the others. Shaking his head, he mused sadly, "It takes such foolishness as this to bring us together."

The big Swede had numerous friends among all of those present. Language was no barrier when a man was willing to lend a hand to a stranger. It seemed to him that every tongue in the world was spoken here.

The sun was high in the sky and the air was stifling hot. A murmur from the restless crowd told him that something was happening. He frowned when he saw Shannon ride up, nosing his horse through the men until he came to the door of the saloon. Bill didn't like that pork peddler. It was common knowledge that he cheated the Chinese of their gold when he weighed the pork they bought from him. He and his partner, Sam Coffee, rounded up the wild razorbacks and catered to the Orientals' love of pork.

"I bet that man is going to be rich some day if he doesn't hang first," Bill thought. And he was right. Shannon would indeed be a wealthy and important man later. Strangest of all, he would be respected by the Chinese until the end of his days, one of the few Americans who could speak their difficult language.

Trotting beside the mounted Shannon was a young Indian girl. A rope was tied to her waist and occasionally Shannon would yank the rope as if to prove he had her as well trained as the horse. Her head was bowed as the man pulled her along. Not long before she had appeared at a camp and the men had fed her. No one knew how Shannon came to possess her but she followed him from camp to camp on foot and did his bidding.

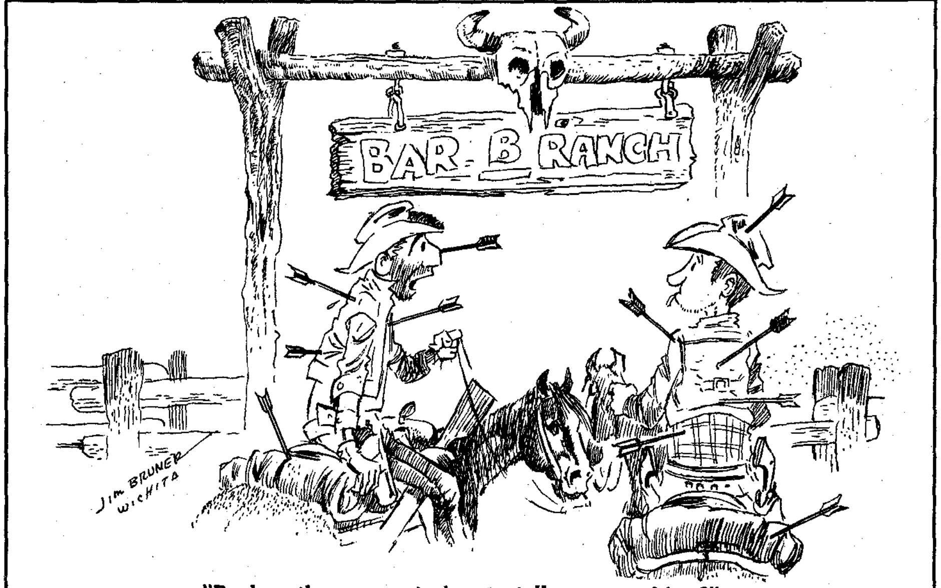
Bill was one of the few white men who could communicate with the Indians in their own language. He had once asked her what she was called but the girl would not answer him. She never told any white man her true name.

"Hey, Shannon," a man yelled from the crowd, "that's some mustang you got there!"

The girl wore a red dress that was many sizes too large for her, and the hem had been roughly cut with a knife. The waist was held with a bright yellow sash.

"Yah, you got a red mustang," shouted an accented voice.

"Red Mustang! Red Mustang!" the men chanted, and that became the white man's



"Reckon they were trying to tell us something?"

name for the silent young Indian girl.

Roane came out of his saloon when he heard the shouting. When he saw that Shannon had arrived he beckoned through the doorway and another young Indian girl appeared. Chutalaya's family moved a little closer to the saloon and watched her with expressionless faces. Since Roane had taken her as his woman, he also had to support the few remaining members of her family. As long as Chutalaya pleased him, they would be fed and even allowed to drink the dregs in the saloon glasses. The Yokuts had lost their former pride and natural gaiety. They survived by any means.

Jim Roane pushed his girl to the starting line of the dirt track used each Sunday for horse racing. Her blue white-woman's dress made her easily distinguishable from the other girl. Both were barely in their teens. They stood quietly and each avoided looking at the other while the bettors made their wagers, and swore and pushed to get a better view.

Amedie Thibault, another trader on the river, fired his pistol to start the race. For a short distance the two Indian girls paced each other; then Red Mustang spurted. She ran as though the ground were afire and she was afraid to touch it. Chutalaya fell farther and farther back. As her steps became uneven she almost fell. Men stomped and howled as they waved encouragement to their choices.

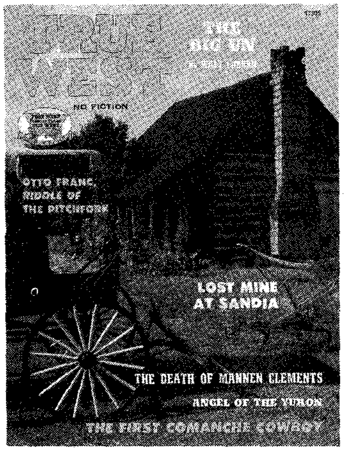
Red Mustang was conditioned by miles of running behind the peddler's horse along the Butcher's Trail as it wound through the foothills. Chutalaya's life in the confines of the saloon had weakened her—or perhaps she did not have the will to win.

Red Mustang crossed the finish line far ahead of her opponent. Curses of disappointment and shouts of triumph echoed from the hillsides. Shannon had won his bet with Roane, but since the winners treated the losers a fine drunken time was had to the profit of the saloonkeeper.

Swede Bill watched the whole affair from the hill and shook his head with disapproval at the scene. He realized that most of the men thought the Indians were less than human. Even now, he was planning to ask a chief's young daughter to be his wife. He did not take her as the custom among the other men. He respected her father who was still proud in spite of his degradation by the whites. He felt sick when he thought one of these girls might have been the one he had chosen. He had come to Roane's on this day to make sure the girls were not harmed by miners with too much to drink.

Late that night after the revelry had quieted, Swede Bill left for his own claim. Unconscious men obstructed the trail and occasionally one would stagger to his feet with a sick moan. Eventually they found their way back to camp in the sobering night air. On Monday they were again working in the rivers and creeks of the central Sierra Nevada foothills.

SHANNON married a pretty white girl and established his business in the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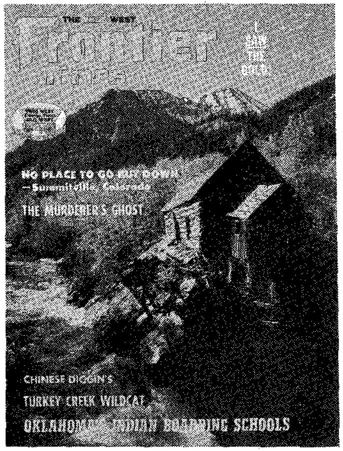

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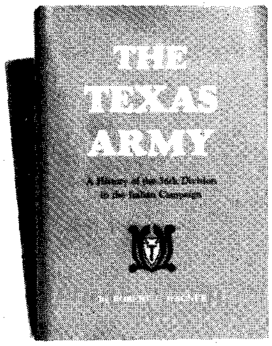

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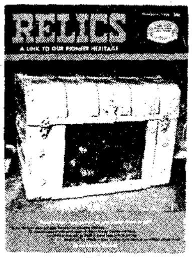
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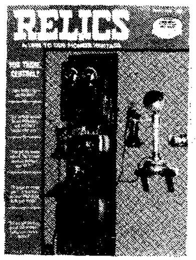
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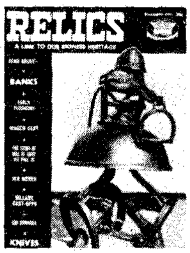
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old Fresno county seat of Millerton now at the bottom of Millerton Lake behind Friant Dam. Roane sold his trading post to Samuel B. Coffee and returned to his native South. He fought in the Civil War and later married.

In the late 1850s, Red Mustang was arrested in a house operated by an early Fresno County official. No reason for her arrest was given, and shortly after she returned to the reservation. Ten years later she was living on a *rancheria* in the Auberry region of the Sierra with a man of her own tribe.

Chutalaya married Whokah of the Yokuts and in 1870 four boys were recorded in their household.

Both Indian girls, in desperation, had accepted the attentions of foreigners in order to survive. It is certain they later rejected the ways of the whites who had so bitterly changed the lives of a happy and honorable people. It is hoped they found peace in the old ways.

Thure Theodore Stroembeck, "Swede Bill," married his Memjelitt in 1858 and both lived long, useful lives among the whites and Indians. Today their descendants are numerous and respected and still live in the foothills of what had been the gold country on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada.

From No-Account to Plain Mean

(Continued from page 27)

aged woman. Her head had been battered and crushed, and her body had been weighted by a forty-pound boulder attached with a small rope. The body was badly bloated and no indentifying marks could be found.

After the woman's remains had been removed to the morgue in Eagle Pass, a search for clues was started along the river. On February 28 two more bodies were located a few miles upriver from where the first had been found. These were the bodies of a young man and a young woman. The following day, a fourth body, that of a girl, was discovered. The receding floodwaters had exposed the corpses where they lay in a mud flat. Like the first victim, they had been beaten, tied with a small rope and weighted with rocks. It was clear that all four people had met the same fate.

AFTER being prepared for burial, the bodies were placed on the courthouse lawn in Eagle Pass for public viewing. It was hoped that someone might recognize them or at least offer a clue. But although many people came to look, none came forward to identify them. After a detailed description of each body was recorded, all were buried in the local cemetery.

In those days (as now) it was not unusual to find corpses in the Rio Grande; however, those found were usually Mexican males, bearing bullet wounds or knife marks. The four bodies just buried did not follow the usual pattern of victims found in the river. These bodies had been found in a group, were white, and three of them were women. The authorities knew that this would be no ordinary case.

After hearing what was known of the tragedy, Aten and Hughes proceeded to the discovery site and set about searching for more clues. They located wagon tracks which led toward the river, an indication that some unknown object had been dragged in the same direction. The land near the river and in the general area was flat, with few rocks—and none that resembled those used to weight the bodies. To the Rangers this offered the probability that the victims were murdered some distance away and then transported to the river for concealment. It also was obvious that the killers were not familiar with the currents of the Rio Grande—had they been, the bodies might never have been discovered.

Aten and Hughes returned to Eagle Pass and discussed the case with Sheriff Cooke again. Then they reread the coroner's written report and studied the description of each of the slain. As they reviewed the clues and discussed the case, they suddenly remembered the travelers they had seen in Nueces Canyon a few weeks earlier. The four people in the new Mitchel wagon matched the description of the four victims.

The two men who had been with them became the prime suspects. At this point, the Rangers felt that the next logical step in the investigation was to go to San Saba and make inquiries. It was decided that Ira Aten would make the trip to San Saba, and Hughes would stay in Eagle Pass to search for more clues.

The murders had come at a time when Texas was desperately trying to curb outlawry in the state. Officials were anxious to have the murders solved quickly. Word of the crime spread fast. Most of the newspapers in the state carried the story.

Rumors had preceded Aten to San Saba. People there already had heard that Dick Duncan was suspected of committing the crimes. Duncan also had heard the rumors, and had asked a lawyer to meet him outside of the town to discuss his chances in a court of law. Duncan was told that the possibility of an acquittal was very slim because of public sentiment regarding the murders, because of the circumstantial evidence against him, and because of the bad reputation Duncan had. The lawyer told Duncan that, in his opinion, the only chance he had to save himself was "to follow the setting sun and never look back." In spite of this advice, however, Duncan turned himself in to the sheriff at San Saba and was put in jail.

WHEN Ranger Aten reached San Saba, he checked with Joe Clark and learned that Dick Duncan had bought a new Mitchel wagon and had informed Clark that he wanted to "haul them Williamsons down to Mexico." A visit with the Hawkins family convinced Aten that the four victims had, indeed, been Mrs. Williamson and her children.

Aten talked with other townspeople, including a dentist named Brown who had done some dental work for the Williamson family. The Ranger felt that he was about ready to close the net on Duncan.

When Aten confronted the suspect in

e San Saba jail, the Ranger recognized uncan as being one of the men he had een in Nueces Canyon in February. Aten sked the sheriff to book Duncan on a agrancy charge so he could be held in il indefinitely. This would provide time take witnesses to Eagle Pass to identi- y the bodies of the murder victims.

On March 23, 1889, an inquest was eld in Eagle Pass, conducted by Justice f the Peace G. B. Dunn. The bodies had een exhumed for the inquest and in pite of the advanced state of decomposi- ion, witnesses from San Saba were airly sure they were the bodies of the Villiamsons. Final indentification was ade by Dr. Brown, the dentist. He ob- erved that one of the corpses had buck eeth, as Ben Williamson had had, and he doctor was also able to make a efinite identification on a dental plate he ad made for Lavonia Holmes. Dr. rown stated that since the other two orpses fit the description of Mrs. Wil- iamson and Beulah, there was no doubt n his mind as to their identity. Other itnesses nodded in agreement.

The grand jury took quick action, and n May 23, 1889 returned an indictment gainst Duncan and Landers for the ultiple murder. A warrant was issued or their arrest. Dick Duncan, who was till being held in jail in San Saba, was ransferred to Eagle Pass to await trial. anders, alias Jones, was never found. ome people suspected that he had been illed by Duncan to eliminate the only itness to the slaying.

On June 1, 1889 the trial got under- ay, with Judge Winchester Kelso pre- iding. District Attorney Walter Gillis as the prosecutor, and the court had ppointed Leigh Burleson, a well-known awyer from San Saba, to defend Dun- an.

The evidence against the accused, al- hough circumstantial in nature, was verwhelming. The number of reliable itnesses presented by the State, com- ined with the vast amount of evidence as extremely convincing. The defense ttempted to show that Dick Duncan was omewhere else when the murders were ommitted. His father and brother swore nder oath that Dick was in Mexico when he crime was committed, but they were ot believed.

The trial went on for over a month, ith three days given over to the final rguments of the lawyers. When the jury as given the case for deliberation, a erdict was reached in a very short time —murder in the first degree and punish- ent of death by hanging.

Officials feared that the convicted kill- r might be subjected to "mob justice" f he remained in the Maverick County ail, so Duncan was moved to Bexar ounty to await execution. Pleas and re- uests for a new trial were denied. Dun- an was sentenced to be hanged on Fri- ay, September 4, 1891, at any time after 1 a.m. and before sunset.

On September 3, Governor James S. Iogg was petitioned for clemency, and a wo-weeks stay was ordered. Governor Iogg carefully studied the case, then ent a telegram to the sheriff of Eagle ass informing him that Dick Duncan's sentence had not been commuted and that the law should take its course.

Duncan was then sentenced to die on September 18, 1891 on a gallows in Maverick County. He was returned to the Maverick County jail, and a twenty-four-hour guard was ordered.

In those days each county carried out the orders of its own court. Some did not like the idea of public executions, and had gallows erected inside the jail or shielded the gallows from public view by such means as a canvas screen. The officials of Maverick County had the gallows constructed inside the jail.

The day before the execution, a deputy was sent to Brackettville to secure a hanging rope as there was none of sufficient size and length in Eagle Pass. Ironically, the rope was obtained from the same merchant who had sold the rope used to secure the murder victims to the rocks that weighted their bodies.

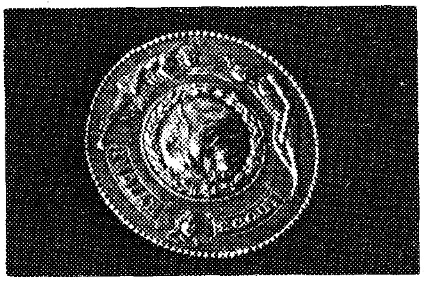
On the morning of the execution, Dick Duncan awoke early. He bathed and dressed in a new, black suit and black boots. He ate his breakfast and listened, seemingly without emotion, as the sheriff read the death warrant. A Catholic priest joined Duncan in his cell and remained with him until time for the execution. Duncan had joined the Catholic Church during his stay in jail. His religion appeared to have been a comfort to him, for it was said later that he was the calmest man at the hanging.

At 11:07 Sheriff Cooke went to Duncan's cell and accompanied him to the gallows. When asked if he would like to make a final statement, Duncan replied, "You are hanging an innocent man. Years after I am dead, you will find the murderers." A crowd had gathered outside the jail. Such legal affairs attracted many people, even if they could not see the execution. Some twenty men had been invited to witness the hanging and only those with a printed invitation were allowed admission to the jail. The disappointment of those outside was compensated somewhat when a deputy cut the hanging rope into three-inch lengths and gave them to the spectators.

Duncan's body was placed on display in the courthouse for the curious to view, then it was claimed by his father and brother. Very early the next morning, Old Man Duncan and Tap Duncan loaded the coffin on their wagon and started the long trip home.

The lonely grave of Dick Duncan lies in a long-abandoned cemetery a few miles west of San Saba. Although the tombstone has broken from its base, the inscription is still clear: "R. H. Duncan, born in Leon Co., Texas, Dec. 6, 1862; Murdered at Eagle Pass Sept. 18, 1891. His last words 'I know that God has forgiven me, and I feel that I will be pardoned of my sins and washed whiter than snow.'"

There are few visitors to Dick Duncan's grave. Not many people remember his story or where he is buried. Although it has been over eighty years since his execution, his final prediction of the real murderers' being found someday has never materialized.



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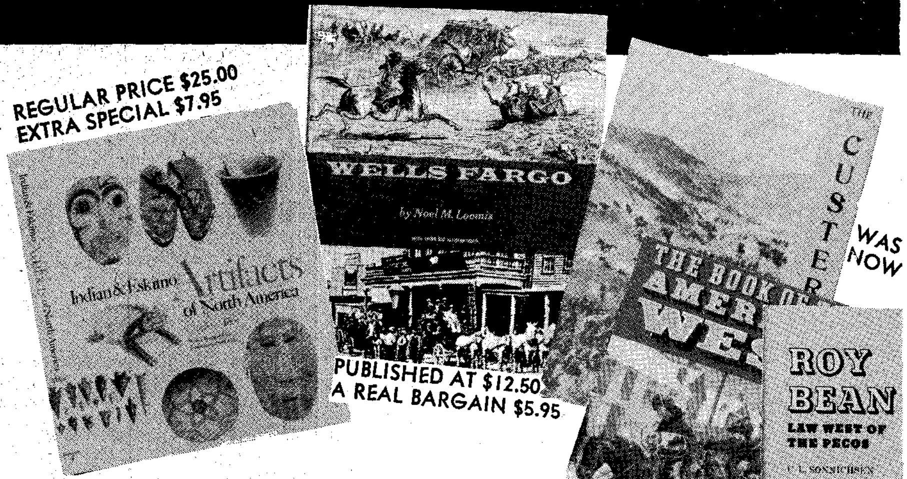

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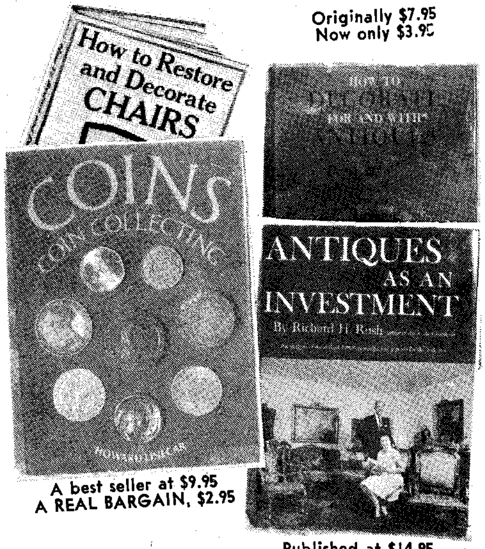

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Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 4)

We did not become at all alarmed at his absence until about sundown that evening when it was then too late to think of hunting for him, yet thinking he might return. This morning dawned and he had not come in; accordingly, I and five of my men, started in search of him as soon as we could. We went to the spot where the Mexican last saw him, and hunting some hour or more, struck his trail and soon discovered that four other horses besides the one he was riding had been running at full speed, the four being all barefooted. After following the trail some half mile or more we came in sight of his body. One arrow was sticking in his right side; his left arm broken and a terrible gunshot wound directly under it, one other wound between his shoulders on the back, and his head was scalped.

We picked up portions of an Indian lance and a sack containing what we supposed to be raw buffalo meat. I immediately had his remains removed to the ranch, where they were interred in the best, and most decent manner our scanty means would admit of.

Mr. Wright had been in my employ something over three years, and has always given entire satisfaction in every respect, being punctual, truthful, steady and honest in every particular, and I have no doubt, but will be remembered as such by many persons who knew him, during the time he lived with me in Weatherford. He has some property and wages due him in my hands which I hold subject to proper claimants whom I hope will see this, and come with the proper authority to take charge of same.

His father's address is unknown to me otherwise I would write to him of this sad affair, which has seated a deep gloom over all the party, a portion of my family being here with me.

How long will this murdering of peaceable citizens, striving to make an honest living, be allowed to go on in the land at the hands of these bloodthirsty pests, of supply contractors and unprincipled Indian traders? Arkansas papers please take notice.

Very truly,
J. C. Loving

—L. W. Wright, Rt. 1, Box 430, Claremore, Oklahoma

Runaway Horses

Being somewhat behind in my reading I just got around to "Tom Gilmore's Ordeal" in the Fall '73 issue of OLD WEST, and believe me I know what he went through from a similar experience which nearly cost me my life. Thanks to God I got off with no more than a lot of pain.

Back when I was a kid of ten we lived in the brush country of Duval County, Texas. Most of the country was without fences. We had a bunch of horses and mules, some of which were pretty wild. We also had a small dun horse that was pretty tame and that everybody rode. Well, Dad wanted to make a trip to San Diego thirty-two miles away and our nearest center for the regular monthly wagonload of groceries and other supplies.

He told my brother Edwin to get the mules up and hitch them to the wagon. Well, Edwin saddled up Dun but at the last minute decided he didn't want to go get the mules. He asked me to go. Since I had a withered left leg, the result of polio, he helped me into the saddle and cautioned me not to get off as I might not be able to get on again.

Well, I rode down to what we called the Javelina Thicket where I found the horses and mules grazing near Coyote Tank. I rounded them up and drove them slowly down the trail towards home. When I got them to the corner of our small trap where we kept our milk cows and saddle horses, some of the mules started acting up and tried to turn back. I headed them off and had got them going again when they started to run and kick up their heels, Dun right behind them. I had all I could do to sta in the saddle.

When one of the mules reared up an let Dun have it right in the jaw with bot heels, this set Dun back and I fell of In getting on his feet Dun stepped o my withered leg between the ankle an knee, and my other foot slipped throug the stirrup. Dun stood trembling for a he was worth. I kept saying, "Who Dun! Whoa, Dun!" while I was tryin to get my foot out of the stirrup. Whil unlacing the stirrup, as I could not reac my foot, I tried to soothe Dun and pra at the same time.

I had got one knot loose and wa working on the other one when my han slipped and hit the Dun in the belly. H made one big jump and as luck woul have it the other strap broke, or I woul surely have been dragged to death. Du raced home.

I lay on the ground in such pain tha I couldn't move for some time. I jus knew that my leg was broken. After while I crawled over to the fence, raise myself up on the wire, and held on t the post. I stood there for some tim wondering if Dun had gone home and i so, how long it would be before I wa found. Finally I hurt so bad that I had t lie down again.

After what seemed like a long time saw Edwin coming up the trail on Dur He took me home and I lay on a pallet i the hallway for three weeks before could start getting around again. M leg was not broken but the muscles i the calf were all mashed out of shap and bruised. I was thankful that it wa not my good leg or I might have had hard time ever walking again.

After I healed up I was none the wors and rode Old Dun many more times.— William (Bill) Kramer, Route 3, Bo 100A, Shiner, Texas 77984

Farmyard Surgery!

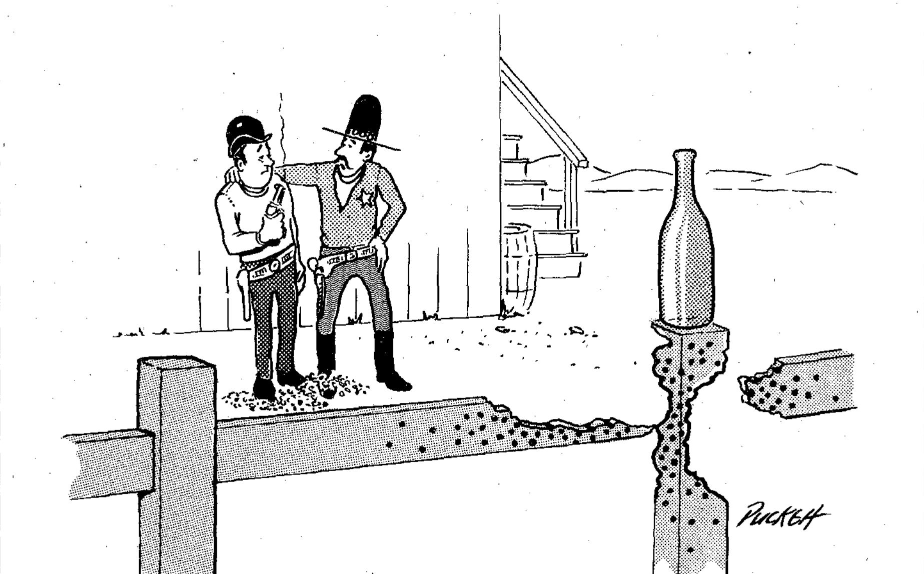
The Spring '73 edition of OLD WEST featuring the works of Shorty Shope, i very interesting.

Strawberry, Arizona has the oldes schoolhouse in that state, and we hav some good photos of the building. I wa glad to see a story on that town.

As to Old Wimberley Mills, if anyon questions the statement that Mrs. Kirb could cut open a chicken's craw, remov the contents, and then sew it up successfully, this is easily done. It's best to us a thread on the craw that will be absorbe by the chicken's body; then sew the ski separately.

About 1930 I had a veterinarian show me how to caponize a cockerel. We use a spring device to spread the ribs; the used forceps for the rest of the operation. About five months later I kille one bird to eat. He certainly had to b the last one we caponized, as the sprin was still in place! The bird was just a large and healthy as the others. The ski had covered and protected the rib opening. Chickens are not nearly as susceptible to infection as animals.

We take all of your Western magazines and think them the best by far.— Ralph N. Leidy, 301 Walnut Street, Aurora, Missouri 65605



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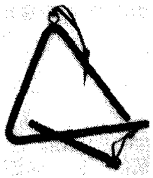

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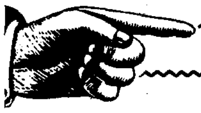

SEE PAGE 66!

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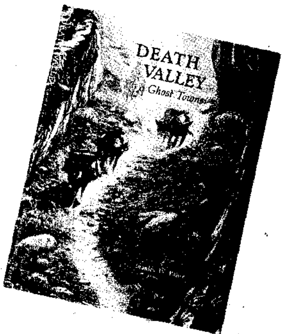

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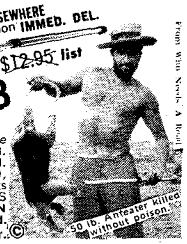
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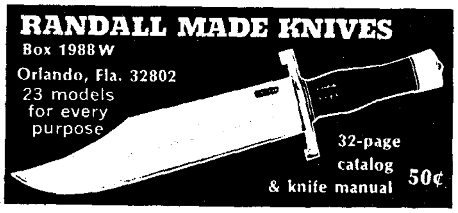

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 48)

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A LOSING VENTURE

Pony Express (University of Nebraska Press, $1.75) by Fred Reinfeld presents an overview of the nation's first attempt to provide fast mail from St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento—1860-1861. Russell, Majors and Waddell, the biggest freighting company in the United States, obtained the contract to carry mail on horseback. Alexander Majors adopted a system used by King Darius and Genghis Kahn in Eurasia. The Pony Express was to have eighty skilled 120 pound riders; four hundred speedy, wiry ponies; and eighty relay stations. Some of the gutty riders were Pony Bob Haslam, Jack Keetley, Warren Upson, Nick Wilson and Buffalo Bill Cody. Pony Express rider Cody was a mere shadow of what he became in his corpulent, boozy middle age. The author gives the reader a thrilling account of riders' continuing battle with Indians who killed some expressmen and station keepers. At times mail service was held up when Indian raiders burned stations and stole horses. Money lost in the Pony Express venture helped ruin Russell, Majors and Waddell financially. The Pony mail was discontinued in 1861 when the telegraph line was completed. Overland mail and passengers were moved thereafter along the express route by stagecoach.

INDIANS

Marion E. Gridley's 1940 first edition of *Indian Tribes of America* has been reprinted by Hubbard Press, $12.50 to meet popular demand. Most U. S. and Canadian tribes are listed by regions, points of origin, and present location. There were twenty-five tribes native to the Northeast; eleven from the South; twenty-five from the desert areas; nineteen from the plains; and thirteen from the northwest Pacific seacoast. We wonder why some of the tribes in the Northern Rockies and California and Nevada were omitted. The author briefly gives the reader a clear understanding of where and how Indians lived. Described are hunting methods, permanent and portable homes, means of transportation, as well as marriage, religious and other cultural expressions. Unfortunately, ten original tribes have disappeared. Some were exterminated in wars and others were absorbed by neighboring groups. The excellent drawings by Lone Wolf help sharpen an admirable text. This one makes for quality reading for both juveniles and adults.

THEY SERVED!

The reader is treated to a first-hand account of the status of the virgin prairie and timberlands around Edmondton, Canada in 1865 in *Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie* in a facsimile edition of the 1898 publication by William Briggs. Writen by John McDougall, the current edition comes from the Coles Publishing Company, Toronto, $3.95. McDougall and his father were missionaries to the Canadian Plains Indians. He married a missionary's daughter and brought Christianity, crude pharmacy, and a modicum of education to the Indians whose medicine men objected to foreigners poaching on their traditional preserves. Early whites learned their survival methods from the Indians, and discovered that fighting snow and floods was to be a common way of life. Many whites considered Indians lazy but McDougall praised both men and women for their industry. Men often hunted during treacherous blizzards and transported their kill home on their backs or on dog travois. The women he found to be hard workers—cooking, tanning hides, making clothing, building shelters, cutting wood and rearing children. The McDougalls nursed numerous Indians afflicted with measles and scarlet fever. Some died but many lived to revere their white benefactors for continued kindnesses. Excellent.

Trails Grown Dim

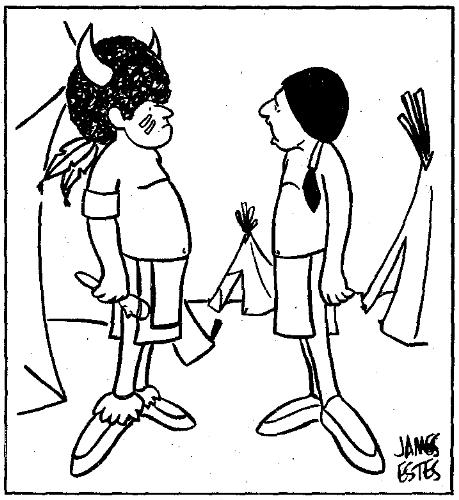
(Continued from page 60)

information about him. We do know he was in World War I and was a tailor by trade.—Lois Van Zwol, 278—18th Avenue, Longview, Washington 98632

Mills-Chambless-James

My mother was born at Fayette, Alabama on February 13, 1870. Hanah Roseanna Chambless was her name. Her mother was a Mills before she married John Chambless. John was a Baptist minister who traveled around Alabama, Tennessee and I believe Georgia. One night as he was on his way home from a meeting, his mules got excited by something and ran with the buggy. My grandfather was thrown out. He was taken home but did not live long. I was young at the time and do not know much about the incident. My grandmother died at Reed, Oklahoma.

My mother married James Thomas Collins. He was born January 3, 1872 at Talladega, Alabama. They married June 1, 1891. My mother was a cousin to Jesse James. She, her father and mother visited with the James shortly after Jess death. I want to find out where we a related to Jesse. Is it through the (Mile or Chambless family? Mother said th sat up all night talking of Jesse and things that had been happening.



"Swallow two field mice and drink a quart of rainwater? But I've got a *cold*—that's what you prescribed for my stomach-ache last summer . . ."

Mother's sisters were Dolly and anot er whose name I can't recall. Brothe were Charlie, Tom, Jim and Pumr Chambless. One brother lived in She man, Texas. Tom died young. Jim a Charlie passed away at Mangum or Ree Oklahoma.

Anyone with information on my mot er's family, please write.—Mrs. Evel (Collins) McGinnis, Route 1, Box 10 Sapulpa, Oklahoma 74066

Hodge (Hodges)

I need help regarding the family Tode (or Tod) Hodge. He was marri to Octavia Johnson. Of the Johnson fa ily there were John (Johnny), Jim, He ry, Hub (E. F.), and Hattie. (I don know Hattie's correct name), Eliza Joh son Itson, Eugenia Johnson Dryman, O tavia Johnson Hodge, and Bertha Joh son Birge. Hattie died young. Her twi Hub, married Georgia Jackson.

Sebron Johnson was their father. T do not know their mother's name. T Hodge family left Trinity or Rober son County, Texas around 1908, or late —Gladys Birge Wood, Star Route 1, B 37, Three Rivers, Texas 78071

Cheser-Baker

I am searching for any informatiin co cerning my grandfather, James Cheser, who was born in Georgia Se tember 10, 1832. My grandmother wa Frances E. White, widow of John Keith. They married in Van Zan County, Texas August 19, 1873. His fir wife was Elizabeth A. Williamson, who he married July 31, 1853 and he als married Manervia D. Rogers Novembe 27, 1860.

Who were James Cheser's parents Where in Georgia was he born? He wa supposed to have joined the Confederat Army in Cass County, Texas.

Also, I desire information on my grea grandfather, William Leonard Bake born July 14, 1820 in South Carolin He married Tabitha Johnson, Februar 20, 1848. It was his second marriage.—Mrs. Elmer B. House, 1578 Hamilto Avenue, El Centro, California 92243

Ashworth

I would appreciate hearing from an one by the name of Ashworth. I wou especially like to hear from anyone wh may have information about an hei hearing held at Houston, Texas abou 1922 or 1923. My father, Franklin Va Ashworth, was one of those at tha hearing. I knew very little about hi family, only that his father Lige, an mother Amanda, are buried somewhe in East Texas.—Mrs. Ruby (Ashworth Stewart, 2612 Baylor Avenue, Wac Texas 76711

Fraser-Johnson-Petersen

I am trying to get information abou the following people and families, all o whom are related to me.

Simon Fraser was born around 1870 i

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Pictou, Nova Scotia. He married Alpha Creek, who was born around 1871 in Iowa, I believe. Is Simon a descendant of the explorer Simon Fraser? Their children were Norene, Isaac, Eugean, Ed, Earl, Vera and Bill. I also would like the address of one of Norene's girls, Beverly Howard. The last I heard, she was in the Yakima, Washington, area.

Does anyone have information about Martin Peter Johnson, born around 1876 in Norway? He came to this country as a young man and married Millie Hedrick. I am not sure about Millie's last name. I believe she was born in Germany but don't know when. She died in Idaho around 1966. Martin and Millie had one daughter, Edna Emma Johnson, born in 1900.

Can anyone tell me anything about my father's family? His name is Andrew Watson Petersen or Holt. I've been told his stepfather's name was Petersen and he used that name. He was born in Philipsburg, Montana, I believe, around 1911. His sisters' names are Annis (Holt?) Petersen, Phyllis Inez Petersen; Brothers are Rod and Carlyle Petersen. —Phyllis Inez Arnold, 504—16th Street S.W., Puyallup, Washington 98371

Brashears

Robert B. Brashears, born in Scott County, Kentucky, went to Texas—around Bennett—at the age of twelve. About 1886 he married and had one son and one daughter, probably around Dallas. He was divorced by 1900-01. I am seeking the names of his wife and children. One or both children are said to have red hair.—Mrs. F. A. Rowden, 1222 Park Avenue, La Junta, Colorado 81050

Burnison-Cornett

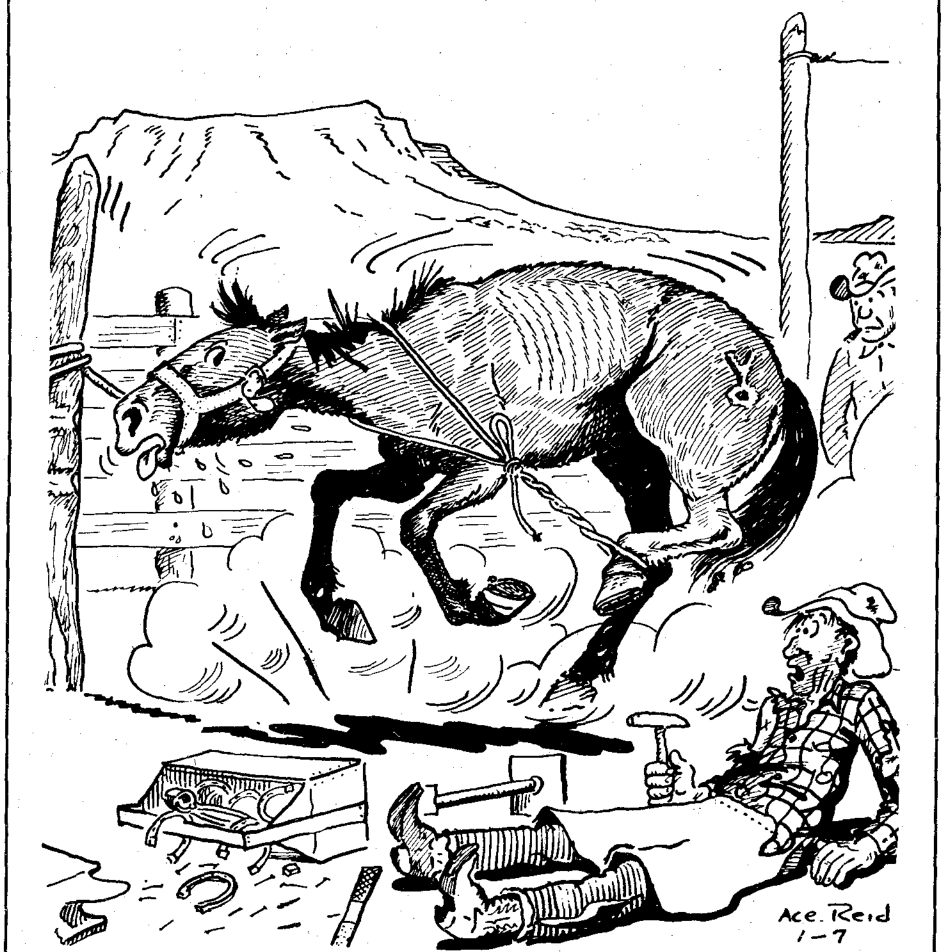
I would appreciate any information concerning Samuel "Ed" Burnison, son of S. J. Burnison and Rachel Ellen Smith, who lived in Ringgold and Leon, Iowa. Ed married Jennevie Cornett, daughter of Willis Cornett and Pheba McMains, in 1902. To this union was born a son, James Wales Burnison, who is my father, presently living in Wyoming. His early life was spent in Davis City, Iowa; Canada and Edina Missouri.—Shirley Burnison Hatch, 120 North 9th West, Riverton, Wyoming 82501

Akers-Merritt-Smith

We completely lost track of my father's family in the early 1920s. I would like to contact my cousin, whose maiden name was Jessie Akers, with whom I corresponded as a young girl. If she is living I would like to hear from her, or if not, I would like to hear from any of her descendants or brothers or sisters, or the descendants of any of the relatives listed. Jessie and I never met as the Akers brothers scattered. Her father, Will Akers, was my father's brother. My father's name was Bertis Lee Akers. Will and family homesteaded ne Tempe, Arizona when the area w opened to homesteading. The last conta we had was around 1922 or 1923 wh my family lived at Nora, Nebraska.

A brother, Walter Akers lived in Ok homa, possibly close to Fort Smi Arkansas. A brother, Charles Akers, w with the Fort Smith Arkansas Pol Department.

My father was born at Butler, Missou He died at Pendleton, Oregon, August 1919. His mother's maiden name w Smith. His uncles were Albert and Ma ion Smith of Superior, Nebraska. M father's aunt Maggie Smith Merritt, hu band John and son Alvin of Scio, Orego visited us in the summer of 1934 Concordia, Kansas.—Mrs. Thelma Ake Sisson, 369 Hudson Street, Wyandot Michigan 48192



"I think he's shod. I nailed steel on everything that went by."

Linebaugh

I am seeking information about n great-grandparents, David Riley Lin baugh and Emily M. Cook Linebaug David was born on August 14, 1847 Indiana. He and his parents moved Illinois and later to Ohio. David want to come to California and at the age fifteen joined an emigrant train as guard. The train came by way of Sa Lake, over the Sierras and through t Donner Pass. David left the train Sacramento going to Sonoma County f a short time. He then settled in Princ ton, Colusa County, California and lat at Willows, Glenn County, California.

David married Emily at Princeton August 8, 1871. The young couple th moved to Cottonwood, Shasta Count California where Emily died in 188 They had three children. The first di at age twenty-two. All were boys.

Emily was born in September 185 Her father, J. M. Cook was born D cember 9, 1827 and died December 1 1888. Both died at Cottonwood but a buried at Willows.

Three years after Emily's deat David remarried and moved back Willows where he died in February 193 David and his second wife, Gertru Cheatham Linebaugh, had four sons.

Who were David's parents? Did have any brothers and sisters? Where d they live and where are they burie Who was Emily's mother and what wa her father's full name? Where were th from? Any information will be great appreciated and all letters answered. will exchange information.—Mrs. Patr cia Begrin, Box 645, Willows, Califo nia 95988

Campbell

I would like to hear from any d scendants of my great-grandfather, Co Bill H. "Barbeque" Campbell, who was manager of the XIT Ranch in Texas the 1800s. We believe he had thr daughters by his second wife, a Spanis woman. We heard that the daughte retired to Oklahoma in their later year

My grandfather was Charles Claren Campbell, the only child of Col. Cam bell's first marriage to Louisa Carro (Buchannean?). Please send any info mation to Betty Campbell West, Rt. Box 22A, El Dorado, Arkansas 71730

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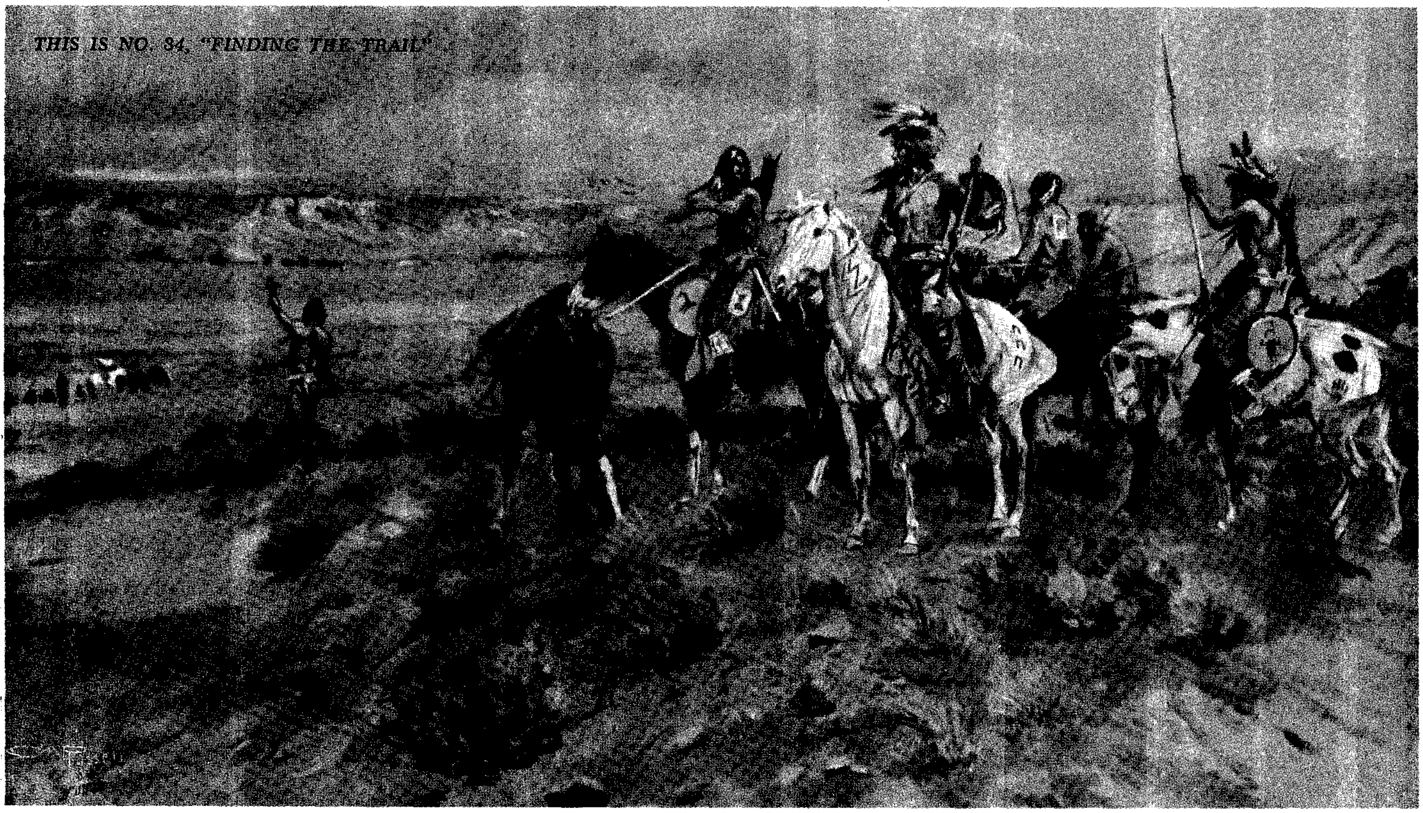
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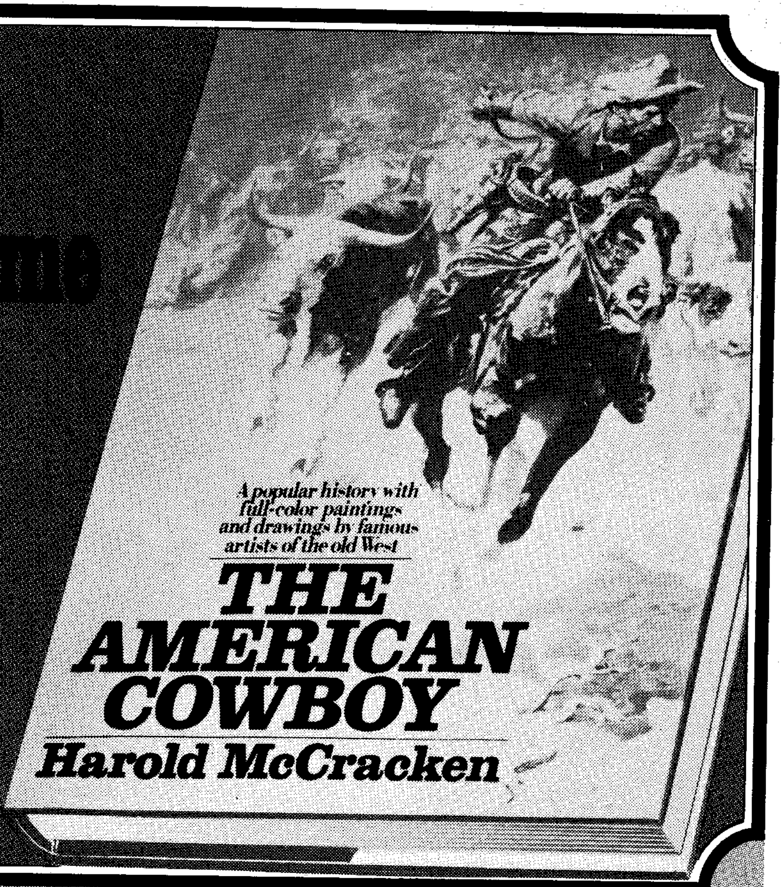
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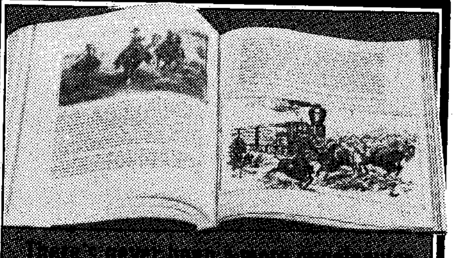
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